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A RAMBLE ROUND THE WORLD

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RAMBLE ROUND THE WORLD,

1871.

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BY

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FORMERLY AMBASSADOR AND MINISTER, AND AUTHOR OF "SIXTE QUINT."

TRANSLATED BY

LADY HERBERT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

To behold, beyond the Rocky Mountains, in the virgin forests of the Sierra Nevada, civilization in its struggle with savage nature; to behold, in the Empire of the Rising Sun, the efforts of certain remarkable men to launch their country abruptly in the path of progress; to behold, in the Celestial Empire, the silent, constant, and generally passive—but always obstinate—resistance which the spirit of the Chinese opposes to the moral, political, and commercial invasions of Europe:—these are the objects of the journey, or rather of the wanderings, which I purpose making round the globe. I shall not visit India: my time is too short. I reserve to a future occasion, if God give me life and health, the examination of the results produced in the course of

a century by the contact of a great Christian nation with the millions of Hindoos and Mussulmans subject to her dominion.

On my road, I mean to amuse myself; that is, to see all I can which is curious and, to me, new: and every evening I shall note down in my journal what I have seen, and what has been told me during the day.

This being clearly understood, let us close our trunks and start.

CORVILLE HOUSE, TIPPERARY,
May 13, 1871.

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PART I.

AMERICA.

A RAMBLE ROUND THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

FROM QUEENSTOWN TO NEW YORK.—FROM THE 14TH TO THE 24TH MAY.

Departure.—Sabbath day's rest at Queenstown.—The Emigrants on board the *China*.—Inconvenience of the Navigation to the North of the 41st Parallel.—Disembarkation at New York.

May 14th.—Queenstown, the port of Cork, and the point of departure for the great steamers which keep up almost daily communications with Europe and the New World, never seemed to me more attractive than at the moment when I was about to leave its shores. The weather was delicious, the sky hazy, but without clouds and almost blue; the air soft, damp, and redolent of the sweet scents of early spring. The vegetation, save for the absence of orange-trees, and the climate, except from the want of the deep, clear blue sky of the south, reminded me of Portugal. When, this morning, I climbed up to the church which crowns the heights behind the town, I walked

through a perfect garden of wild flowers, under the shade of fine old laurels and sweet-smelling shrubs, and through hedges loaded with roses and jessamine —to say nothing of that of which neither Cintra, nor Tapada, nor any of the Lisbon gardens can boast— the beautiful soft, thick, velvety, emerald green grass of Old England. The peace and stillness of Sunday reigned over the town. The villas, embowered in trees and perched on the green sides of the hill, were reflected in the blue glassy sea of the vast bay. All the ships in the roadstead were dressed with flags in honour of the day. The neighbouring hills, clothed with magnificent trees and parks, interspersed with comfortable-looking country houses, formed, as it were, the frame of the picture. Looking towards the sea, one narrow passage seemed the only outlet towards the vast Atlantic, of which only a little bit was visible. There, two miles off, our great Cunard steamer is waiting for us. She left Liverpool yesterday, and has touched at Queenstown to pick up the mails and the rest of her complement of passengers. The smoke from her funnel, and the activity of the little boats round the great leviathan, tell us that the hour of departure is at hand.

In front of the houses facing the water there is quite a crowd of loungers: officers in uniform, gentlemen, fishermen in their Sunday best, and peasant women wrapped in their black cloaks, with bare heads and large brown eyes, which look at you with a soft and melancholy curiosity. They have all just come from church, and are watching the embarkation of the *China's* passengers. The emigrants come first: a

group of relations and friends gather round them Hands are clasped, tears are shed—for they are life-long partings—and then they drown their sorrow in a last glass of whisky. A small steamer plies backwards and forwards between the quay and the great ship outside. Accompanied by some members of the Cork Yacht Club, the oldest in Great Britain,[1] the Austrian Consul and the Rector of Queenstown or his curates, I had often before witnessed these sad scenes, in which nevertheless, there is sometimes a comic element. Now it was my turn. The moment of embarkation on a long and distant voyage has always something solemn about it. Even the hearty good wishes of your friends for a safe passage reminds you of the caprices of that treacherous element to which you are about to commit yourself. At three o'clock I was on board the *China;* at four, the anchor was weighed and we were fairly off.

May 17th.—The weather is perfect. The sky clear, the air fresh and elastic, that crisp, clear, ocean air which gives you a good appetite, and rocks you to sleep, and makes you look upon everything on the bright side. We are making every day 320 to 340 miles. On board, the Caledonian element prevails. The captain, the officers, the waiters, and a large portion of the passengers are Scotch. In the first-class saloon cabin we are not very numerous. My neighbour at dinner is General K——, of the United States army, who is travelling with his daughter. He has seen service in the virgin forests

[1] This Yacht Club was founded in 1727.

of California, of Idaho, and of Arizona, hunting with the redskins or being hunted by them, according to the various circumstances and changeable policy of his government. What a pity that one cannot stenograph his descriptions, so full of vivid interest, stamped with truth, and related with all the simplicity and modesty of a man who has himself passed through it all!

To jump with one bound from the deserts of America to China, I have only to begin to talk with the young man in front of me, with his distinguished air, careful toilet, and high-bred manners. He is one of the merchant princes of the great English factory of Shanghaï. With wonderful clearness he puts before me a perfect picture of the commercial position in China, especially as regards British interests. His way of judging of and estimating things is that of more than one European resident in the East. The Chinese Empire is to be forced to accept the blessings of civilization at the cannon's mouth; they must kill a good many Chinamen, especially the mandarins and men of letters, and then exact a large war indemnity.

But now to come to Mexico. Here is my man—a little brown animal, half Spaniard, half Indian. His complexion and his linen would be equally the better for a change. He is a merchant of Monterey on the Rio Grande. He has the gift of the gab and he certainly does not neglect it. If you are to believe him, there is nothing in the wide world so picturesque as the rice-fields of Texas, and nothing so civilized as the life of the solitary "ranchos" in the Paso-del-

Norte. Chihuahua, his home, is a second Paris. In fact, in many ways, it is superior to it. As to the yellow fever, it has never penetrated into those favoured regions. Besides, even this fever is maligned: if you don't die of it, it purifies the blood. Those who escape are fresh and vigorous; it gives them a new lease of life. But in spite of all this poetical license (the effect of an Andalusian imagination joined to a fiery patriotism), his is a practical turn of mind, and he has a thorough knowledge of men and things in his own country. He is quick of understanding, and his stories, though perhaps somewhat vulgar, are full of raciness and fun. When he speaks of the Emperor Maximilian, his little eyes kindle and his very language becomes ennobled. This unfortunate Prince, a martyr to his cause, has, by his heroic and tragic death, acquired an aureole of glory which will last as long as the world. He is already become in that land which he hoped to regenerate, and which sacrificed him in return, one of those legendary figures which grow with time and are perpetuated from generation to generation. The Empress, likewise, is not forgotten. Her philanthropic works still exist, and the "Children's Homes" which she founded and placed under the care of the Sisters of Charity, have survived the terrible crime of Queretaro.

There are also half a dozen young Yankees on board. They are men of business, and all of the same stamp: tall, straight, narrow-shouldered, flat-chested, with sharp, anxious, inquiring yet intelligent eyes, thin lips and sarcastic expressions. They seem to

scent money in possession or in the future, to be obtained no matter at what cost or with what effort.

As the weather is beautiful the after-deck is swarming with emigrants—men, women and children sitting, squatting, or stretched full length on the bare deck. If they were from the south, or peasants from the Latin hills, what studies they would make! But these groups have nothing picturesque about them. Except the black mantillas of some of the Irish girls, everyone is dressed in common-place workmen's clothes. The greater part of the faces wear a look of indifference or resignation, the result of over-work or misery. Now and then, however, they make feeble attempts at gaiety. The young men sing in parts or make love to the young girls, who are generally busy knitting. Some Alsatian workmen, who have left their homes not to become incorporated with the Germans, come to ask my advice as to the choice of their future residence. Shall they go North? or South? or to the Far West? What trade shall they take up? How are they to escape dying of hunger on landing in the streets of New York? Of the geography of their new country they know little or nothing; of the way of living, or of getting work, they are absolutely ignorant. What marvellous indifference! Yet, it seems that the majority of the emigrants are in the same case. They are unhappy at home, and they say, "Let's go to America!" And so they start, having sold their goods to pay for the passage, confident that they will light on their feet somehow or somewhere in the New World.

An old man of eighty, the very type of a patriarch, leaning on the arm of a fine young fellow of one-and-twenty, has just crossed the deck. His manners are respectful and yet with a certain amount of dignity. He is an English peasant; a Somersetshire man. "Sir," he says to me, "it's late in the day for me to emigrate, but I leave nothing but misery in England, and hope to find at least bread to eat in the New Country. Here are my two grandsons," showing me two lads by his side with a touching expression of tenderness and honest pride: "their father and my granddaughter have stayed behind in our old village, and I shall never see them again." He gave a short cough; I looked another way, and he took advantage of it to brush his arm across his moistened eyes.

There is a very good library on board—English classics, histories, reviews, and Walter Scott's novels. But to me the most amusing books to study are my fellow-travellers, coming as they do from every quarter of the globe and belonging to all classes of society. The mornings pass only too quickly. As for the meals, they are excellent as regards the quality of the food, but as to the cooking and the waiting, it is Old England before the Reform Bill. I don't complain. I only state the fact. The Directors of the Cunard Company are essentially Conservative. The least agreeable part of the day is the evening. It is difficult to read by the uncertain light of a candle, of which the wick is half blown out by a draught of air from the North Pole, sharp enough to give you the rheumatism, although not enough to carry off the exhalations of the supper. As to your cabin, in

these latitudes in the month of May, you may make up your mind to find the climate of an ice-house.

May 20th.—During these two last days we have had strong winds from W.S.W. The English call this a "double-top-reef-breeze." A little later on, this so-called "breeze" will come to a "half-gale." As long as the white foam from the crests of the waves falls like a cataract over the sides, it's a "top-reef-breeze," but when the foam is driven by the wind horizontally, then it is a "gale." All this lore our amiable captain has just been explaining to me with a smile. Neither wind nor waves disturb his mind in the least; but the fogs and the ice, which at this season are sure to be found on the "Banks." Yesterday evening, however, we had fine weather again. We saw a beautiful *aurora borealis*, and this morning, what was still more striking, a huge iceberg. It was sailing along about a mile ahead of us. Brilliantly white, with greenish rents here and there, and ending in two sharp peaks, this great mass of ice rolled heavily in the swell, while the waves beat furiously against its steep, shining sides. A sort of dull rumbling sound like low thunder is heard in spite of all the noise of the engines. The cold, pale sun of the Arctic regions throws a sinister light over the scene. It is all very fine and very grand, but not reassuring. We are in the midst of the Banks of Newfoundland. This evening we shall double Cape Race. By a lucky chance, the weather is quite clear. But if we had come in for a fog, which is the rule at this season, and had then struck against this floating mass of ice which took so little trouble

to get out of our way, what then? "Oh," answers the captain, "in two minutes we should have gone down"—and that is the unpleasant side of these voyages. This is the third time that I have crossed the Atlantic in the space of ten months, and almost invariably the sky has been as leaden as the fog was thick. In consequence, it is impossible to take the meridian; for there is neither sun nor horizon. But such is the experience of these captains, that they steer by "dead reckoning;" that is, they ascertain by minute and constant calculations, the result of the speed of the boats on the variable action of the currents. If, instead of going so far north, by way of shortening the voyage, they were to follow a more southerly course, they would meet with far less ice and no fogs, and the danger would be ever so much lessened; there would be no risk of striking against icebergs, nor of disappearing altogether, nor of sinking the fishermen's boats, which are so numerous on those Banks. In vain the alarm-whistle, that useful but aggravating little instrument, blows its hoarse and lugubrious sound minute after minute; it cannot prevent every accident; and they are far more numerous than people imagine. If they succeed in saving a man belonging to the ship, or in finding out the number of the unhappy boat which has sunk, the captain sends in his report, and the Company pays an indemnity. But if the accident should happen in the dead of night, and every soul on board has gone down with the boat, it is impossible to verify the name of the owners: the great leviathan has simply passed over it and all is said and done. Companies

are bad philanthropists: besides, they have to race one another in speed. Each departure from Queenstown or New York is registered in the newspapers with the utmost exactness; and the same with the arrivals. Hence this frantic race to arrive first. In England, public opinion has more than once exclaimed against this system, and the *Times* has not disdained to give publicity to these complaints with all the weight of its authority. If they would follow a more southerly course (to the south of the 42nd degree), the passage would certainly be slower by two or three days, but the security would be doubled. The loss of time would be more than compensated by the comparative absence of danger. To effect such a change, however, all the Companies must agree (which unfortunately they have not yet done) to give up the Northern Route. It is in fact, mainly owing to their rivalry that accidents happen. Cunard's Company, it is true, have never lost a ship or a passenger; and the steamers of the two German Companies are equally perfect in their arrangements; first-rate captains, officers chosen with the utmost care, one and all thoroughly acquainted with this part of the Atlantic, the ship's crews consisting of picked men, with perfect machinery, which is carefully examined, and taken to pieces after every voyage —in fact every human guarantee of safety. And yet, accidents (rare indeed when we consider the enormous risk run, but still fearful accidents) are far more frequent in comparison with the number of steamers employed in the service, and with other lines, this one being the most difficult and perilous of all the

regular and periodical navigations on the face of the globe. The winter is dreaded on account of the gales. But March, April, and May, really constitute the bad season, for at these times the currents drift the icebergs from the Banks of Newfoundland towards the Mexican Gulf Stream, and these, meeting with a certain amount of resistance, accumulate on the borders of the hot and cold waters, the contact with which produces the fogs. Later in the year, that is in June and July, the icebergs of the previous year come down from the North Pole. Far larger than the fragments from the Banks, and consequently drawing more water, they advance very slowly, but easily cross the Gulf Stream, proving its small depth, and also the existence of other submarine currents. Sometimes they are stranded on the shores of Newfoundland and form huge rocks, not marked on any chart, which remain there for weeks; but those which have veered towards the south melt quickly. The seventh and eighth days of departure from Europe are the most perilous for the American steamboats. They then cross the great canal open towards the North Pole, between Iceland and the shores of Labrador. This is, above all others, the region of north winds, thick fogs, and icebergs. Hardly had we left the shores of Ireland, than the sailors began to discuss these seventh and eighth days, just as doctors talk of critical days in serious illnesses. Until then, "it's all plain sailing;" afterwards, "there's nothing to fear from the floating ice;" but those two days!

Last year, during the month of July, I was on board the *Scotia*, one of Cunard's finest ships.

Although we were in the height of summer, we had only seen the sun once and that for a few seconds, from Cape Clear to Sandy Hook. An impenetrable fog shrouded the Banks of Newfoundland. In the middle of the day it was almost as dark as night. Even standing on the middle of the deck it was almost impossible to distinguish the four watchmen on the look-out. Every moment, as the air seemed to thicken, the thermometer pointed to a sudden increase of cold in the temperature of the sea. Evidently there were icebergs ahead. But where? That was the question. What surprised me was, that the speed was not slackened. But they told me that the ship would obey the helm only in proportion to her speed. To avoid the iceberg, it is not enough to see it, but to see it in time to tack about, which supposes a certain docility in the ship, depending on her speed. Thus, as in many other circumstances of life, by braving a danger, you run the best chance of safety.

I tried to reach the prow, which was not easy. We were shipping a good deal of sea, and the speed at which we were going added to the force of the wind, which was dead against us; we were making fifteen knots an hour. I tried to crawl along, struggling with the elements, nearly blown down by the wind and lashed by the spray. One of the officers gave me a helping hand. "Look," he exclaimed, "at that yellow curtain before us. If there's an iceberg behind, and those lynx-eyed fellows find it out at half a mile off—that is, two minutes before we should run against it—we shall just have time to tack, and then *all will be right.*" I wished him joy of the position!

But I could not help admiring his coolness and quiet scientific calculations, while all the time regretting the latitude given to our chances of safety. By degrees, I make my way on to the four sailors on the look-out, who seem to me to hold our fate in their hands, or rather in their eyes. They were fine specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race, square-shouldered, big men, with complexions which once may have been white and pink, but which now were reddened and bronzed by wind and sun, with aquiline noses, and reddish hair, of which some locks, furiously blown about by the wind, escaped from the flattened brim of their south-westers. They stood like statues nailed to the deck, their arms crossed on their breasts. The laws of gravitation did not seem to exist for these fellows. All the powers of their minds seemed to be concentrated in those keen, eager, piercing looks fixed on that yellow curtain which hid the unknown. The immobility of those four great bodies contrasted with the slight emotion of their faces and the violent agitation of all nature around them. They were the very image of health, strength, discipline, and the habit of facing danger.

Sunday, May 21st.—We have arrived on the coast of Nova Scotia. The day is magnificent. The ocean rolls along in huge flat waves unmolested by the wind. They reflect the brilliant sun and the sky, which, by its opaque blue, points to the near vicinity of the great continent. Sea, sky, air, all nature and man himself, breathe a Sabbath day's calm. The passengers gathered in the great cabin are having a

service of some sort, read by the doctor in the absence of a clergyman. Then they sing a hymn. Seated on the poop, I listen from a distance. The harsh Scotch voices and the nasal tones of the Yankees fall on my ear, softened by the deck between us and by the open air. There is a sort of sweetness and solemnity in the sound in keeping with the day and the hour.

In the afternoon the scene changes. The fog is come back again. It seems to fall upon us suddenly like a curtain of black crape. The sky darkens as rapidly as in a drop-scene. The sun, which was so brilliant in the morning, now looks like a little red ball of fire on the point of being extinguished. Very soon it disappears altogether. The wind blows furiously, and the deck is covered with snow-flakes and ice. Here there are no icebergs or bank ice to fear, but we are on the high road to New York. There are few fishermen's boats, but heaps of sailing-vessels going towards and returning from that great port. True, we have still 500 miles to run before reaching the mouth of the Hudson; but as everyone follows the same course, which is the straightest and shortest, the ocean, so vast in theory, is thus reduced in practice to a long street of 3,000 miles, but not half wide enough for the passers-by. On this line, at this very moment, there are five huge steamers, each of which left New York yesterday in the day. Fortunately they are still at some little distance off. But the sailing-ships! Shivering with cold, we are gathered on the hatchway, a little passage on the deck where the sailors get their rations of punch; and which, on board the Cunard steamers, is used by the passengers as a smok-

ing saloon. There we discuss our good or bad chances. The captain comes in for a moment, the water is trickling down his oil-skin jacket, and his beard is an icicle. He lights his cheroot and gives himself the innocent consolation of swearing at the weather. He is in the position of a man who is running with all his might in a dark lobby without knowing if there be any steps or not, and with a certainty that some one else is running in a contrary sense. I never in my life, in any country, saw the air so thick as this evening, and yet we are running at the rate of thirteen knots and a half. These are terrible moments for the commanders of these ships! If there be a collision, the proprietors of the damaged or lost boats go to law. Should the result of the lawsuit be unfavourable to the company, heavy indemnities must be paid, and the directors revenge themselves on the captain. At sea he risks his life, on land his credit and his fortune are at stake. What a hard lot, and what a horrible nuisance these fogs are! But this evening Captain Macaulay reassures his passengers. "We are the strongest," he says; "no sailing-ship could make head against the *China;* if any boat founders to-night, it won't be ours."

This comfortable assurance restores the good spirits of the company. Everyone goes to his cabin with the cool consciousness of his strength and of his impunity, and equally resolved to destroy without remorse the unhappy vessels which may cross his path. It is with these laudable sentiments that we lay our heads on our pillows and find, in spite of the continual screams of the alarm-whistle, the sleep of the just.

May 23rd.—The fog and the whistle have pursued us unrelentingly for thirty-six hours. This morning for the first time we have once more seen the earth and the sun. Now (eight o'clock in the evening), the *China* is at anchor at the quarantine station. It is still light. But, with a striking analogy to their European brothers, the doctor and the officer who are to give us a clean bill of health, are supping comfortably in the bosom of their families and decline to be disturbed. We must wait patiently till to-morrow, therefore, before we can land on American soil. We have also been warned that these gentlemen will not come on board till after their breakfast; that the formalities of the Custom House will take at least three hours, and that therefore we shall not be allowed to go on shore till after midday.

The last time I arrived, after a similar voyage, my patience was put to the same test. Thus fourteen to eighteen hours are added to the length of the crossing. It was certainly well worth while to make us run all the risks of ice and fogs at a speed of fourteen knots an hour! But it appears that red-tapism is the same in both hemispheres. My patriotism found some consolation in the fact that this country is so little ahead of us in the matter of progress.

CHAPTER II.

NEW YORK.—FROM THE 24TH TO THE 26TH MAY.

Broadway.—Wall Street.—Fifth Avenue.—Influence of New York on the destinies of North America.

At New York everything is interesting. I do not say that I am delighted with everything. But it is impossible to weary of the extraordinary, feverish activity which pervades Broadway and Wall Street early in the morning; or of the social elegance which towards evening is displayed in the beautiful Fifth Avenue, the resort of hundreds of loungers of both sexes and multitudes of carriages. The excessive luxury of these vehicles with their great coats-of-arms emblazoned on every panel, the over-smart liveries, the heavy, almost priceless carriage horses, and the somewhat extravagant dresses of the ladies, whom nature has been kinder to than their dressmakers, all combine to arrest the attention and interest of the spectator, even should they fail to satisfy his fastidious taste. One tries to discover the moral link between all this ostentatious display, which though on a republican soil, is not afraid to show its face, and that thirst for

equality which is the motive-power, as it is the spur, the end, the reward, and also the punishment of a democratic society like the American. There is no doubt that this fashionable world is only tolerated by the working man, who elbows them roughly enough in the street, and by what are emphatically called in Europe "the People," but their toleration is accounted for by the hope which each one entertains, and which in this country is not a chimera, of arriving himself some day at the same state of prosperity; of seeing his wife, who, to-day is at the wash-tub, or rinsing bottles in a gin palace, indolently stretched on the morrow in her own luxurious landau; or of driving himself in his gig with a fast trotter, which shall have cost at least five thousand dollars; of surrounding himself, in fact, with all those material enjoyments of which the sight excites his longing and admiration, even more than his envy, until his own turn comes. This is what makes the real distinction between the American democrat and the democrat of Europe. This last, in despair of attaining to a higher position, strives to drag down everyone else to his level. Envy and jealousy are his strongest motive powers, and the result is the wish to lower and destroy. The American, on the other hand, wishes to enjoy: to obtain this, he must work to produce the money, which in this new country is always possible, and often easy. Having done this, he feels honestly that he is on a level with the best of them. His object, therefore, is to rise. He seeks for equality in a higher sphere than that in which he was born and bred, and he finds it. The European democrat reckons on

arriving at equality by lowering everyone else to his own level. Of the two democracies, I infinitely prefer the American.

But it would seem as if, here below, in America as in our hemisphere, real equality is only to be found in theory. Nowhere has this struck me more forcibly than in the United States. Let us come back to our man in a "blouse," who is lounging in the Fifth Avenue, between five and six o'clock in the evening. The sights which are unrolled before his eyes fascinate without irritating him. He watches it all with real and joyous emotion. He hopes some day that all this will be within his own reach. But in most cases this hope can only be partially realized. It will be quite possible for him to make a large and even princely fortune, to rival in luxury the millionaires of Wall Street, but it will be difficult, if not impossible, to penetrate into certain social regions. In his rare relations with those men who do belong to them, he cannot fail to feel his own inferiority. His son or his grandson will penetrate into those charmed circles some day, but he himself will be excluded. But as he forms the majority, he is not discouraged. By dint of struggling, secretly, openly, even brutally now and then, he pursues, without ever fully attaining, his ideal of intellectual and social equality.

The result is this: men of cultivated minds and of refined manners, with a taste for historical traditions, and in consequence for all things of European interest, withdraw themselves to a great extent from public life, make a little world of their own, and escape, as far as they possibly can, from all contact

with that real life, and those great schemes which draw forth the riches of this extraordinary country, and create the wonders which fill us with surprise and admiration. It is allowable to exhibit a fearful amount of luxury, for material riches are accessible to all. But they carefully screen from the vulgar eyes of the multitude, who feel they can never attain to such heights, those refinements of mind and manners in which consist the real enjoyments of life. These treasures are as jealously guarded as the Jews in the Middle Ages, or the Orientals in our own day conceal their riches behind squalid walls and poor-looking dwellings.

This being the case, one meets in the United States far more vulgar and pretentious people than real gentlemen. Hence the erroneous opinion so current in Europe, that an American does not know how to behave. The truth is, that these *parvenus*, but *parvenus* thanks to their courage, their intelligence and their activity—that these remarkable, self-made men, who have had the time to make colossal fortunes, but who could not, at the same time, educate themselves beyond a certain point, who feel their own value, and resent in consequence the feeling that they are excluded from any real intimacy with their superiors in education, habits, and manners—the truth is, that these men are always thrusting themselves forward; while the real gentlemen and ladies lead a comparatively retired life, protesting by their absence against their supposed equality; and form among themselves in the great towns of the east, especially at Boston and Philadelphia, a more exclusive society

than the most inaccessible *coteries* of the courts and capitals of Europe.

New York, in its outward aspect, reflects in a very remarkable manner the characteristics of the great territory of the Union. One would say that the intellectual, moral, and commercial life of the American people was here condensed, to spread its rays afterwards across the immense tracts which are called the United States.

Broadway is the representative and the model of those great arteries which bind together the different portions of this great continent from ocean to ocean. The great thoroughfares of London, the Boulevards of Paris, the Ringstrasse, and other great streets of Vienna, are as busy and as animated perhaps as Broadway; but their animation springs from the wants and the commerce of their respective cities; while this great artery of the American metropolis is more than a street—it is a high road—a royal road leading to everything. Besides the crowds of men and merchandise crossing your path right and left, there are the equally filled railway cars. The persons who throng them are travellers more than passers-by. Their look is anxious as well as business-like. One would fancy that every man was afraid of missing his train. Certainly New York is a great capital in the European sense of the word, like London, or Paris, or Vienna. But it is more than this, it is at the same time an enormous railway station, a "*dépôt*," to use an American term, both of travellers and goods; where one meets a floating population large enough

to give the impression of that agitation and preoccupation, and that provisional state of things which is the characteristic of all the great American cities. To sum up in one word, Broadway represents the principle of mobility.

Let us pass on to Wall Street. This is the centre of all the great financial operations. Here the resemblance with the City of London is incontestable. The buildings, which are nearly all Banks, the crowds who jostle one another in the streets, the very air one breathes smells of money and of millions! Yet even here the analogy with Europe is not complete. Of a thousand little indications of difference, I will quote but one: your banker will not pay you the sum you ask, at once, however small it may be. He sets the telegraph to work; and after a few minutes the money is brought to you from the public bank, where the funds of his particular house are deposited. Nothing can be more praiseworthy than this practice; for these banks are real fortresses which would make any attempt at breaking into them impossible; and which in case of any rising of the mob (if such risings are ever again to be dreaded in New York, which I doubt) would afford the best guarantees for the security of the deposits. But money is a coward. We must own, however, that there is wisdom in the system which provides for its own safety, as everyone does in America, from the *Backwoodsman* who, whenever transporting his household goods to the utmost limits of the civilization of which he is the pioneer, begins by building a *blockhouse;* down to the officer sent to keep the red-skins in order, who at each bivouac, en-

trenches himself and his men behind gabions and ditches.

Now we are in the Fifth Avenue, and consequently far from the industrial quarter. Here the eye rejoices in the contemplation of all the luxury which money can bring. Do not let us be hypercritical, or examine too closely the artistic taste of these pretentious buildings, which seem by their pompous architecture to make a parade of their magnificence. After all, the same meretricious taste has spread to Europe, and prevails more and more. The Belgravia of London, the Ringstrasse of Venice are both examples of this style. M. Haussmann and his architects have borrowed their inspirations from the same source while striving to amalgamate these two "renaissances," the French and the American. It is the architecture of Henry the Third converted into Yankee.

But let us come back to the Fifth Avenue. Charming little gardens surround each house, which, in this beautiful month of May, form bright spots of green, blue, red, pink, white, and lilac, giving the most ideal and poetic look to the whole. Amidst these groups of shrubs, and grasses, and creeping flowers, and tiny bright green lawns, coquettishly bordered with marble balustrades, there are endless picturesque details. One's eye rests with real pleasure upon them, and gladly turns aside from looking at the overcharged, over-decorated façades of the houses beyond. Taken as a whole, the Fifth Avenue is really very grand, and here and there quite charming.

But what struck me most in New York is the enormous number of public buildings consecrated to

Divine worship of various kinds. I am not speaking of the great Gothic cathedral which the Irish are now building, and which belongs to another date and another order of ideas, but of the innumerable little churches belonging to the different sects, built very often at a great cost and with a profusion of ornament in every possible and impossible style, which fix one's attention and pique one's curiosity. Their small size makes them the more remarkable, side by side with the vast buildings around them. In Europe, the massive pile of the cathedral, and the belfries, spires, towers, and high roofs of the other churches, stand out against the sky, tower above the houses of the faithful, and give to each town, seen from a distance, a particular character. At New York it is quite the reverse. Seen from the river or from Jersey City at the moment of disembarkation, this huge metropolis unrolls itself before you in great masses of red, grey, or yellowish brick. One or two steeples at the outside rise above the roofs, which in the distance, seem all of the same height, and to form one vast horizontal line stretching towards the plain beyond. Europeans who have just landed for the first time cannot help wondering how these two or three churches can possibly suffice for upwards of a million of Christians! But they find out their mistake when they walk through the town and especially when they come to the Fifth Avenue, where the commercial fever is at rest or, at any rate, gives place to a little quiet, to study, and perhaps to meditation and prayer. Not that all those little chapels in the Fifth Avenue impress one with a feeling of sanctity or fill the mind with that grave spirit of recollection

which comes over one in the aisles of our great cathedrals. So far from it, the *sanctitas loci* is entirely wanting in this wide and worldly quarter. These little buildings, each consecrated to a different form of worship, are only accessories to the whole. They are only open during their respective services, and these services are only performed on Sundays. But there they are, and however poor they may be, they prove the existence of a religion in the hearts of these rich people, who had perhaps little or no time to think of their souls when they were making their fortunes, but who, now that they are millionaires, begin to believe that there is a future state. Either from honest conviction or because they feel the need, or from pure custom and a sense of respectability, they contribute liberally towards a chapel and forming a congregation.

In a society of which the most energetic, the most important, and the youngest portion lives in a perpetual mill-race, it is evident that anything like spiritual or inner life must be unknown or, at least, dormant. To outsiders, indeed, such ideas seem to have no existence at all in the American mind. But this is not so. From time to time, there is an extraordinary awakening. The enormous sums then given for the building of new churches, the *revivals*, those great meetings in the forests and prairies of the Far West, where a sudden thirst for spiritual consolation bursts out with extraordinary violence, seizing upon the masses like an epidemic and producing the most fantastic scenes, now tragic, now comic,—these *revivals* and the splendid churches in the Fifth Avenue are

only different manifestations of the same spirit—the spirit of Faith, asleep, oppressed, kept down, but not exterminated by the worship of the Golden Calf which is the religion of the State: the only apparent religion, in fact, of the merchant, the miner, the carrier, the porter, in one word, of the fortune-hunter of young America!

Notwithstanding that we were really in the dog-days, we continued our explorations of New York, sometimes in carriages, sometimes in cars, but still oftener on foot. What struck me even more this time than during my first visit, and which I cannot find mentioned in any other description of New York, is the way in which this city has, as I before said, given the type to all the other great centres of population in the Union. The preponderance which she exercises arises from her extraordinary centralisation, to which neither the exclusive legislation of other States, nor the extreme mobility of American society, nor the unlimited space acquired or conquered by this great nation, can in any way resist. I could multiply examples to prove my theory, but how discuss such questions with the thermometer at 30 degrees Réaumur?

I have just been going through a large though somewhat common-place quarter of the town, inhabited entirely by Germans. Here all the emigrants of that nation, many of whom only arrived the day before, are welcomed, lodged, and put in the right track before starting for the Far West. They bring with them an atmosphere fresh from the *Vaterland*, and thus

renew all the home-feelings of their fellow-countrymen and prevent them being transformed altogether into *Yankees*. The old settlers, on the other hand, who have mostly outlived those republican aspirations which form such a powerful element in German emigration, strive first of all to destroy the illusions of the new-comers; to give them some idea of the real state of things; and to prepare them as far as possible for the new life which awaits them. Quite a metamorphosis is the result, and that in a few days, under the influence of this great centre of American life. The consequences will be felt at the most extreme points of this vast country—under the shadow of the forests in which Lake Superior is embedded; or in the great granaries of Minnesota and Wisconsin; in the prairies of Nebraska and Arkansas, on the borders of the Red River, in Texas, in the isolated ranchos of Oregon, and even to the grassy slopes of the Sierra Nevada.

In a minor degree, the same may be said of the Irish. I say in a minor degree, because the child of the Emerald Isle shows himself less amenable to outside influence; and that everywhere the Celt is sufficient to himself; and as in England and Australia as well as in America, he shuts himself up from modern civilization. It is also an ascertained fact that nations who have emerged earlier from a state of barbarism exercise a sort of superiority over races who are younger in that respect. Where they come in contact it is always the first who become supreme and the latter who succumb; and that, in spite of the equality which may exist between them, and even a sort of

political superiority in the latter. Certainly, the conquests that the elder generation make over the younger in the human family are limited; but they are an incontestable fact. Thus on the frontier between Italy and the Austrian Provinces, it is the Italian element which prevails over the German and the Sclave, perhaps on the confines only of the two provinces and to an infinitesimal degree, but still it is perceptible. In Hungary, *vis-à-vis* the Magyars and the Sclaves, in Bohemia and Illyria, in Poland and Russia, the German is evidently and ostensibly the pioneer of civilization. That of the Celts dates from the first centuries of our era, if it be true, as I believe, that Christianity is the only cradle of true civilization. From that point of view, the Celts are the elders of the Anglo-Saxon and German races. But these having gone ahead of them in every respect, they have never been able to establish their rights except by a passive resistance to the influx of modern ideas. In New York, thanks to universal suffrage, they are a real power and even a formidable one. At the elections, they often obtain a majority. In the States they form the principal Catholic element and are the born antagonists of the Germans, who are mostly Protestant. Emigrants of other nations land with the intention of becoming American citizens; the children of the Emerald Isle remain for ever Irish. Not that they have an idea of returning to the old country, although they admit the possibility of such an eventuality, or of inducing their children to do so, but by an ideal and mystical link, they remain united to the mother-country, and have, as it were, carried off a portion of it with them. The ocean which sepa-

rates them, seems to have no existence in their minds; it is, after all, but a stream. The day will come, God knows when, when they will cross it once more, they, their *American brothers*, as they are called in Ireland, to bring with them liberty—in the modern sense of the term, as it is understood by the democrats and liberals of Europe, and which means for them independence and separation from England. Then they will fight and conquer. Fenianism is the offspring of these dreams; that intangible conspiracy which resists the efforts of the police, detectives, and of the English troops, as much as the exhortations of the Catholic clergy; and gives a feeling of uneasiness both in England and Ireland, which is not exempt from danger. The Irish, therefore, are little influenced by Anglo-Saxon ideas and habits. However, they do not escape them altogether, and it is again at New York, that the Irishman is transformed into the *American brother*. The same effect is produced, only in a greater degree, on the emigrants of other nations.

From this point of view, the supremacy of New York is certain, as long as she remains the head of the bridge which connects the two continents. At the present moment, the immense majority of emigrants, the surplus of that strength which Europe from over-population can no longer employ or maintain, turn their steps to the mouth of the Hudson, land at New York on American soil, and there receive their first impressions, which they carry with them to all parts of this vast continent.

CHAPTER III.

WASHINGTON.—FROM THE 26TH TO THE 29TH MAY.

The dead season in the Official Capital.—The *Alabama* Treaty from the American point of View.—Transformation of ideas and habits since the Civil War.—Conflicting opinions on the Emancipation Question.—Growing preponderance of the coloured races in the Southern States.

WHOEVER wishes to have a clear idea of the official capital of the United States, without the trouble of locomotion, has only to read Anthony Trollope's description. It is a real photograph, only lacking the colouring, but the drawing and resemblance are perfect. I almost regret that I have not contented myself with copying it. The air is heavy, the heat stifling, the dust and the mosquitoes pursue you without mercy. "Arlington House," that great hotel patronised by the official world, the rendezvous of senators, politicians, lawyers, who swarm there, is certainly the least agreeable of all the great caravanserais of the New World. I am spending sleepless nights stifling under a mosquito net which has the fault of not being impervious to my tormentors, and whiling away the hottest hours of the day in the

rooms on the ground-floor of the house or on the verandah. Stretched out on easy-chairs, are a multitude of other men, striving in like manner to pass the most intolerable part of the day in the most comfortable way possible. They smoke, they spit, they fix their eyes on the ceiling, but they won't talk. A dead silence pervades the whole place. You hear nothing but the buzzing of the flies, and sometimes the step of a black or coloured waiter or postman bringing in papers, letters, or telegrams. From time to time, a blast of hot air rushes in, bringing with it a cloud of dust from the street. The atmosphere is redolent of various kinds of odours which add to the charm of the morning. I am told that even at Buenos Ayres and Rio de Janeiro, the summer is less trying and less injurious to health.

The consequence is, that everyone who can, escapes from the town. The President is on the point of starting; Mr. Fisk is already gone. The diplomatic corps and the heads of departments follow their example. The House of Representatives is shut up. The Senate will close to-day or to-morrow. I went to hear one of the last sittings. The debate was calm and quiet, but the reverse of lively. It rather disappointed me, as amongst us, Europeans, although the debates in our respective Houses of Parliament are often exciting, we are apt to fancy that under the cupola of the American capitol, the time is spent in mutual recriminations, resulting very often in insults and revolvers. Nothing of the sort happened. Two honourable members attacked and defended a certain question with grave courtesy and sonorous

voices, more like pleaders at the Bar, to which profession these politicians probably belonged. In speaking, they alternately raised and let fall their voices, and only in certain eloquent moments, struck the palm of their left hand, stuck out horizontally, with their right finger. During the debate, the other members read, wrote or slept. No one talked or even whispered; but on the other hand, no one seemed to pay the smallest attention to the two speakers. Their very existence seemed ignored.

The end of this session, however, coincides with an event of no small importance—*i.e.*, with the signing of the Treaty destined to bring about the solution of the tedious question of the *Alabama* quarrel; and to strengthen the friendly relations between Great Britain and the North American Republic, which recent events had somewhat weakened. The English plenipotentiaries had left Washington only a few days before. Hence the *Alabama* Treaty was the great topic of conversation. I heard of nothing else in England before my departure; on the steamer, in the railroad, at New York, here and everywhere, no one talks of anything else. The greater part of the English people whom I have seen, are unanimous in regretting that they have been obliged to make concessions; but congratulate themselves at the same time on the settling of a question which gave rise to mutual distrust, and might have ended in a serious rupture between the two countries. In their minds, a certain satisfaction at the result is mingled with their vexation. If I am not very much mistaken, that is the predominant feeling in England. In America

politicians seem uncertain as to the amount of value to be attached to the Treaty. They ask one another if the question be really settled or not. I have seen several official men, a number of members of Parliament, and the Governor of one of the principal States. Evidently their idea on the subject is not a decided one; or else they have some reason for not expressing it. In the ordinary public sense, the Treaty of Washington is looked upon in America, as an act of deference on the part of the English Government, and a recognition of the superiority of the United States. England has owned herself in the wrong, and has capitulated; nothing more nor less. If this erroneous interpretation of the business spreads itself through the States, and takes root in the convictions of the masses, the conciliatory dispositions of the British negotiator are evidently misunderstood, and the Treaty, although it may smooth over existing difficulties, will pave the way for future complications.

The Canadians on the other hand, are extremely dissatisfied. For them, there is the perpetual grievance of the fishery question. They complain that Lord Granville's plenipotentiaries neglected them and sacrificed their interests; that they are, in fact, abandoned by the mother-country. Even before my departure from Europe, an eminent English statesman had said to me: "The separation from Canada is only a question of time. This treaty will hasten it. Before four or five years are over it will happen." Everyone knows how, in England, public opinion has familiarised itself with the idea of the loss of the colonies. If any

one, thirty years ago, had ventured to suggest such a possibility, he would have been denounced as an enemy, if a stranger, or as a traitor, if an Englishman. But the present generation look upon such questions from a different point of view. They admit it as inevitable, and expect a declaration of independence from Canada and Australia at the very first shot fired by Great Britain against a foreign enemy. Utilitarians even discuss the advantages of such a separation, and talk like courtiers who congratulate their Sovereign on the loss of a province.

During the three days I passed at Washington, I took my meals at a little table with a young and nice-looking couple whom I found out to be the Governor of one of the Western States with his wife. The steward who, in the dining-room, directs the waiters and fixes your place at table with an authority which no one dreams of disputing, had placed us together, which enabled us to enter into conversation.

The Governor began with the usual interrogatory.

"Allow me," he began, "to ask you an impertinent question. What country do you belong to? What is your profession? And what has brought you to this great country? What do you think of America? It's a fine country, isn't it? a very fine country, a very big country."

Now one reads in every book published on America, and principally in England, that the Yankee is greedy of compliments on his native land; that he swallows any amount of flattery however exaggerated, and that the least criticism, even silence, provokes and

wounds his patriotic sensibilities. This was true once, but the civil war has altered the state of things. Men's minds have become matured. The *enfant terrible*, the young scapegrace, has become a grave and earnest man. He has visited Europe and has too much sense, and is too clear-sighted to hug himself as in old times, with the belief that he "whips all creation." This is especially the case in New England, which may be called the centre of the intellectual life of America. The men from the Western States in the masses are less enlightened. The South, formerly renowned for its princely hospitality and the aristocratic tastes of its great planters, as well as for the eminent statesmen which she gave to the Republic, the poor South is at present but a mutilated trunk bleeding from thousands of wounds, which time alone can cure; and is therefore in an abnormal condition. I shall not be able to visit her and judge for myself, so that I must leave out this question in speaking of America.

My Governor from the West was evidently of the old school. I took great care, therefore, not to wound his susceptibilities. In those conflicts between the duties of politeness and the exigencies of truth (in which delicate situation I often find myself), one gets out of the difficulties as best one can by lavishing compliments or ingeniously disguising one's mitigated criticisms. I find that my audience dwell on my enthusiastic expressions and take no note of the timid deprecation, or covert malice with which I strive to satisfy my conscience, or stifle its voice. Moreover, I have often observed that the more a stranger dwells on

the favourable side of things in America, the more his native listener condescends to come down to the regions of truth, and to point out of his own accord, what are the faults of the constitution, and the social evils of the United States.

"Yes," replied the Governor, after having swallowed complacently enough, a whole mouthful of my compliments; "yes, we are a great nation—a glorious country. But we are sick. We are suffering from the consequences of a precocious childhood, and a too sudden growth. As young men, we lived in a forcing-house; arrived at maturity, we undertook too much and are now wearing ourselves out with overwork. It is possible, but not probable that we shall arrive at old age. The Union, I fear, has no future."

"You ask me," he continued, "for my opinion as to the emancipation of the negroes. It is impossible to speak with certainty; but according to all human probability, the Act of Emancipation was a sentence of death to the coloured people. The negro is naturally idle and improvident. Now that he is free, he works little or not at all, and cares nothing for the morrow. I allow that there are many exceptions. Since the abolition of slavery, the Southern proprietors of the plantations pay their negroes wages, or, which is better, give them a fourth part of the produce, and this system on the whole works well. But, as I said before, a negro who will work and save is the exception. If the last cotton crop has been good, it is only very partially due to the slave labourers; they have not the wish to work in them, so they can never compete with the whites, and very soon will fall into

poverty and misery. They are improvident and bad parents. They have no idea of taking care of their children. That used to be the business of the proprietor, who, anxious to preserve and increase his capital, if not from humanity at least from interest, took the greatest care of his female slaves when with child, and of their little ones after. Now, the mortality among the latter is something frightful. Besides, it has been proved by long experience, that in the free states the blacks remain numerically stationary, even if they do not diminish. In the slave states on the contrary, independently of the contingent furnished by the annual slave trade, the negro race increased in the most astonishing degree. This fact may be explained by two causes. The first, the one I before mentioned, namely the extreme care taken by the proprietors of the nursing mothers and their infants; the second, the partiality of the black women for the whites. In the Southern States, before the Abolition, almost all the marriages were contracted between the blacks themselves. The union of a black woman with a white husband, whether illegitimate or not, was the exception; now the law makes no distinction and throws no obstacle in the way, and the great influx of workmen from the Northern States facilitates the alliance between the blacks and the whites. Thus, on the one hand, misery and sickness especially among the children diminish the black population, and on the other, the very few negroes who by their industry have attained a good position, invariably strive to marry their daughters to whites, or at least to half-castes; so that you see that both their virtues

and their vices, idleness and work, equally conspire to bring about the eventual destruction of the black race."

Whilst he was speaking, I asked myself, "Do the negroes work or not?" it seems to me that the whole question turns upon that. But on this essential point, which is, after all, one of fact, opinions are divided. A statesman highly esteemed in America and the representative of his country at one of the European courts said to me:

"People declared and generally believed that the emancipated negroes would not work. The statistics of the last cotton crops prove that, under the system of wages and a share in the profits, they are become excellent workmen. Again, it was asserted that they were hopelessly stupid; and now we see that not only are they possessed of extraordinary intelligence, but that they have the greatest wish to educate themselves, and to give a good education to their children."

The same statesman spoke to me of the growing political importance of the coloured races:

"The partizans of emancipation were afraid lest the old proprietors should be enabled, by underhand means, to elude the law and make this great philanthropic act a dead letter. To obviate this danger, the negroes were allowed to share in the universal suffrage. One of the consequences is, that, at the next election for the President, they will be masters of the position and that their votes will decide the question. As it is, both democrats and republicans are striving to curry favour with them and intriguing for their votes."

To which I must add that President Grant fully recognises their importance; in proof of which he honours them with his special protection, as the constant influx of negroes at the seat of Government proves. In the Southern States they have got most of the power in their own hands. In South Carolina the Vice-President of the Legislature is a man of colour. Let us read what the *New York Observer* says about it :—

"The position of South Carolina is well nigh intolerable. It arises from two causes; first, that the blacks outnumber the whites; next, that the old planters refuse to fall in with the new system, and to share the government with the blacks. In this way the negroes, with the help of a few recently arrived whites, have the game in their own hands and rule the State. Out of one hundred and twenty five members of the Lower House ninety of them are blacks. The proportion in the Upper is the same. The greater number of these men are venial and corrupt. Add to this, that the land-holders in South Carolina have lost everything in the late war except the actual land; that they have no ready money whatever, that the taxes are continually augmenting of late years; and that they press cruelly on the landed proprietors. . . . ." The article then goes on to speak of the way in which the public revenue is squandered.

These statements and others of the like kind are confirmed by all the Southerners and contradicted by most of the Northerners whom I meet. On which side lies the truth? And how to find it out? But

one fact is allowed on all sides: and that is, that the blacks are, to a certain degree, the masters of the whites.

In some states they rule absolutely; in others, they form the majority of the legislature; everywhere they constitute a real power—this very race who, only a few years ago, on this self-same spot, were considered the lowest animals in creation! One can understand the rage, the despair, the hatred continually gathering in the hearts of the whites, not so much against their old slaves, as against the North, the authors of all these evils. See, too, what is passing in the South. At this moment, Mr. Davis is making a kind of triumphal progress through the country. His speeches electrify his audience. They may be summed up in two words, silence and hope: which means, vengeance when the hour is come. The gentlemen, who are all landed proprietors, abstain from voting and keep themselves in the background, thus giving up the field to the negroes and emigrants from the North. The Government cannot even get any official agents. If they nominate any man, for example, to collect the taxes or see after the revenue, he is sure to resign after a few weeks, either from intimidation or because he sympathises with the Southern cause. The Southern women, more impassioned and more heroic than their husbands, do all they can to fan the sacred fire of patriotism, which, in the eyes of the law, is treason and revolt. This is the picture presented to me by impartial persons, by members of the diplomatic corps, and by travellers well acquainted with the country and complete strangers to the two

parties. A great deal of their information on this subject is not even attempted to be denied by their adversaries. But one thing which everyone admits is the political preponderance of the coloured element in the South at this moment. Such an anomaly cannot last.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM WASHINGTON TO CHICAGO.—FROM THE 29TH TO THE 30TH MAY.

Travellers in the Far West.—The Miseries of a single Man.—Aristocratic longings in the Country of Equality.—The Susquehanna.—The Juniata.—Arrival at Chicago.

In the journey from New York to the official capital of the United States, there is nothing which strikes the traveller as very different from what he meets with in an ordinary European railroad. But when we turn our steps towards the West, the look of our fellow-travellers gradually changes. Bankers with their clerks, elegantly-dressed ladies from Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore, officials from Washington, all those people, in fact, whose cosmopolitan aspects remind one of their like in Europe, disappear from the scene. They are replaced by a lot of men mostly young, bearded, ill-dressed, not over-clean, armed with one or sometimes two revolvers, wearing round their waists great coarse, woollen bags, which are generally empty when they are starting for the Far West, and as commonly full of gold on their

return. There are also a number of farmers of a less equivocal appearance, and draymen who on the banks of the Missouri, at Leavenworth and Kansas City, are going to rejoin the caravans confided to their care. These men are important personages in their way. The intrepidity, the perseverance, the habit of command (if it were only of the bullock-drivers conducting their teams), an exuberance of health, a certain brutal strength and a strong sense of their own value, are all marked on their faces reddened with whisky and exposure to the burning winds of New Mexico and Arizona. The merchandise conveyed by them to Santa Fé, Prescott, San Diego, California, or by the Paso-del-norte to Chihuahua, is worth many millions. These men brave every hardship and danger, from Indians and desert monsters, to the dreary snowdrifts of the higher levels, and the terrible passage of the *cañones*. They take three, four, or five months to reach their destination. From time to time only, they find a halting place where they can obtain fresh provisions. To these men (real crusaders, saving the cross and the chivalry), such stations appear like fairy castles, where beautiful Indians rise up to wait on them, and where, during a two or three days' halt, they find every earthly enjoyment of the kind which they can best appreciate, which makes them forget the privations of the road. When I pass before a group of these men in the corner of a waggon, they salute me with a friendly and yet sharp and somewhat bantering look, half mixed with pity: "Poor devil!" (they think to themselves)

"what is he good for?" and then giving me a silent shake of the hand, let me pass on.

There are also several Germans in the train, who make themselves remarkable by the boldness of their voices, for the American is silent in general and only speaks in a whisper. The ladies also have changed their appearance. Here, as in other parts, they are almost always travelling alone. But elegant toilets have disappeared.

I was advised at New York to provide myself with letters of introduction to the landlords of the different hotels and to the station-masters of the places where I meant to stop; and in a previous journey I had already found the advantage of such a precaution. The train arrives at a little station where you mean to sleep. There are but one or two hotels in the town—monster ones, it is true, containing eight or twelve hundred beds. But they are always overflowing with passengers. Everyone rushes towards the omnibuses which are to convey you there, others run on foot alongside. As to your luggage, you need not trouble your head about it, as you have your "*check*." It is sure to be sent to you safely and speedily. Now we are arrived at the inn, and behind a long bench stands a gentleman of grave and majestic air. We travellers are all arranged in single file before him. The ladies are served first, and taken to fine apartments on the first and second stories; under their wing pass, likewise, their husbands, or brothers, or anyone who may have the privilege of being their masculine escorts. But single men are ruthlessly sent up to the garrets, for which purpose a lift is

always ready to facilitate the ascension. My turn came at last, and I presented myself before the Minos of the place armed with my letter of introduction, given to me by the master of the hotel where I had slept the night before. He read it rapidly, looked at me for a moment with a cold but keen and scrutinising glance; then, he passes me over, and sends my fellow travellers to the aerial regions; when everybody has been provided for, I find myself alone, face to face, with this important personage, who turns towards me his countenance, visibly brightening, presses my hand warmly and smiling graciously, says: "Now for us two, Baron. You wish for a good room, Baron. Very well, Baron, you shall have one," and he gives me the best room he has to offer.

Here I cannot help making an observation which nevertheless has been made hundreds of times before. The American has a thirst for equality, but a mania for titles. Those who can lay claim to the title of Governor, Senator, Colonel, General, even if it be only of the Militia, and their name is legion, are always accosted by their title, and never by their name. They are never weary of repeating it. To him who gives it, as to him who receives it, it is felt to be an equal honour. As to titles of nobility, the forbidden fruit of the republican American, they are pronounced with a sort of voluptuous pleasure. I appeal to all those who have been in America to clear me from a charge of exaggeration in this matter. By a species of analogy, I might quote also the naïve pride of those old families who

descend from the first Dutch emigrants, the English Puritans, or the French Huguenots. I never made the acquaintance of any one of these men or women, that they did not say to me immediately after my introduction: "I am of a very old family. My ancestors arrived in this country two hundred years ago. My cousins have a seat in the House of Lords;" or else, "We descend from Huguenots—men well known in the Court of France before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes." And these very persons, who had begun by proclaiming their genealogy, were generally the most distinguished by their polished manners and a first-rate education. These anomalies, however strange they may seem to us, are to be explained, I think, less by motives of vanity, which find other and more real gratification, than by the essence of human nature, which, like the inanimate creation, cannot exist without variety and repudiates the notion of equality.

On the railroads, too, I found my letters of introduction invaluable, especially when travelling alone. The station-master begins the acquaintance by shaking my hand, calling me "Baron" half a dozen times, and introducing me to the guard of the train. Then comes a fresh exchange of civilities. The guard gives me my title, and I call him "*Mister.*" That's the custom in the Far West—they don't call one another "*Sir*," but "*Mister*," without adding the name; for no one has the time to inquire, or it is forgotten as soon as told. If you are a white man and an American, that is enough; for that constitutes your superiority over the wild man of the

desert, over the red man of the prairie, over all the other nations of the earth, Europeans included. It is the species to which you belong which they consider, not the individual. You are then "*Mister*," which means "Master"—Master of Creation. After being duly presented to the guard there is one more formality to be gone through, which is an equally important one, and that is to be introduced by the guard to the *man of colour*. This is the waiter of the cars. In this case, with a due consideration for the shade of his skin, there is no shaking of hands. In spite of the emancipation, we have not yet arrived at that! They become legislators, certainly, and even vice-presidents. At Washington, the seat of the central government, they are allowed to loll insolently enough in omnibuses and cars and public places, and only to yield their places to women. But to shake hands with them! Fie! it is not to be thought of. The guard as a friend, the coloured man as a servant, become invaluable to you on your journey. They secure you a good place; they manage that you should avoid disagreeable or dangerous company by putting you in a ladies' compartment, if only you will dispense with your cigar; above all, they will reserve a "section" for you—that is, a window with four places, which, during the night, will be transformed into a very comfortable bedroom.

After a detestable luncheon, taken in haste at Baltimore in an "eating-house," I rush off to the station of the Central Pennsylvanian Railway for the West. Thanks to the competition with other lines,

one has arrived at the utmost maximum of speed. Thus, at the moment in which I write, and while, according to my wont, I am striving, in spite of horrible shakings, to scribble a few notes in my journal, we are rattling on at a rate of between fifty and sixty miles an hour. To talk with the first-comer is one of the charms of a tourist. It has this advantage over reading, that you can ask questions, and don't tire your eyes. Besides that, some books are tiresome; but however dull you may be, there does not exist a human being out of whom you cannot extract something—a new idea, a happy thought, some curious bit of information or fresh appreciation. Sometimes, certainly, one comes across hopelessly obtuse and case-hardened natures, into whom nothing can penetrate. But put even such natures on a subject which interests them, and they will unbend. Ask them for some detail of their own biography, for instance, and be sure they will talk, if not freely, at least with pleasure, and with profit to yourself, if you know how to take advantage of it. Only men flying from justice, or women in a doubtful position, travelling under the incognito of disconsolate widows, will ever consider your questions indiscreet.

In the highest society, which is almost always more or less connected with men in power, frivolity and gossip, those *habitués* of the drawing-room, are formidable rivals to serious conversation; and when we get out of the region of commonplace, the reserve which our respective positions impose, or an *arrière-pensée* that one is afraid to betray, a thousand different reasons, in fact, create a barrier to a liberal exchange of ideas.

Such conversations have to pass through the crucible before producing any result.

The middle classes, on the other hand, offer a wide field of observation. One learns far more from them, and finds more variety, than in the higher classes; but less knowledge of the human heart and of real life, for the horizon of each is necessarily limited in this little world of specialities. The *savant*, the artist, the merchant, the tradesman, as long as he talks to you of the business in which he is engaged, can give you some valuable information. The least interesting men are commercial travellers. If they would only talk of their sales or their goods; but they will talk politics. Each man tells you with the greatest freedom all he thinks and feels on such questions, and each man thinks and feels exactly what he has read that morning in his daily paper. These men—I own that there are exceptions—are marvellous; they think they know everything; the prime ministers of the greatest states have no secrets from them. Like sensible men, unless they were glovemakers, they would hesitate to give an opinion on the quality of a glove; but in diplomacy they consider themselves master-minds. It is, however, among the people that one can glean with the most profit. The simple confidence of a peasant in our Austrian Alps, an old servant at an inn in some little German or Pyrenean village, the conversation of the *curé*, the surgeon (the Sangrado, as they call him), the *alcalde* of an old market-town in the Sierra Morena, gathered together at the village chemist's, in *tertulia*; the chatter of the young girl with classical features, and supple figure wrapt in rags,

who precedes me, with the step of an empress, into the depths of an Irish turf cabin; the autobiography of a workman in a factory, or of a book-keeper at his desk—all these, and such as these have never failed to interest me. They have often struck me by the grandeur and novelty of their conceptions; they have thrown a whole flood of light on obscure and difficult questions, and often evoked tears of sympathy, or irresistible and hearty laughter; and even in the most ordinary talk of this sort, there is almost always some discovery to be made. An historian, in order to enter into the spirit of the century which he is describing, consults all possible contemporary authorities. In the same way, a traveller, if he is to travel with advantage, should listen to the people of the countries he passes through, and make them talk of themselves. It is the way I have always followed, and which I mean to go on following, in my promenade round the world.

The train is slackening speed; we are only running at the rate of thirty or thirty-five miles an hour, that is, at the ordinary rate of express trains in England. We have entered the Susquehanna valley, and the Pennsylvanian Central follows its winding, serpentine course through wooded glens and smiling villages, and past the busy factories and picturesque cottages which line the banks of this beautiful and poetical river. The scenery is very varied; here and there all traces of culture or cultivation disappear. Above a thicket of flowering shrubs and branching elms rises up a fir wood, each coniferous specimen being different of its kind, and growing tall, straight, and thin, like the

men of the Anglo-American race. Between these tapering stems, the Susquehanna, of a greenish turquoise blue, dashes by, giving itself the airs of a torrent, bounds against the blocks of granite which line its bed, encircles them with foam, and then resuming its tranquil course, as if ashamed of its powerless fury, rolls on calmly and swiftly, caressing as it passes the branches of wild roses which hang over its limpid waters. It is a perfect type of the classical soil which witnessed the first struggles between the white man and the red-skin, those scenes so beautifully described by Cooper. But this country saw no bloodshed; it was only the theatre of the peaceable conquests of William Penn. One's imagination loves to dwell on those times, already so far distant, when the Far West began at the gates of Philadelphia, and of the New Amsterdam, which has since become New York. To convince oneself of this fact, one has only to double this little promontory. In the valley we have now reached, which is wide and open, civilisation unrolls its riches, its cultivated fields, its steam factories, its market towns and villages, with bright clean-looking villas, all built on a uniform plan, its farms surrounded by plantations,—the whole a picture of active prosperity, and of the struggle still going on between civilised man and savage nature. But go on a little further, and you come back to a region which is entirely uncultivated. Yes, these contrasts give a peculiar character to the Susquehanna valley, and make it the exact representative of the great state which this river traverses from one end to the other. In Pennsylvania, agricultural industry is more de-

veloped than in any other state of the Union, without counting the working of its mineral riches of iron and coal. But in spite of the increase of its productions, and the constant growth of its population, three parts of its territory is uncultivated for want of hands; and thus, as on the enchanting banks of the Susquehanna, the noise and animation of the most active industry of which modern life is capable, alternates with the silence and solitude of the desert.

In the afternoon we passed by Harrisburg. Now the sun is setting, flooding with a roseate light the idyllic banks of the Juniata. The habitations seem more numerous than on the Susquehanna. The villages succeed one another more frequently, and here and there, surrounded by carefully-kept gardens, peep out little villas, somewhat pretentious in construction, but which give one a pleasant sensation, because they produce the illusion in the mind of the European traveller that he is once more in the Old World. This river has also its solitary spots, and they are not the least beautiful. A soft and poetic melancholy pervades the whole scene. If the Susquehanna be like an epic poem, the Juniata, more modest, reminds one of the eclogues of Garcilaso: *Corria sin duelo lagrimas corrientes.*

At ten o'clock at night there is a grand commotion in the cars; everyone rushes out on the platform, to exclaim, with the help of a glorious moonlight, not only on the beauty of the scenery, which I thought doubtful, but on the hardihood of construction of the railway in that particular spot. We came into a gorge of the Jack's mountain, and soon after crossed the

Sideling Hills—that is to say, a chain of the Alleghanies at the meeting of the waters of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. The descent makes one shiver; fortunately, it is but short. Night is coming on; the passengers prepare to try to get some sleep. In the bed-carriages the arm-chairs are rapidly transformed into beds. Boards separate them from one another. A heavy curtain runs down the middle of the passage. Each window allows for two beds, one at the top of the other, unless the traveller has taken a "section," that is, the whole space of one window. Under the shelter of the heavy curtain, men and women, without distinction, put on their night things, pin a handkerchief over the pillow provided by the authorities, which is of doubtful cleanliness, lie down on or scramble up to their beds and strive to sleep, in spite of the noise, the shaking, the dust, the stifling atmosphere, and the nauseous smell of this most infernal dormitory. As for me, I do not mean to try even to follow the general example. Although the envied possessor of a "section," I make up my mind to bivouac bravely on the steps of the platform. The night is beautiful; a full moon floods the whole country with silvery light. As far as the eye can reach, the railroad follows a straight line, which enables us to go at a fearful rate during the greater part of the night. A couple of feet above me, all along the sides of the rails the pebbles and flints, sparkling like diamonds, look like a horizontal cataract. In crossing the trestle-work bridge, the train rocks and vacillates like a ship in a cross sea. But I cling on to the balustrade, and comfort myself with the reflection that on this line, one of the worst in the

States, the greater part of the trains, nevertheless, arrive at their destination. From time to time the breakmen rush upon the platform, drag the wheels, put on the breaks, and disappear again by slipping into the next carriage. To judge by their hurry you would think it was a question of life or death. The guard, too, passes and re-passes, never without a gracious smile or a courteous word to me, as "Now, Baron," or, "Well, Baron; you're not gone to bed." Sometimes, as a variety, he says nothing, but merely presses my hand. Each time I ask him: "Well, how fast are we going, Mister?" And his answer invariably is: "Sixty miles an hour, Baron."

The dawn begins to break. It is getting cold. I make up my mind to go back into the carriage. The coloured waiters are already putting away the mattresses. In the rotonda, a species of ante-room generally attached to the bed-carriages, the passengers in single file are waiting their turns before a somewhat miserable washing-stand; another is reserved for the ladies. The latter, with a laudable absence of coquetry, which, however, I should not recommend to any woman who cares to please, appear one by one in their dressing-gowns, carrying their chignons in their hands, and find the means of making their toilette in presence of the company, although I cannot say the result was generally satisfactory.

At two o'clock in the morning we passed Pittsburg. At nine o'clock we breakfasted at Glastine. The train sped rapidly through the somewhat scanty forests of Ohio. At twelve o'clock we are at Fort Wayne, and at five we arrive on the confines of

Illinois, having traversed Indiana in all its breadth. The country is one vast plain, only limited by the horizon. Low undulations here and there do not suffice to break the monotony of these solitary regions, which are very little cultivated, and do not present a single feature to charm or divert the eye. At last Lake Michigan comes in sight. Looking like the ocean towards the north, with its low downs and its flat sandy banks, nothing can be more dreary or desolate. At six o'clock precisely, covered with dust, overcome with heat, and tired to death, but without any broken bones, we arrive safe and sound at the Chicago terminus.

CHAPTER V.

CHICAGO.—FROM THE 30TH MAY TO THE 1ST JUNE.

Appearance of Chicago.—Growing importance of the German element. — The great Caravanserais. — Economy of human strength.—The superiority, in the United States, of the lower strata of Society.—Chicago the great emporium of the West.—Michigan Avenue.—A house on wheels.—General Sheridan.—Manner and character of European travel.—The position of Woman in the family.

I ALIGHT at Sherman House, the prototype of one of the great American hotels. Thanks to my letter of introduction, the gentleman at the office is most courteous, and gives me a charming room on the first floor, with a bathroom alongside, of which the water-cocks, as usual, are stopped up; but which the negro servant of the "quarter" promises to have put in order for me. In the meantime, I stroll about the streets. The heat is intolerable, and the first sight of Chicago is not encouraging to an idle man. It was the hour of closing the shops and factories. Streams of workmen—men, women, and children, shop-boys, commercial men of all kinds passed me on foot, in

omnibuses, in tramways—all going in the same direction—that is, all making their way to their homes in the quarters outside the town; all looked sad, preoccupied, and worn out with fatigue.

The streets are like all the other towns in America. The houses, it is true, are built of wood;[1] but they imitate brick and stone. Clouds of coal smoke issue from innumerable factory chimneys, gather in the streets, throw dark shadows on the brilliant shop fronts, and on the gorgeous gold letters of the advertisements, which cover the fronts of the houses up to the garrets, and seem to half stifle the crowd, who, with bent heads, measured steps, and arms swinging like the pendulum of a clock, are flying in silence from the spots in which, all day long, they have laboured in the sweat of their brows. Now and then, for a moment, the sun breaks through the dismal black curtain which human industry has cast over this toiling capital: but these sudden gleams of light, so far from brightening the scene, tend, on the contrary, to show off its sadness. In all the great thoroughfares, and as far as one can see, rise the gigantic poles of the telegraphic wires. They are placed quite close to one another, and end in a double bishop's cross—the only kind of cross which is to be seen in this city, of which the God is money.

I mix with the crowd, which drags me on with it. I strive to read in the faces I pass, and everywhere meet with the same expression. Everyone is in a

[1] A few months after my visit a fearful conflagration, as every one knows, reduced three parts of this great capital of the West to ashes.

hurry, if it were only to get a few minutes sooner to his home and thus economise his few hours of rest, after having taken the largest possible amount of work out of the long hours of labour. Everyone seems to dread a rival in his neighbour. This crowd is a very type of isolation. The moral atmosphere is not charity, but rivalry.

Night falls, and the streets are beginning to be empty. Everywhere I hear the German tongue and strive to enter into conversation with some of my fellow-countrymen. Not till after they have looked at me with anxious rather than curious eyes, will German frankness overcome Anglo-American reserve. But then they unbend and answer my questions gladly. Ah! with what enthusiasm they speak of the late war! National pride and the excitement of victory light up these honest, middle-class faces. The wonderful success of their brethren beyond the seas has come to them in the light of a revelation. It has raised their moral tone, revived their energy, and given birth to new aspirations in their hearts, which, in the American sense, would be incompatible with the constitution of the United States. Until now, of all the emigrants, the Germans were those who mingled the most steadily and quickly, and were almost fused in fact, with the Anglo-Saxon race, which forms the basis of the population of the Eastern States. I was very much struck by this, last year, when I was going to Niagara. Everywhere my emigrant fellow-countrymen of the last ten or twelve years, if they still talked German to their children, were answered by them in English. One sees that the third generation, with the

exception of some of the customs of the Fatherland, such as the taste for music and for beer, is completely Americanised. This was the case everywhere except in Pennsylvania, where the Germans form so large a portion of the community, and have in consequence preserved the traditions, the habits, and, though very imperfectly, the language of their mother-country. To-day however, under the impulse of a sudden, violent, and perhaps lasting reaction, the German element has emerged from its state of passive resignation. They have become proud of their nationality. They reckon upon preserving and cultivating it. They are like people who suddenly having discovered their own value, are naturally disposed to exaggerate its importance, to become difficult to live with, and to quarrel with their friends. This is the danger which is apprehended in the official circles of Washington. This again is what is foreseen at New York, where I even heard it asserted that the Germans had the intention of forming a distinct element and constituting themselves into a separate political body in the heart of the American confederation. For my own part, I do not share in their anxiety ; I know what we are. We, Germans, are enthusiastic, and people say we are gifted with more imagination and logic than with political sense or instincts. We are often *doctrinaires* and we like to teach others ; but we do not sin through an excess of vanity, and are not disposed to exaggerate. I am afraid we are not as a whole an amiable nation. We like, rather too much, to think ourselves always in the right. An American said to me one day, "I am myself of

German origin, but I can't bear the Germans. They are dirty, they are cavillers and they beat their wives."[1] Alas! from the Atlantic to the Pacific they have this reputation. But the more one advances towards the west of this great continent, the more one is struck by the traces they have left on their passage; by the marvellous results due to their intelligence, activity, and perseverance; by the great place they already occupy in the New World; and by the important mission they seem destined to fulfil there.

Whilst indulging in these reflections, I find myself passing under a whole array of flags, which the evening breeze is gently swaying. It is the flag of the German *Vaterland!* I see it floating from the town hall, from most of the public buildings, and from a multitude of private houses. The fact is, that my German brothers have just been celebrating the conclusion of the peace at Versailles—that is, their victories. And the town council has been obliged to give them its support, inasmuch as they form three parts of the population of Chicago. The night is dark. The ill-lit streets are completely deserted. The Germans fill the *Bierhäuser*, and while emptying their stoups, amuse themselves by singing national songs to discordant tunes, unworthy of a land which boasts of being musical above all others. In other respects, the voices are good and full, and such as Germany produces; they sing in choir, and talk; that is, everybody screams at the same time at the top of his voice.

[1] See Jules Froëbel, whose judgment is to be relied upon. ("Aus America," 1857.)

As for the Americans, they are all swarming round the big hotel, where everyone is free to come and go. At each moment, fresh omnibuses arrive and disgorge their travellers, who form directly in single file and wait patiently and silently, advancing slowly, and receive at last from the head-man at the office, the key of the room where each is to pass the night. At the same time, masses of trunks like Cyclopean walls, are packed or unpacked with marvellous celerity. The porters, in their shirt sleeves, handle these great weights in a marvellous manner. They are all Irish; and are distinguished from the Americans by their cheery ways, and by their respectful manners towards the travellers. They are also remarkable for their strength and Herculean dimensions. The Americans cannot act as porters. They have not the physical strength, and their health gives way under any excess of manual labour.

A great number of billiard tables, all full of players during the evening and far into the night, fill the bar-room. This enormous, low, underground hall, is lit all day by gas, the fumes of which mingle with the exhalations from the various alcoholic drinks which the barman is perpetually dispensing to the company. Groups of men are always standing round this important functionary, whose only merit in my eyes consists in his concoction of lemonade. He melts the sugar in water, adds the juice of the fruit which he squeezes out in an instant by means of a small press like a nut-cracker, puts in three or four bits of ice pure as crystal *de roche*, and rapidly passing the liquid from a glass to a metal goblet, thereby ac-

celerates the freezing process. It is the work of a few moments. At last I retire to my room, without taking advantage of the lift, as I have the privilege of being lodged on the first floor. I light the gas with some difficulty, and prepare my bath. Unfortunately, hardly had I plunged into the tepid water, than the gas went out, and escaping by the tap, which had unfortunately been left open, filled my whole room with a horribly mephitic smell. I rush out of my bath in order to stop the mischief, and unfortunately, in so doing, displace the cock. My allumettes will not act, my hands are wet. I content myself with turning off the gas, and strive to find my way back to my bath in the dark. But alas! in the meantime the water has all run out, and there am I, without a light, without a bath, without any clothes, and with no possibility of finding the bell! Besides, was an American waiter ever known to answer one? The moral of this little misadventure is, that one must learn everything—even how to make use of those thousand inventions, as practical as they are ingenious, which constitute what is called the "comfort" of American hotels, and which have for their object to economize labour, to reduce the number of hotel servants to a minimum, and to make the traveller independent by placing everything within his reach by mechanical processes which enable him to shift for himself. He is waited upon at dinner, and they will clean his room and his boots: but they "calculate" that he will brush his own clothes, and they "guess" he will understand the gas cocks, and the hot and cold-water apparatus. The hotels are all

built and furnished on the same plan. The meals are abundant, but indifferently good, even if not bad. Everyone eats in haste and in silence. The waiters (all of the coloured race) help you with a sulky, indifferent manner, unless you have been specially recommended to them by the steward, to whom, if you are wise, you have taken care to be presented by the gentleman in the office. In that case they hope for a little gratuity, smile benignly on you, even become respectful, and bring you niceties which are not on the *menu*. There are no extras, and no additional expense. Everything is abundant, and the ventilation is excellent; but on the whole, life at an American hotel, however practical, is thoroughly disagreeable.

In the principal streets of Chicago, and other towns of the West, strong iron rings are sunk into the pavement all along the street. They are for fastening the horses. It is their way of doing without grooms or coachmen. To spare a man's strength and time, to lose as little as possible of either, and to get out of both as much as can be, this is essentially the American maxim, of which the traces appear at every turn. Everyone gives in to the notion; or rather it is a supreme law which no one can resist. Before this inexorable theory, all false shame, human respect, and the prejudices which in the old world exclude the higher and middle classes from manual labour, entirely disappear.

There is no doubt that our refined lives vanish under this harsh but stimulating treatment; and I cannot fancy that a man of a certain age, accustomed

to the gentleness, the elegance, and the refinements of our habits, can really find pleasure in such a change of existence. But even Americans who have lived a long time in France, England, or Germany, when they return to their own country, look back to their European lives with strong and often ineffaceable regrets.

It is the lower classes who gain the most by this system, for it places at everyone's disposal, and at small cost, the material and intellectual enjoyments which raise the moral tone, and which in Europe are the privilege only of the upper strata of society. So, when the European emigrant, sprung from the dregs of the people, and arrived at a state of ease and prosperity here, returns to his native country, he is miserable, and comes back as soon as he can to America. I met some Italians once in the Pacific States, acting as pedlars. They had just returned from Turin. One of them said to me: "There are upwards of four hundred of us in the Nevada and in California, and all, more or less, are doing well. Twenty-four, with their boxes full of gold, returned a short time ago to their native village. But they couldn't stand the life there, and all, with the exception of three, came back to California. This is easily explained. You see, we can't associate with the gentry in Europe, and we can't live with our equals there, because, without knowing it, we have raised ourselves far above them. We feel, therefore, like fish out of water, and so we give up the dream of living in our native land, and return to America."

The morning is beautiful: the sky without a cloud,

and of that metallic blue which is peculiar to the central regions of this continent. The sun is, however, merciless. Even the heavy wreaths of smoke from the factory chimneys cannot resist it. Man alone braves it. In truth, the activity in the streets exceeds anything I have ever seen even in the busy hives of industry and commerce in England. The business done is of a distinctly local character. There are two branches of commerce which make the riches of Chicago. This town, which only dates from 1855, now contains three hundred thousand inhabitants. Built on a marsh, it was at first horribly unhealthy. This evil has been remedied by raising the houses on piles by means of cranks, without having recourse to steam, or deranging the inhabitants. Some houses were transported bodily in that way from one end of the town to the other. Chicago has become the great emporium of the wheat and other grains of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and the market where all the population of the Western States (still called "Western," though, now that California and Oregon have been annexed, they should be called "Central") come to supply themselves with *dry goods* of all sorts and kinds. By water and by rail, wheat arrives in incredible quantities. Here it is that the inexhaustible granaries of the neighbouring states become matters of speculation, are bought and sold, stored up in warehouses, and embarked at a favourable moment, either on the boats of the lake, or on the trucks of the railroad. From hence they stream towards the Eastern States, and even to Europe. The mechanical appliances which facilitate these operations,

and the lifts and winches whereby these huge stores are conveyed, form the pride as well as the riches of the inhabitants.

The retail trade, with the innumerable pedlars who come here to buy the contents of their packs, is another source of prosperity to Chicago, and one which Cincinnati and St. Louis have for a long time rivalled. To-day, however, the superiority of Chicago is assured, and still more firmly established from the geographical position of the town.

I strive to gain the banks of the lake, hoping to get a mouthful of fresh air. Vain delusion! not a breath stirs the glassy water, which, silent and immovable, reflects the sky and the sun, and blinds one with its glare. The railroad crosses the extreme end of it on piles, which look like crutches. Beyond, some large steamers are waiting for their cargoes. In spite of the brilliant sunshine, there is something very melancholy in this scene. Perhaps it is the contrast between the busy life I have just left and the inhospitable solitude which unrolls itself before me. This is, in truth, one of the striking features of this continent. At one moment you are filled with admiration at the extraordinary progress of civilization; then you go on a few steps, you turn a corner, and you fall back into a state of wild and savage nature. The results already obtained by the genius, the courage, and the practical sense of this nation, considered by themselves, are astounding. But they shrink into nothing when you see what yet remains to be done.

I find myself in a great avenue on the banks of the lake, with a row of magnificent buildings on the other

side. This is the celebrated Michigan Avenue, the quarter of the plutocracy of Chicago. In these splendid mansions, all of wood, but plastered over, and built in every imaginable style, Italian, Classic, Gothic, Roman, or Elizabethan, each and all surrounded by pretty gardens bright with flowers, live the families of men who, in a few years, have realized millions; and who, if they have for a moment lost them, begin again to make their fortunes a second time. Higher up, this aristocratic avenue leaves the borders of the lake and becomes a street. There are houses on both sides, less grand and rich, perhaps, than those in the avenue, but all bearing a look of comfort, and even luxury, and built in a style of pastoral architecture. I have been walking for more than an hour, and I am not yet at the end of this street. You might fancy yourself in the country. None but women and children are to be seen, with a few private carriages, and no omnibuses. There is an air of rest and idleness over the whole. Babies play in the little gardens, ladies, elegantly dressed, lie on the verandas, and rock themselves in armchairs, holding in one hand a fan, and in the other a novel. All of a sudden a new object strikes me. It is a house in the middle of the road. What a strange fancy! But no, this house moves, walks, comes near! Very soon all doubt on the subject is at an end. Placed on trestles resting on cylinders, one horse and three men, by means of a capstan, do the work. I stop from sheer surprise, and watch this singular phenomenon pass by. It is a building of two storeys. A veranda in full flower trembles under the slight shaking of the

cylinders. The chimney smokes; they are evidently cooking. From an open window I catch the sounds of a piano. An air from "La Traviata" mingles with the grinding of the wheels which support this ambulatory domicile.

I stop before a little house of two storeys, having only three windows in front—fresh, smart, and nearly new. A few steps lead up to the front door, which is only partially shaded by a porch. Whilst waiting for the opening of the door, I am nearly stifled. What a furnace! It is at one and the same time the summer of the tropics without its dampness, and of the north without its cool refreshing breezes which enable you to bear it. I am ushered into a drawing-room which runs through the depth of the house. I find an air of elegance and simplicity, and at the same time a military tone which is not to be mistaken.

I am at General Sheridan's.

I had crossed the ocean with him on my return to Europe, and last year I had met him at Rome. He welcomed me most cordially, and I was delighted to see him again. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan! These are the three stars, the three heroes who destroyed the Confederation, and by their swords brought about the cementing together of the two halves of the Union.

General Sheridan, of Irish origin, was brought up at the military school of Westpoint. Like the greater part of the scholars in that celebrated college, he unites a great amount of solid knowledge with the martial air and manners of a gentleman, I should almost say of a European, which distinguish the officers of the United States army. If, without knowing him, I

had met him in the street, judging by his appearance, I should have taken him for an Austrian general. He is only thirty-eight years old. By a special chance, his name became immortalized at an age when the greater portion of young officers are still in the lower grades of the army. But one would give him at least ten years more. His face, reddened and tanned and lined by the care, watchfulness, and emotions of the late campaign, breathes at once an air of simple modesty and honest pride. His brown eyes shoot lightning, and tell of the Celtic blood which flows in his veins. His countenance expresses intelligence, boldness, and that indomitable courage which seems to provoke danger. He wears his hair cut short, and is of middle height, with square shoulders and powerful limbs. His detractors accuse him of cruelty, and speak of him as the exterminator of the Indians; his friends simply adore him. Both one and the other talk of him as a dashing officer; in fact, one has but to look at him to understand that he is the sort of man who would lead on his soldiers to death or victory. His command extends over three parts of the Union. It stretches from the borders of Illinois to the eastern slopes of the Sierra Nevada, from the frontiers of Canada to those of New Mexico and Arizona. He must travel for two years before he can inspect all the military posts under his care. And this great captain lives quietly on a little parrot-stand which he has built himself, and which he is sure to sell without loss should his duties to the State compel his leaving Chicago, which is at present his official residence. His office is in the heart of the town, on the second

story of one of those great houses where business, science, and art, elbow one another; but where rest, pleasure, and domestic happiness are fairly banished.

In the United States, where everything is in a state of mutation, nothing changes so quickly as the official world. The holding of supreme power is limited to four years, and never on any pretext can exceed eight. When the President goes out of office, every single member of every branch of the administration and of the diplomatic corps, that is, upwards of forty thousand functionaries and official men, are at once turned adrift. The only exception is the army, because it is supposed to be a stranger to politics or political combinations. It is the rock in the midst of the shifting sand. In its ranks, consequently, there is a strong feeling of independence and of dignity, which people say is very rare in civil and political circles. As to what concerns Generals Sherman and Sheridan, the brilliant services rendered by them both place them out of the reach of any hostile attempt. Neither the President, be he who he may, nor a majority of the Senate, would dare to deprive them of their respective commands. Strange anomaly! A republic where nothing is stationary or independent except military power.

In our long walks on board the *Scotia*, the general often spoke to me openly, with the clear strong sense and rough but patriotic frankness of a man who has no need to conceal his real feelings, of the grave questions pending in his own country. If he touched boldly upon its social evils, he also pointed out to me the moral and material treasures,

and the inexhaustible resources of his great country.[1] Like all public men who have really done great things, and who are not *somebodys* only while they occupy a high position, which they may owe to a trick of fortune or chance, and from whence they may some day be hurled with ridicule or obloquy, Sheridan detests popularity. "I have the greatest horror of popular demonstrations," he said to me. "Those very men who deafen you with their cheers to-day, are capable to-morrow of throwing stones and mud at you!"

It was last year, at Queenstown, just as we touched once more on European soil, that we first heard of the struggle between France and Germany. Whilst we were disembarking, a telegram announced the battle of Wörth, of which the issue was still uncertain. General Sheridan intended to join the head-quarters of the Emperor Napoleon. The rapid succession of events, however, and, I think, a refusal from the French military authorities, decided him to join the Prussian camp, where he was received with enthusiasm. Everyone knows the fruitless efforts made by him before Paris to bring about a cessation of hostilities. After that, for about six months, he visited almost all the countries and all the courts of Europe, and only resumed his command a few days before my arrival at Chicago. This encyclopedian way of rushing all over the old world in less time than it would take us to study a guide-book, is essentially American. To

[1] I regret not being able to reproduce the text of our conversations; but the reader will appreciate my reserve. I must impose the same rule upon myself whenever I mention the name of the speaker.

us it would be a bore, a useless fatigue, a positive torture. But in this country, men seem to be made of different stuff. Broken in to endure every kind of fatigue, always hurried, even in their every-day life, accustomed to think nothing of distances, to take their meals in ten minutes, to rush about here, there, and everywhere, the American may be called the very essence of locomotion. He travels not only without suffering, but without feeling fatigue. "Well and good; but then one's intellectual enjoyments—the study of the interesting artistic objects one sees; the historical recollections they evoke." . . . . "Nothing is more simple. In the evening one reads in one's guide-book what one is to see the next day." "But one would be worn out with having to digest and take in so many new impressions all at once." "Not in the least." In the first place, these impressions are often only on the surface; and then it seems as if the intellectual powers of an American are differently constituted from our own. Certainly some of their books of travels that I have read are singularly superficial and vapid. It is also true that the greater portion of the American travellers whom we meet with in Europe are *nouveaux-riches*, without any literary knowledge. But I have known others, who, in spite of the rapidity of their pilgrimage through Europe, have struck me by the fairness, and, what is more remarkable, by the novelty of their appreciations of what they have seen. To judge by what General Sheridan told me of his Odyssey, I place him in the latter category. He is, besides, a military man, and has travelled and observed in that sense. The study

of a new rifle or gaiter, and a comparison between different armies, have occupied and impressed him more than the cupola of St. Peter's or the falls of the Rhine.

A charming woman, charming both by her manners and by her cultivation, with a mind well stored with serious reading, and belonging to one of those old Eastern States which still preserve their British origin, was my daily neighbour at table, during one of my voyages to America. She had just returned from the "great tour" of Europe, and I delighted in making her talk about it. What interested me first in her was the entire absence of prejudice; there was nothing conventional about her. She had that sort of moral courage which says frankly what it feels. Her judgment may in some things have been superficial, but her instincts were always just; and her mind was specially turned towards practical things. "Ah! Austria," she exclaimed; "what a fine country! They bothered us frightfully at the custom-house on the frontiers of Hungary, however. But I forgive them, for those good Austrians are such a practical people." I blushed with pleasure, for I had not been used to such a compliment. "Only look," she continued, "how well they prop their telegraph wires! And at Vienna have you remarked by what a simple and ingenious process, by means of little cups and a chain, they manage to raise their bricks to the upper stories of their buildings? Then, in the neighbourhood of Salzburg, I was so struck by that kind of wooden stage on which the peasants dry their hay," &c.

A journey to Europe is an understood social

necessity in America, and forms an indispensable element in their education. Anyone who has a pretension to elegance must have visited the old world. Formerly, those who had fulfilled that duty took the title of hadji (pilgrim); but the present generation would ridicule such an idea. These journeys resemble the "great tour" which young Englishmen of noble families used to make in the seventeenth century and at the beginning of the eighteenth. Women, especially, attach immense importance to them. There are some men, who, having only lately acquired large fortunes, deliberately make up their minds to sacrifice almost all they have gained for this object. They take expensive couriers, occupy the best rooms at every hotel, have magnificent horses and carriages, and buy fine works of art. When they return home they are well-nigh ruined. But never mind. They feel themselves ennobled by the process, satisfied with themselves, and quite ready to begin again to make their fortunes; and redescend in the social scale as butchers, pedlars, waiters, or even porters, according to their physical strength and ability. Young men of a serious turn of mind, who think of marrying, or, as they call it, "settling" in life, take pains to ascertain first of all if the object of their affections has a strong wish to go to Europe. I observed in one of my voyages a young man who evidently avoided much intercourse with his fellow-passengers, and who, sitting by himself in a corner, was always looking at his watch. One day, I ventured to ask him why he was so impatient. "It is not impatience," he replied; "it is regret:" and he showed me his watch. On the dial-plate was a coloured

photograph of a young and pretty woman. "That is my wife," he continued. "You think her beautiful? Well, she was so, but alas! she is dead. I went to Europe to try and divert my thoughts. I am in the fur trade, and a friend of mine told me that St. Petersburg was a gay town. I went there, but found no distraction or pleasure; so I am going back to America as sad as I went. I always fancy I hear my wife walking behind or beside me; but when I turn my head to look at her, she has disappeared. That's why I can't help continually looking at my watch, which holds her portrait. She loved me devotedly, and she was a good wife. She prevented my doing foolish things, and saying unkind things of my neighbours, or spending my evenings in the bar-room. She was a first-rate manager too, and never asked to be taken to Europe. No Europe-going, no such nonsense!" He said this in a dry, matter-of-fact tone, without betraying any emotion. I lost sight of him during the rest of the voyage, and only met him again at the moment of landing. I asked to be allowed to look once more at his watch. This mark of sympathy touched him. He reddened, and tears rushed unbidden into his dull, expressionless eyes. But he only said, "She was very fond of me, and never spoke of going to Europe."

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I have now been three days at Chicago, and it seems to me that I have exhausted the subject. In the Far West, the towns are quickly seen and are all alike. One may say the same thing of the hotels, which play so great a part here, not only in the life of a traveller,

but in those of the residents. A great number of families, especially newly-married couples, live at hotels. This method saves expense and the bothers of housekeeping; it makes also the transition easy from one town to another, as such changes are so frequent in America. But it has the inconvenience of condemning the young wife to a life of idleness and solitude. All day long the husband is at his office, or in his counting-house. He only comes in at meal-times, and devours his food with the silence and expedition of a starving man. Then he rushes back to his treadmill. If there are any children, they go to school when they are five or six years old, by themselves, both going and coming, and pass the rest of their days exactly as they please, no one thinking it right to interfere with their liberty. Paternal authority is *nil*, or at any rate, is never exercised. As for education, in our sense of the word, they have none; but instruction, and that a public one, is good and accessible to all. These little gentlemen talk loud, and are as proud and sharp as the full-grown men of their nation; the young girls at eight and nine years old excel in the arts of coquetry and flirtation, and promise to become "fast" young ladies. But nevertheless they make good and faithful wives. If their husband should be rich, they will help him to ruin himself by excessive extravagance in dress; but they will accept misery with equal calmness and resignation, and fly into the same follies as of old, the moment there is a change in the wheel of fortune.

The "home" of the Anglo-Saxon race, so dear to their hearts, is only a secondary consideration in the

lives of their cousins beyond the seas. This is easily explained. In the new world, man is born to conquer. All his life is a perpetual struggle, a forced rivalry from which he cannot exempt himself, a race in the open field across terrible obstacles, with the prospect of enormous gains if he reaches the goal. He neither would nor could remain with his arms folded. He must embark in something; and once embarked, he must go on and on for ever; for if he stops, those who follow him would crush him under their feet. To penetrate the virgin forests, to make tracks which the next generation will turn into high roads; to convert the rolling prairies into cultivated lands; to civilize the red-skins, which he does by exterminating them; to open the way to civilization and Christianity; to conquer savage nature and create a new continent for the use of man—this is the mission which Providence has assigned to him. His life is one long campaign, a succession of never-ending fights, marches, and counter-marches. In such a militant existence, what place is left for the sweetness, the repose, the intimacy of home or its joys? Is he happy? Judging by his tired, sad, exhausted, anxious, and often delicate and unhealthy appearance, one would be inclined to doubt it. Such an excess of uninterrupted labour cannot be good for any man. It exhausts his physical powers, puts all intellectual enjoyments out of the question, and destroys all recollection of soul.

But it is the woman who suffers the most from this *régime*. She never sees her husband but once in the day, for half an hour at most; and in the evening,

when, worn out with fatigue, he comes home to sleep. She cannot lighten his burden or share his labour, anxiety, and cares, for she knows nothing of his business, or, for want of time, there has been little or no interchange of thought between them. Even as a mother, her share in the education of her children is of the smallest. Her little ones, as soon as they can run alone, pass their lives away from her, out of the house, and really bring themselves up. They are entirely ignorant of the obedience or respect due to their parents; but, on the other hand, they learn early to do without their care or protection, and to suffice to themselves. They ripen quickly, and prepare themselves from their tenderest years for the fatigues and struggles of the over-exciting, harsh, adventurous life which awaits them. Besides all this, if she is boarding at one of these huge caravanserais, a woman has not even the resource and occupation which ordinary domestic details involve. Is it as a compensation for these privations that American society surrounds her with privileges and attentions which are unknown in the old world? Everywhere and at all hours she may appear alone in public. She may travel alone from the borders of the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico, or the states of the Pacific. Everywhere she is the object of a respectful gallantry, which might be called chivalric, if it were less frivolous, and which sometimes becomes even grotesque and ridiculous. For example, I am sitting in one of those tramway-cars which cross all the principal streets of the great towns. A tap of a parasol or a fan rouses me from my meditations, or perhaps from sleep; and I see

standing right in front of me a young woman, who looks at me from head to foot, with an imperious, haughty, and even angry expression. I wake up to the situation, and hasten to give her my seat, which she takes at once, without deigning to thank me, even by a look or a smile. The consequence is, that I am obliged to perform the rest of my journey standing in a most uncomfortable position, and to hold on by a leather strap, which is fastened for that purpose along the roof of the carriage. One day, a young girl had expelled, in a peculiarly cavalier fashion, a venerable old man from his seat, who was likewise lame. At the moment of her leaving the carriage, one of the travellers called her back: "Madam, you have forgotten something." She turned hastily to retrace her steps. "You have forgotten to thank this gentleman!"

European travellers have often spoken admiringly of this gallantry. I own that I found it, on the contrary, foolish and excessive; foolish like so many other things in America; as, for example, in the hotels, the excessive luxury of the public rooms, where the magnificent furniture is so little in harmony with the very mixed society you meet in them. On the other hand, it is the fashion to disparage American women. People call them frivolous, flirting, extravagant, always running after pleasure. These accusations seem to me unfounded and unjust. The American woman bears the stamp of the position in which she is placed and the atmosphere around her. As a young girl, she naturally follows the inclinations of her sex, which are

not, as with us, regulated and controlled by the teaching and example of a mother. She wishes to please, and if she is naturally lively, she will become "fast;" that is, she will laugh loud, and, by smart repartees and piquant looks, will endeavour to attract and retain round her the greatest possible number of young men. But this vulgar coquetry, however jarring to good taste, rarely goes beyond a certain point. Only, beardless boy, just arrived from Europe, don't be taken in by her! Be on your guard. There is always a father, a brother, or an uncle near, who, with his revolver, or the bowie-knife (the Arkansas toothpick) under his arm, is quite ready to ask you, with all imaginable politeness, if your intentions be fair and honourable.

Married women in America are, as a rule, unexceptionable. If they are too fond of dress, it is generally their husbands who wish it. If they are often seen abroad, it is that they have nothing to do at home. If they are rather free and easy, it is that such manners are allowed in society. It is after all but bad taste—not a sin. Their minds are generally well cultivated, for they read a great deal, and that not only novels, but English classic authors and encyclopedias. And they frequent public lectures and literary conversaziones which are held in all the great towns of the union. Although they enjoy perfect freedom and live idle lives, and are without any settled occupation (far more often than the ladies of Europe), their conduct is above reproach. I do not mean that in great cities like New York, there may not be some scandals and misunderstandings. But I do mean

that, as a whole, family life is healthy and pure, and that American women are worthy of the respect and consideration of which they are the objects.[1]

[1] What I have here said on family life in America applies especially to the Western and Pacific States. New England, in these respects, is more like Europe.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM CHICAGO TO THE SALT-LAKE CITY.—FROM THE 1ST TO THE 4TH OF JUNE.

Mr. Pullman and his Cars.—The Mississippi.—Race between two Trains.—Omaha.—The Prairies.—The Valley of La Plata.—The Indians.—A Stationmaster Scalped.—Stations on the Pacific Railway.—Cheyenne.—The Roughs.—The Life of United States Officers in the Far West.—Passage of the Rocky Mountains.—Fearful descent of Mount Wahsatch.—Brigham Young at Ogden.—Arrival in the Capital of the Mormons.

At Chicago I made the acquaintance of a great man. Every one has heard of the Pullman cars. Those who are going to travel to any great distance always try to procure one, and then marvel that this philanthropic vehicle has not yet been introduced on any of the European lines of railways. The inventor, who is just returned from Constantinople and Vienna, said to me: "Europeans are not yet ripe for these kinds of comforts; they don't know how to travel; but by and bye they will understand and appreciate me."

Mr. Pullman is a man still young, with an intelligent face, a grave air, and an imposing manner. He speaks little, and that with the consciousness of

his own value, as well as of the value of his time, every minute of which represents so many dollars and cents. By dint of study and experience, thanks also to a mind fertile in expedients, and to an extraordinary amount of patience, he has contrived to solve this problem: *i.e.*, how to protect the railway traveller from cold and heat, from dust and shaking, and to surround him with all the comforts of a well-ordered house. The excessive luxury and overdone ornamentation of his cars are perhaps in questionable taste; but they have the approbation of the American public. Such a carriage costs from 20,000 to 25,000 dollars. Hence the great additional expense for those who use them, but which is compensated for by the convenience and still more by the greater security for health of this means of locomotion. In America, where the distances are immense, people generally go straight through to their destination without stopping. From New York to New Orleans the distance is upwards of 1,800 miles, and to St. Francisco 3,300 miles. This last journey is generally accomplished in seven days and nights. One understands, therefore, the necessity of Pullman's cars and the deserved popularity they enjoy. In Europe, on the other hand, it very rarely happens that a traveller passes more than thirty-six or forty-eight hours in a train without stopping. The extra expense is, therefore, not so justifiable, and I fancy that that is the real obstacle to the introduction of those carriages into our country. They are in use, however, on all the great lines of the union. All the plant has lately passed into the hands of a company of which Mr. Pullman is the president,

the director, and the principal shareholder. They tell me that the shares realize 12 per cent., and that he is himself a millionaire.

This morning he received me at the station, and placed me in one of the compartments containing a state-room. This is what a little drawing-room is called which is situated in the centre of the compartment and takes up its whole breadth, saving a tiny passage reserved for circulation between the two extremities of the carriage.

During the night, the state-room is transformed into a bedroom, and in the morning into a dressing-room. All the arrangements are perfect. A man who excels in his profession, be it what it may, is a man *hors-ligne.* I saw with pleasure the marks of respect shown to Mr. Pullman by the workmen, officials, and general public, as he solemnly conducted me through the magnificent halls of the great station. It was another Louis XIV. walking through the antechambers of Versailles. If you wish to convince yourself of the folly of people's dreams of equality, come to America. Here, as everywhere else, there are kings and princes. They have always been, and always will be to the end of time.

Three lines of railway belonging to three different companies run from hence to the banks of the Missouri in front of Omaha. The longest route has been chosen for me. It is called the C. B. Q. R. line, which, being interpreted, means Central Burlington and Quincy Railroad. On these three lines, the trains start and arrive almost at the same moment. It is a

sort of race with the bell. On either side the rails disappear in the horizon as they take their straight course through the scarcely undulating plains of Illinois. Everywhere one sees farms surrounded with gardens, thin, tall trees, and fields which give the traveller the delusive idea that he is in a cultivated country. In reality, millions of hands are still wanted before this State can be civilized.

We started early in the morning. At five o'clock dinner is announced. It is served in the dining-car, and is worthy of one of the best hotels in New York, always excepting Prevost-House, which has no parallel in the two hemispheres. These meals have but one inconvenience; but to me it is an insurmountable one. The train is continually enveloped in thick clouds of dust. To escape it, one is compelled to close the ventilators and shut the double windows. Hence a positively stifling atmosphere redolent of smells of kitchen. I believe that this system of dining-cars does not pay, and will probably be given up. It has already been abandoned on the Pacific line, and beyond the Missouri.

At seven o'clock we are passing at a foot's pace across the Mississippi, on a bridge of recent and bold construction. It seems to bend under our weight, and gives a rolling motion to the carriages, like ships in a swell at sea. This magnificent river rolls its silent waters between woody, flat banks, lit up, as if by magic, at this moment, by the last rays of the setting sun. The extreme beauty of the scenery strikes you the more from its grand simplicity. Stamped with profound melancholy and savage grandeur, it is one

of those scenes which remain graven for ever in the memory of the traveller. Hardly have we arrived on the right bank, when a turn of the road enables us to look back and catch a glimpse of the bridge we have just crossed. Against the flaming sky, a spider's web seems to be thrown over the stream and cut horizontally above. One asks oneself how it is possible that such a bit of filagree work can bear a whole train. At this very moment a single locomotive is crossing it alone, slowly, and as if hesitatingly. It reminded me of Blondin on his rope, and I shut my eyes involuntarily.

After a short halt at Burlington, the train flies at full speed through the green and grassy prairies of the young state of Iowa Here and there some fine groups of trees break the monotony. Night is closing in; but in the smoking car we are a jolly set. M. B., a rich banker of St. Francisco, a man of the world, whose manners leave nothing to be desired, the Attorney-General of Nebraska, the very type of a farmer of the Far-West, who laughs, and smokes, and spits, and has nothing of the bar about him, and a great manufacturer from Pennsylvania, are the principal speakers. They talk of everything under the sun. Of the *Alabama* treaty, of the discontent of the South, of President Grant, of his chance at the coming elections, and, without disturbing the peace of our attorney-general, of the deplorable venality of the judges. One of the most irritating topics is that of the tariffs. The Californian banker and the owner of the Pennsylvanian manufactories discuss it with great liveliness. Each side becomes excited, but only half angry. They

like hyperbole, and use it freely. But I do not hear one cutting or surly word. I have very often been present at similar discussions, and, amidst the sea of words, empty enough when they treat of questions of theory or politics, but full of strong sound sense when it is a question of practical life, I have always remarked that even underneath the sarcasms which their very exaggeration makes inoffensive, there pierces a fund of good humour, and an absence of bitterness, which is very rare with us between antagonistic parties. This is easily explained. In this young society, which can dispose of illimitable space, vital questions do not exist for individuals, in this sense, that every one is sure to find bread for himself and his own, and runs no danger of dying of hunger. If he does not succeed in the east, he goes to the north or the west. In the struggle of conflicting interests—I speak now of the interests of individuals, not of political struggles —there may be shocks and reverses, but none of the combatants are crushed; no one remains on the field. The worst that can happen to a man is to have to choose another line than the one he had originally adopted. He is free to try another. No prejudice stops him, and, what is more important, there is room for everybody. It follows that in wordy duels as well as others, they do not fight to the death. Europe has not this advantage. Prejudices, traditions, customs, laws, especially competition, that terrible enemy of a youth beginning his career in life, form, in our old society, barriers which it is difficult, if not impossible, to overcome. He who has once been shipwrecked, finds it very difficult to get afloat again; a man who has once

sunk, cannot regain his footing or find a new road. He cannot, like the men we see here every day, be one day a butcher, or a waiter at an inn; to-morrow a banker; then go back to his first starting-point, to become in a year or two general of militia, a lawyer, or a minister of some religious congregation. In a word, in Europe it is very difficult to gain one's livelihood; competition is keener; vital interests are at stake, and the great question of "to be or not to be." Can we then look upon it as strange that the very desperation of the struggle makes men equally violent in debate?

The night wears on. We are going from fifty to sixty miles an hour; the conversation does not flag. But what a curious group we are! There are positions and costumes worthy only of the Far West. For my part, I have my head encircled between a pair of great jack-boots. They belong to a big man seated behind me, who finds it convenient to stretch out his legs above my arm-chair. He is a rich farmer from Illinois. Only now and then, when his mouth is not filled with tobacco smoke, does he condescend to take part in the conversation; but when he does speak, it is strongly. "The republic has had its day," he exclaimed; "what we want now is a dictatorship. There are only two classes of men in the States: those who pay, and those who are paid—the tax-payers and the government functionaries. The first hate and despise the second. Everything is going to the devil, and a military dictatorship is the only thing which can put things straight." On this topic every man becomes eloquent. At last they agree upon the necessity of preserving the

republic. "It is indispensable," they argue, "as long as we have such a mass of uncultivated land. When America is more populated, then we must have a military dictatorship."

This is not the first time that I hear this question ventilated. I have often been surprised at the way in which the form of government is discussed. The actual constitution is accepted as an accomplished fact, and even as a necessity, as times go. But no one seems to be really in favour of a republic. Many, on the contrary, are disgusted with it, and own it frankly. But, on the other hand, it would be a great mistake to suppose that the United States had any monarchical tendencies. What they need is a strong government. It is for that reason that they are always talking of a military dictatorship; not as a probable eventuality, but as an impossible dream. It is quite another thing if any one brings up the subject of the separation between North and South, that is, of the dismemberment of the great American empire. Then their blood is up at once—the Northerners, because they are determined to maintain the integrity of the union at any price, and the civil war proves that they are in earnest; and the Southerners, because they are equally determined to seize the first opportunity to bring about a separation. It is a subject which had better be avoided. It gives rise to explosions of wrath on all sides, and sometimes to more active measures, for it touches the most vital interests of both parties, which are utterly and hopelessly irreconcilable.

June 2nd.—At nine o'clock in the morning, we pass

by the Council Bluffs, or certain isolated circular hills, so-called because they were the places of meeting in former times between the chiefs of the wild Indians and the agents of the government. A few minutes later we first saw the Missouri. It winds sadly enough between low, treeless banks, without any vegetation. Earth and water bear the same dull, mud colour. But if this great river offers few attractions to the eye, we have a compensation in one of those excitements which break the monotony of American railway journeys. I have said that there are three rival lines belonging to different companies. At first, they run apart, then parallel to one another, till they finally converge into one at the great Missouri terminus. On these three lines three trains leave Chicago at the same hour. A few minutes before running into the station, we behold one of these antagonistic trains running after us at full speed. The driver of our locomotive makes it a point of honour to come in first. By a special miracle we dash into the station without being run into and smashed to atoms by the monster behind us. By another miracle we escape being plunged into the river. Every one holds his breath till the danger is over. The bridge not being finished, we pass over in a ferry-boat to Omaha, which is on the right bank of the Missouri. This town, which is only just springing into existence, owes its name to a once-famous Indian tribe. In 1860, it reckoned only about 2,000 inhabitants. In succeeding years, its numbers were quadrupled. It reached its minimum (about 16,000) during the making of the Pacific Railway; since which

time Omaha has lost much of its importance and a large portion of its population.

The passengers stop about two hours here. During that time I walk about the station. A young Frenchman in a blouse, with an intelligent face and horny hands, who dilates on the misfortunes of his country and its causes with remarkable clearness and freedom, offers to be my guide. He is the first French emigrant I have met since I left the banks of the Atlantic. Here I find myself in very truth on the frontiers between savage nature and civilized life. Everything tells of struggle and victory; victory over the soil, which has at last yielded its treasures; over extremes of climate; and last, not least, over the former masters of the soil—the buffalo and the Indian.

At twelve o'clock we leave Omaha, and cross the state of Nebraska from one end to the other.

The U. P. R. R., or Union Pacific Railroad, has only one line, which is amply sufficient for the traffic, and so we go at a very slow rate, that is, only twenty or twenty-five miles an hour. There is only one departure in the day. Mr. Pullman has had the courtesy to telegraph ,so that a state-room compartment is reserved for me.

The sky is clear and beautiful; the country looks like one vast sea. No rising ground is in sight. It is like the ocean, but an ocean of every shade of lovely green, brilliant and bright in the sunshine, darker and tenderer in the shade. Here we are in the vast, grand prairies. One seems to breathe a new life in this fresh elastic, scented air. It is the very type of unlimited liberty. A prisoner as I was in my railway cell, I

could not help envying two horsemen whom I saw galloping right across the plain, sometimes almost disappearing in the long grass. What a pleasure it must be to be able to ride like that without drawing rein through unlimited space!

The railroad runs continually to the left of the river Plata. On the right bank one sees the tracks and ruts formed by the bullock waggons and caravans which formerly were the only methods of conveyance across this mighty continent. The guard pointed out to me two or three black specks in the distance; they were antelopes. We did not come near them; but at Fremont, at dinner, and when we supped at Great Island, we tasted the flesh of this animal. It was rather hard, but very like roedeer. At Columbus, which is ninety-two miles from Omaha, we were in the geographical centre of the United States.

The evening is singularly clear and beautiful. The sky is liquid towards the west, tender green over our heads, and deep blue towards the east. The air is transparent and pure beyond description. One single cloud is visible, which shrouds with fantastic shapes the golden disk of the setting sun; sheet-lightning dances from behind it every two minutes. At the moment when the day-star sinks behind the horizontal line of the prairie, a slight shower falls, and a piercing cold succeeds to the burning heat of the expiring day.

June 3rd.—During the night, always following the borders of the Plata, we come into the land of buffaloes. Here they pass and repass the river; they seek a more temperate climate in winter, and come back

again in the spring. This region extends from east to west over 200 miles. But where are the troops of buffaloes which travellers, with somewhat vivid imaginations, describe on their way to the Pacific? They have seen them, perhaps, but only with the eyes of their minds, for with the exception of two short moments on their passage, the buffaloes have completely disappeared from the line of the railway. We pass through the Wood River Valley, the scene of many unknown tragedies in past times, when the whites were scalped without a question, and every inch of the way had to be fought for by the colonists at the sword's point, with the ancient lords of the soil. Later on, in the middle of the night, during a halt at Willow Island, I was shown some blockhouses, either crenellated or strengthened by ditches. At all the stations we come upon little detachments of troops, who have the painful and often dangerous mission of watching the Indians, so as to insure the safety of the stations and trains.

Fortunately, at this moment, the red-skins are not on the war path; no considerable attack therefore is dreaded. But woe to the traveller who, in a solitary place (and here there is nothing but solitude), should allow himself to be surprised! Woe to the settler who is not prepared with his revolver to defend himself against a night attack! For even in a time of peace like the present, there are plenty of amateurs ready to pounce on any luckless whites who may find themselves unarmed on their path. If you are disposed to be nervous, don't listen to what they tell you of the Indians, either during your short stoppages at the

stations or in your smoking carriages. Not that you need take all their stories for gospel; but even allowing for gross exaggerations, there is enough left to make one shudder, especially when these stories are told you on the very spots where they took place. A pedlar, who regularly makes the journey to Montano, is good enough to describe the sensation of being scalped. It is afterwards that the agony is so atrocious. As to the operation itself, it is the work of a moment. There are very few instances where a man who has been scalped survives the martyrdom. We are to see a specimen, however, to-morrow, in a stationmaster of one of the chief stations on the Union Railroad, and the guard has promised to introduce me to this singular gentleman, who has learnt to live with a cranium guiltless of hair and skin. On the whole, thanks to the energetic measures of General Sheridan, the road is safe enough, always excepting accidents. Only you must be careful not to stray from the main road; not to delay between two stations; and not to place yourself in the last carriage.

Towards morning, we arrive at North Plata city, which was formerly a most flourishing town, being the central point of departure for the waggons and caravans destined for Mexico and Colorado. The completion of the railway has now wellnigh ruined this town, and reduced its population to the tenth part of what it was two years ago. At sunrise, we find ourselves 4,000 feet above the level of the sea; we stop to breakfast at Sidney.

All these stations are alike. They consist of a few wooden houses, or sometimes merely a scaffolding with

canvas stretched over it. A few wretched ragged Indians wearing the remains of a shirt or a pair of trousers, which the *big father*, the President of the Republic, distributes annually among them, are standing about and staring at the passengers with emaciated dull, heavy countenances, scratching their skins and their heads—the very pictures of moral degradation. These are what they call friendly Indians; that is, Indians who have left the war-path, and are by way of being semi-civilized. The women carry their children back to back on their shoulders, so that the poor little creatures are forced to follow every movement of their mothers. I have seen them washing clothes in a pond, and bent so completely forward that the children on their backs were turned topsy-turvy.

But we have no time to lose. There are 30 minutes stoppage allowed for each meal—three a day. Everyone rushes furiously towards the black man who sounds the gong, which indicates the door of the restaurant, while the locomotive lets off its steam, so that the row is fearful. The passengers run to the door to try who shall first seize on a chair so as to make the most of their 30 minutes. The bill of fare is always the same—a dish of antelope meat, one or two sweet dishes, and some coffee. It is good and healthy food, and, considering the country we are in, there is no cause for complaint. The attendants are mostly young girls, who wait very well. To the tremendous noise without, a complete silence has succeeded—the invariable silence of Americans at table. Nothing is to be heard but the clatter of knives and

forks. After ten minutes, everyone has done; and each man hurries out, placing a dollar in the hands of the proprietor who stands at the door. The men rush off to the bar-room; the women, of whom there are few, walk up and down the steps. All of a sudden the guard cries out: "*On board, gentlemen,*" and when he says "*All on board:*" the train starts off to the sound of a church bell, hung just above the locomotive.

On leaving Sidney we passed through a flat country, with little hillocks on the horizon. These prairies are much vaunted by the agents of the Company as excellent pasture land; but I confess the soil seemed to me poor, and the grass very thin. We have just come into the Wyoming Territory, of which the legislature first decreed the enfranchisement of women. No other State has yet followed this example. At 12 o'clock we arrive at Cheyenne City, more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea. This town, the most important after Omaha, consisted, only four years ago, of one house. Soon after, it reckoned upwards of six thousand inhabitants; but they have dwindled down to three thousand since the line was completed. In the first years of its existence it was, like Denver and Julesburg, and other new cities in this country, the rendezvous of all the roughs. Its orgies were fearful, and murder and rapine were the order of the day. In the language of the place, the young rowdies dined on a man every day; that is, that there was not a night, that at the gambling tables or in the low public-houses, which swarmed in the town, one man or other did not come to an untimely

end. At last, the better disposed at Cheyenne organized themselves into a vigilance committee, "and one morning," writes my *Great Trans-Continental Railroad Guide-book*, "we saw, at a convenient height above the ground, a whole row of these desperadoes, hung on a cord. The warning was understood; and their companions, not fancying a halter, relapsed into order. By which means Cheyenne became a perfectly quiet, respectable town."

On returning to our places in the railway carriages, we met on the steps the officers of Fort Russell, which is only three miles from here. They had come with their ladies in some strong but very pretty little carriages, with capital horses and harness. It is an object for them to come now and then to meet the train, and enjoy, if but for a few moments, the pleasure of communication with civilised beings. A fleeting pleasure certainly, but one which, with buffalo hunting, constitutes their sole amusement. What a life these men lead! Look around you at the desolation. Even in this, the finest season of the year, there is nothing but sand and dry mud, and the half dead grass of last year. What will it be in the height of summer? And then the frosts in winter! And yet these are highly educated gentlemen, accustomed to all the luxuries of civilisation, having lived half their lives in great capitals: and now condemned to associate with none but Indians and rowdies. They are certainly well rewarded; but it is not the pay that would keep them. In America, no man who wishes to become rich goes in for a military life. It is a feeling of duty, and the real love of their profession,

which makes them endure this rough, hard life. I admire them for it, and still more do I admire the fact that they find wives who are heroic and devoted enough to share their exile.

On leaving Cheyennes, the line ascends rapidly to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Here we are at Sherman, the highest point of the Pacific Railroad,[1] at an elevation which no other railway in the world has ever attained. The air is so dry and rarefied that respiration is rather difficult. The descent, which is very dangerous towards the high land called the Park of Laramie, is nevertheless effected without accident. The views of the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, in the midst of which we now find ourselves, are too beautiful for description. Ravines and smiling valleys are interspersed with mountains on the horizon which, in spite of the extreme transparency of the atmosphere, are simply lost in the infinite. Two peaks were pointed out to me covered with snow—Long Peak, and Pike Peak, one at 70, the other at 160 miles distance. Great blocks of dark granite lie around us. Here and there, groups of pine and cotton-wood trees relieve the savage yet grand and picturesque character of the scenery. The necessity of crossing a bridge in trestle-work, 120 feet high, thrown like a spider's web across a ravine, and called Dalesbridge, brought me, somewhat unpleasantly, out of my ecstasy. At last, it is safely crossed. Then to Laramie City, where we arrive at 5 o'clock. Another town of wooden planks and canvas; not a tree in sight. Some big bears are

[1] Eight thousand three hundred and forty-two feet above the level of the sea.

fastened to posts at the gates: ragged Indians and desperadoes armed to the teeth, with some of the soldiers from Fort Saunders, gather round us at the station. We dine as we breakfasted, and as we shall sup, the same women-waiters serving the same antelope legs, and coffee, and the same man waiting for his dollar at the door,—then the everlasting, "On board, gentlemen."

The country maintains a uniform character. You can't forget for a moment that you are at a great height. The excessive transparency of the air makes the most distant mountains seem near, and the high level on which we are travelling gives the appearance of hillocks to the sharp peaks to our left, covered with eternal snow. Here and there great rents in the rock display streams of brackish water, coming from no one knows where, and disappearing in unexplored regions. Certainly this long journey piques more than satisfies one's curiosity. At one moment the line seems to bury itself in the rocks, the next the eye embraces a limitless horizon. But, strange to say, in this country there is no distance. It seems as if you could touch everything with your hand. As to the plains, they remind one of the Campagna of Rome, *minus* the cupola of St. Peter's, *minus* the walls of Belisarius, the Aqueducts and the tombs, and the towns and villas peeping out in brilliant white from the green foliage of the Latin and Sabine hills. At the moment when the sun is going to disappear, the noise of our train startles a whole troop of antelopes. They fly across the rocks, leaving behind them only their lengthening shadows. Passing and beautiful vision!

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which contrasts all the more with the silence, the immobility and the death-like character of the scene.

June 4th.—The night is horribly cold. At the first dawn of day we perceive Bitter-Creek, and soon after, at the foot of a tangled creviced wood, the rapid and transparent waters of the Green River. Its turquoise green tint justifies the name. On the left bank lies a large town. But no human being is visible there, no smoke comes from its chimneys, death seems to hover over the whole community. The fact is, its life has really departed. The making of the railway gave it birth; its completion signed its death-warrant. Built only three years ago, this town is now a deserted ruin. One lives and one dies fast in this Far West; or rather life is perpetually changing places. Behind this mournful agglomeration of abandoned homes, the resort now only of wild beasts, the river runs through a savage defile, where the eye cannot penetrate. High mountains covered with snow close the horizon on the south-east. Their noble and grand outlines, and the varied rose and purple colour with which the rising sun tints their peaks, reminds me of the Edomite mountains in the great Arabian desert. Here we first come upon the Chinese race. In all the following stations they swarm; some of them were talking with the Indians, I know not in what language. Can there be an affinity between the two races? The officers who pass their lives in these regions confirm this curious fact, for which historical science has not yet been able to account; that the yellow immigrants can make themselves

understood by the red skins far quicker than the whites.

At Aspen[1] the line passes the highest defile of the Wahsatch Mountains. These form the western side of the American high level, while the Rocky Mountains form the eastern. The descent to the Salt Lake is done without steam, merely by the weight of the carriages, and although the break is put on the wheels you go down at a frightful pace, and of course the speed increases with the weight of the train; ours being composed of an immense number of cars and trucks, I became positively giddy before we got to the bottom. Add to this the curves, which are as sharp as they are numerous, and the fearful precipices on each side, and you will understand why most of the passengers turn pale. To enable you to admire the beauty of the ravines, the *cañones* of Echo and Weber, the *thousand-mile* tree, (so called because it grows just 1,000 miles from Omaha), the Devil's Gate, and other wonderfully picturesque spots, a *car of observation* is attached to the train. It is a single truck, uncovered, and without seats. Exposed to the sun and the draught of the train, the traveller may not only admire the beauties of nature, but also take account of the extreme danger he is every moment running, thanks to the defective construction and extraordinary foolhardiness of this part of the line. Also, I remarked that this car, though very full when we left Aspen, was soon left empty. Very few of the passengers had nerve enough to stand the sight.

[1] Seven thousand eight hundred and thirty-five feet above the level of the sea.

At last our speed slackened; the glen opened out and the promised land of the Mormons, the immense sheet of the Salt-Lake, the green valley of the saints, and their wooded hills, the whole framed by high mountains, pink, light blue, and dark blue, unrolled themselves before the delighted eyes of the travellers. We were all dazzled by the flow of light, enchanted with the beauty of the site, and astonished beyond measure at the contrast with the desolate land we had so lately left behind us.

At five o'clock we came to the Ogden station, situated at the northern extremity of the Salt-Lake, and forming the terminus of the line called the Union Pacific Railroad. From hence to Omaha, the distance is 1,032 miles; to St. Francisco, 882 miles; while a branch line, thirty-seven miles long, constructed by Brigham Young, leads to the Salt-Lake city. Ogden is in its Sunday best. The steps, the platform, and the waiting-rooms of the station, are crowded to overflowing with smart folk. We are in the heart of Mormonism. The little town is to-day honoured by the presence of no less a person than the great prophet himself, President Brigham Young; who has deigned to visit it to-day, and preach in its tabernacle. At this moment, he is going to depart. Although the ordinary train starts for the Salt-Lake city in a quarter of an hour, Brigham Young, with some of his wives and a numerous suite, travels by special train. That is quite fair. Is he not sovereign of the desert? the king of the new Jerusalem? Standing on the platform, he salutes majestically with a wave of his hand the crowd of Mormons, male and female, who

take off their hats and curtsey low to the great man. It was a regular court scene, such as we often see in Europe at the arrival or departure of our crowned heads. There was, however, a shade of difference. Here nothing was factitious, nothing conventional. And yet there was not a shadow of enthusiasm or pleasure on those gaping faces, or in those bent bodies which remained immovable even for a minute or two after the prophet had disappeared! Was it a simple demonstration of respect? or an act of etiquette? I do not think so. It seemed to me rather a manifestation of a superstitious belief, tormented, though perhaps not troubled, by vague fears. It was the adoration of a Supreme Being who had your fate at his disposal, and to whom you are irrevocably bound; but whom you dread far more than you love.

The station-master was overflowing in civility towards me. I had of course presented to him my letter of introduction. Although he had three trains to send off at one and the same moment, he found time to do me a heap of little services. He changes my *greenbacks* for gold, as they do not pass currency beyond Ogden. He takes care of my luggage. He pilots me through the dense though silent crowd, who work violently with their elbows. He gives me many curious details of the "saints;" tells me the events of the day, and even adds his own biography. No one could be more obliging or more helpful. Belonging to a great New York house engaged in the fur-trade, he made a large fortune in an incredibly short time, and as rapidly lost it. Now he has accepted this humble

place to earn his bread. His wife shares his fortunes. She is of a good Eastern family, young, pretty, graceful, and determined to accept bravely the privations of their new life. The home of this young couple consists of one single room on a level with the rails. But how beautifully "Madame" has arranged it! How she has contrived to stamp it with that taste, elegance, and coquetry of a woman of the world! There are beautiful flowers, a comfortable armchair, a good oil-painting, one or two bits of pretty Oriental china brought by one of those ambulatory children of the Celestial Empire. But so tiny! so tiny! The bed, which is hung with the whitest possible curtains, fills up almost half the room! "And the noise of the trains?"—"Ah! one soon gets accustomed to that."—"And the flies and mosquitoes, those plagues of the plain?"—"But has not everybody got mosquito nets?"—"Yes, certainly, but the dust, and what dust! Why it is pure alkali!"—Well, one shuts the windows."—"And you are the only 'Gentiles' in the place."—"Quite true, but we are sufficient to ourselves. And then at the hotel where we take our meals, they give us a separate table"—in fact, everything is for the best. One lives on remembrance and hope. They anticipate happiness in the future: and bear courageously bad days, hoping for better ones by and bye.

What strikes me, is the European look of this crowd which throngs the steps. The station-master gives me the key of the enigma. All these men dressed as workmen on Sundays, all these women wearing evidently their best gowns, are English, Norwegian, and

Danes; but the British element predominates. Wales furnishes the largest contingent. After the departure of the great man, all the crowd mounted sadly and quickly into the railway cars. Women and babies swarmed. The women looked melancholy and subdued; the men vulgar and insignificant. The most distinguished personage in the mob was an Indian warrior with a plumed head-dress, and his face all begrimed with yellow ochre; he looked at the Mormons, who are defiling before him, from head to foot, with supreme disdain. In the carriage where I have installed myself, I have an opportunity of watching one of the effects of polygamy. The greater part of the men are travelling with two wives; some even have brought three with them; but the youngest is evidently the favourite. The husband does not trouble his head about any of the others, he only talks to her and buys her cakes and fruit at the station. The other neglected wives, resigned to their fate, sit by, with sad and cross expressions. This kind of scene is perpetually being repeated. In fact, it is in the nature of things.

We spend two whole hours in making the thirty-seven miles which separates Ogden from the Mormon capital. Every five minutes we stopped at some little hamlet or isolated farm. The railroad follows the line of the Salt-Lake, which is an immense sheet of water of a dull, metallic colour. Steep rocks, empurpled by the setting sun, rise from its bed, like branches of coral thrown on an imperfectly enamelled dish. The country is fine, and the effects of the light magical. If it were not for the golden and crimson

tints of the sky, the extraordinary clearness and transparency of the atmosphere, and the complete absence of those vaporous clouds which hang towards evening over the southern countries of Europe, one could fancy oneself on the coasts of Sicily or of Andalusia. At last towards night, we arrive at Salt-Lake city, and I alight at the Old Townsend's, that is, at one of the most abominable inns which I have ever had the misfortune to meet with in the two hemispheres.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM THE 4TH TO THE 7TH OF JUNE.

Appearance of the Town.—The modern Crusaders.—The Mormon Theatre and Tabernacle.—Townsend Hotel.—The Indians and Indian Agents.—Douglas Camp.—The *Cañones.*—Brigham Young.—Mormonism.

WHAT a curious town! The houses are invisible. Entirely surrounded by fruit-trees, they are hidden from sight. Acacias and cotton-trees (unknown to the east of the Missouri, of which the flower resembles balls of cotton), form a thick green curtain stretched all along what seem apparently interminable avenues. As in all American towns, these avenues cross one another at right angles, from north to south, and from east to west. On both sides, mountain torrents roll in abundant if not limpid streams. They are the great treasures of the country. According to the tales of the first adventurers who visited this unknown land when it still formed part of Mexico, fresh-water was not to be procured for love or money. If you are to believe their stories, outside the Salt-Lake there was nothing but pools of brackish water. But Brigham

Young has changed all this. The "Elect of God," the Moses of the Mormons, has caused water to gush out from the stony rock, and so conferred an inestimable blessing on the town. I wander alone, up and down these silent avenues. To my left murmurs the stream; the acacias shade my head, while the cotton-trees lightly swayed by the morning breeze, cover me with a shower of white flakes, like snow. At times, I perceive above the tops of the trees the "Twins," as the two highest peaks of the Wahsatch are called, two diamonds sparkling in the sun, suspended, as it were, in the blue sky 15,000 feet above the sea. On this high level, the seasons succeed one another with great regularity. After the autumn rains, the storms and snow-drifts of winter; then after a short season of winds and rain called spring, six months of summer; that is, a burning sun, great heat and intolerable drought. The want of rain, the dust, and during the last half of the hot season, the flies, are the great plagues of the Valley of the Saints. But now nature is spreading out all her treasures of fresh, young, intoxicating beauty. I am breathing the elastic mountain air, and enjoying the delicious perfume of the fields which I have unconsciously approached, as I have come to the extreme confines of the town. For some time I had left the last houses behind me. The avenues stretch on and on; but they no longer mask the houses. Spaces and plans are all marked out for future saints to dress their tents. Here the town is merged in the country. At a little distance, the new Jordan winds amidst the crevices of the rocks, and reminds one of its biblical namesake.

During the whole of my walk, I have only met one or two women and a little group of children with books and satchels on their backs, coming from school, and walking quickly without talking. On their little pale faces you already see the care and pre-occupation of those of riper years. The sight of a stranger excites their curiosity; they scan me with a searching look. Not a smile or a shadow of fun is to be seen on any one of those countenances. Then they pass on. Everywhere there is solitude and silence. An Indian warrior from Utah, proudly careering on his thin jade, passes me at a gallop. His black, long, straight, shining hair, falls on his shoulders from under a diadem of feathers; his face is painted yellow and red; his features are fierce to the last degree; he is armed to the teeth, and his appearance is really terrible. Behind him, running on foot, are his two squaws, the very types of misery and female degradation.

I turn my steps towards Main-Street, the principal one of the town, and find myself all of a sudden in a regular city of the Far West. If it were not for the Indians, and for the extraordinary number of women and children who, even in this busy quarter, far outnumber the men, one would forget that one was in the centre of Mormonism. Here there are no trees. Houses line each side of the street. The greater portion are built of brick or rather of "*adobes*," which are brick and mud dried in the sun; others of wood and beams covered with canvas, tell of the first immigrants. The more modern buildings have some pretension to architecture. In all of them, the first floor consists of

open shops. The walls are, without exception, covered from top to bottom with gaudy advertisements. The streets are thronged with bullock-waggons and carriages of every description. A stage-coach, drawn by ten horses, belonging to a company well known in the States, Wells, Fargo, and Co., draws a crowd and increases the confusion. Formerly these coaches were the only resource of the impatient traveller; but since the railroad was opened, they have nearly disappeared. Porters, miners on foot or on donkey-back—in a word, a whole body of strong, intelligent-looking men, with tanned, weather-beaten faces and brawny arms, whose life is one continual fight with savage nature, and who are justly termed the pioneers of civilization, jostle one another in the crowded thoroughfares, all intent on their respective business. The ancient masters of the soil, the Utahs, of a finer and less degraded race than the greater portion of the Indians on the borders, mingle their warriors with the crowd. They are encamped just outside the town, and come into it now and then, each followed by his wives. They hold their heads high and examine carefully, without betraying the smallest surprise, all the wonders of modern civilization. I met several in one of the most elegant of the Main-Street shops. They looked at everything exposed for sale very minutely, all the time maintaining their air of dignity and proud indifference. The looking-glasses only put them out, and then what bursts of laughter! They could not believe their eyes or cease from admiring themselves. I stopped under a shed which served also as a cart-stable. Men who trade between Corinne and Montana, are

dining at rough long tables: close to them their steeds, fastened to iron rings, are feeding likewise, and resting their tired limbs. These gentlemen have just arrived from Virginia City (Idaho). They have traversed thousands of miles, followed the Missouri up to its source, crossed and recrossed the mountain chains which are as the backbone of this great continent, avoided, or fought if necessary, the Indians who harassed their path, and served as escort in certain dangerous passes, to the stage coach which runs twice a month through these desert regions. It starts from Corinne, always full of passengers of both sexes, but does not always arrive with all its human cargo at its destination. Cold and fatigue, or, in summer, excessive heat, and privations of all sorts, to say nothing of the Indians, thin their numbers. The dead are interred in haste along the road-side, or rather in the deep ruts left by the wheels, and then the rest pass on. The company I am thrown among is of a varied character. I enter into conversation with two or three of them, and become very much interested in their stories. Their lives are adventurous to the last degree: every hour has its danger; acts of violence become a duty, or a matter of self-preservation; hairbreadth escapes are an ordinary element in these roving lives. Put yourself in the place of these modern crusaders, compare your ideas with theirs, with their tastes, and their habits, and you will find that a whole abyss separates you from them. It is impossible to understand or to judge them fairly. Some of these men are trappers; others horse-jockeys; others *moustanguers;* and their

little Indian horses or *moustangs*, harnessed in Mexican fashion, remind one of Andalusia, or rather of Arabia. Their saddles and stirrups, which, shaped like slippers, protect the foot from sun and rain, are just like those I saw in Morocco, and among the Arab tribes. They are still in use in those parts of Spain which were the longest under Moorish rule. These cavaliers wore the *sombrero* and short jackets made at New York or San Francisco, with large Spanish sashes. But the blood which flows in their veins is Anglo-Saxon or Celtic. Their children are of a mixed breed, having mostly Indian mothers. The group I was talking to was worthy of the pencil of one of the great masters of the seventeenth century. Not one of these bronzed faces had a commonplace or ordinary expression. Strong, uncontrolled passions are reflected in these countenances; the index of bold, resolute natures, sometimes vicious and cruel, oftener calm, cynical, and determined.

In the forenoon, "old" Townsend took me to see the tabernacle. It is a long low hall, entirely bare and destitute of religious emblems, with a raised daïs at one end, on which were placed the arm-chairs of the prophet and bishops, the whole being covered by a heavy oval cupola, which is rightly compared to a dish cover, such as they use in England for covering hot joints. Alongside they are building a new temple, which is to be an immense edifice of cut stone, in the Roman style. But only the foundations are as yet laid: and no one hopes or seems to wish for the new tabernacle to be completed. There are scarcely any men at work on it, for both money and fervour are wanting.

The theatre is far more popular. This is one of the thousand schemes of Brigham Young, and the great resource of the inhabitants of the Salt-Lake City. It is open every night. The house is badly decorated, and still worse lit. In the pit I saw groups of children, who had evidently come all alone. On benches and in the galleries sat a number of men in blouses with their wives (two or three apiece) dressed with a certain amount of care. The Prophet, who has reserved for himself the best box near the stage, had not, contrary to his usual custom, made his appearance that evening; but I saw through the curtains, one of the youngest of his wives, who was very graceful and pretty, and in a toilet which might be called elegant. One of Brigham's own daughters, Mrs. Alice Clawson, whose talent is justly appreciated, played the principal part. She married a man in easy circumstances, which, however, does not prevent her accepting a good salary. The piece, a sensational drama, which had a great run in England some years ago, and is full of English habits and institutions, contrasts singularly with the public of the New Jerusalem. Society of the middle ages, as painted by Shakespeare, is not wider apart than is *high life* in England at this moment compared with the social state of the Mormons. Nevertheless, the play was listened to with great attention, although there was neither laughter nor clapping. I am told that Brigham Young, who is himself the censor, and excludes all indecent pieces, is very anxious to encourage people to go to his theatre. It is in his hands a kind of school of art, whereby he strives to

refine the habits of a society which has been reduced by circumstances, as we shall presently see, to a condition of perpetual forced labour.

It is two o'clock—the heat is terrible; the sun is at a white heat. It is the dinner-hour of the place, and the guests at "old" Townsend's are waiting with no small impatience. A large company is gathered in the veranda. The ladies, some of them very well dressed, are grouped on one side. They are almost all miners' wives. Their smart *recherché* toilets, and the efforts they make to look lady-like, contrast drolly enough with the appearance of their husbands, who rush in straight from their mines, covered with sweat, mud, and dust. These men sit, or rather lie, on arm-chairs arranged side by side in straight lines. The attitudes of these gentlemen defy description. One must have seen them—and that can only be done in the Far West. Others stand close to the door waiting for the first stroke of the bell, to rush into the dining-room and seize the best places. They smoke and spit, but no one talks. The women sometimes whisper to one another in a low voice, but conversation is evidently considered out of place.

All this society is composed of gentiles, miners and their families, commercial travellers, clerks, and government agents. In consequence, the head of the establishment, the "gentleman" at the office, and even the waiters, look at us with an evil eye, and the service corresponds with their hostile feelings. This influx of unbelievers irritates and frightens them. Alas! the good old times of Mormonism are over. The masses,

perhaps, do not realize it; but no intelligent man can doubt the fact. Certainly, Mr. Townsend, the dignitary of the tabernacle, is not the model of an innkeeper. He pays little or no attention to his house, and still less to his guests. He leaves everything to his two wives, who bear the burden and heat of the day, if not civilly, at least with a patience and resignation worthy of a better cause. I was really sorry for them. They are a contrast to the "gentleman" at the office, who will not condescend to answer any of your questions, and if you ask him for your key, answers you: "Look for it yourself." The landlord passes his time in sublime contemplation. His arm-chair is placed at the extreme end of the veranda. There, lying on his back, his head thrown on one side, he seems lost in the contemplation of his feet, which are placed high above his person, against the branch of a high acacia. This extraordinary position is certainly not graceful, but we presume it must be comfortable, as he keeps in it for hours together. At last the signal is given. The ladies enter first, gravely, in single file. Afterwards, every man runs, struggles, treads on the other's toes, or fights with his elbows, one more vigorously than the other. Doctor C. has fortunately taken me under his protection. He is a man of mark, who, in consequence, has a place reserved for him, and manages to squeeze me in alongside. These meals have but one merit, and that is to be able to be despatched in ten minutes. They give you nothing but one dish of hard, badly-cooked meat, and one or two cakes. For dessert, you have very good wild strawberries—for drink, pure water. The bar or taproom does not

exist: the law forbids it. Nevertheless, the Mormons manage to elude the commandment, and wine and spirits abound in their own houses. The only happy moment is the one when one can leave the dinner-table with the proud satisfaction of feeling one has accomplished a painful duty.

During my three days at the Salt-Lake City, Doctor C. is good enough to give me his spare moments. For many years he practised on the banks of Lake Superior, and on the Upper Mississippi, amidst the Indian tribes; and his accounts of these races interested me extremely. They confirmed all that had been told me on this head at New York and Washington. It is from their perfect accordance with the information I had obtained from the highest and most reliable sources that I attach so much value to the reminiscences and opinions of a man who has passed so large a portion of his life among the red-skins.

"I abstain," he said, "from all expression of opinion on the system which the Central Government, together with Congress, has adopted with regard to the Indians. I accept it as a fact, and I suppose, or rather I am persuaded, that the President, the *big father* of these unfortunate races, has the wish and firm intention of observing the engagements entered into with the different tribes. But amongst the Government Indian agents there are thorough rogues. They keep back, for their own use or profit, the greater part of the gifts in food and clothes which the Government of Washington annually sends for the Indians, and which it is the business of these agents to distribute. And not only do they appro-

priate a part of these objects, but what remains is replaced by articles of an inferior quality. This explains the enormous fortunes which these men make in a few years; but it also explains the discontent and periodical hostilities of the red-skins and their indiscriminate massacres, from time to time, of the whites. Things revolve for ever in the same vicious circle. The Indians complain of the agents; the Government orders a commission of inquiry, and commissioners accordingly are sent from Washington. When they arrive here, the whole business of the agents is to deceive them, in which they sometimes succeed. If not, they resort to extreme measures. They make the Indians look upon the intervention of the commissioners as an act of hostility on the part of the Government, and excite their mistrust by a thousand subtle insinuations. The Indians assemble in a *pow-wow* and discuss the subject of war. The ancients of the tribe, especially those that have been at Washington, and who have come back very much impressed with the power of the *big father*, vote for peace; but the young men who have never left their native wilds, overrule these prudent counsels with loud and strong cries. From this instant the *war-path* is decided upon. Messengers are sent in different directions, and meetings are held at all the principal stations. There is no longer any way by which the commissioners can learn the truth from the chiefs themselves, or understand the real cause of complaint they have against the agents of the President. Some weeks are spent in preparations. The white settlers, to whom no alternative is left but flight, if still

possible, or the most horrible tortures if they remain, earnestly demand troops. But the nearest fort is at one, two, or sometimes three hundred miles distance. Besides, are there troops numerous or well-armed enough to make head against the Indians, whose movements are always very imperfectly known? War breaks out then, a little war, if you please, which will hardly fill a column in a newspaper. But there will be a few or more white men scalped, and more or less farms and stations utterly ruined. On the other hand, under the head of revenge or reprisals, such and such a tribe will be exterminated down to the very last man. That is all. This is just what is happening at this very moment in Arizona, where the blood of the white man has been flowing in streams, homesteads have been burnt right and left, and no end of misery has been the result. But the papers hardly allude to the matter. It is certainly a painful fact for those that have been scalped, whose wives and daughters have been ravished, whose farms have been utterly destroyed, and whose cattle have been carried off. But sometimes misfortunes are blessings in disguise; *the inquiry into the conduct of the agents has been effectually stopped.*"

In the interior of this great continent, the fate of the Indians and their relation with the Central Government are the subjects of common talk. At Washington, again, in official circles, this grave question is for ever claiming the attention of public men, who discuss it, without, however, arriving, as yet, at a satisfactory solution. Alas! the solution is already given. Not only the rascality of Government

agents, but the contact with modern civilization, the cross with white blood, and the introduction of alcoholic drinks have sown the seeds of hopeless destruction in the red-skins. In the north-western tribes, where travellers and trappers abound, there is hardly such a thing left as an Indian *pur sang*. The first generation, the fruit of illicit unions between English and French adventurers and Indian women, still possessed some of the higher qualities possessed by both races. But their children were few, and of a decidedly inferior stamp. The offspring of mixed blood in the present day is almost always degraded, weak, and sickly. It is remarked that in proportion as the white element increases in a tribe the black perishes. The former seems to act like a slow poison, while brandy is a quick one; its ravages are fearful. The Indians are in consequence being extinguished from a variety of causes; fatally, irrevocably, these once grand races seem destined to disappear, and they *do* disappear.

From the very first day, I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of General Morrow, the commander of Fort Douglas. This military post is situated at three miles to the east of the city, on one of the hills which form the western slope of the Wahsatch mountains. It is a commanding and admirably chosen position. A camp has been installed here for the last nine years. At first, the commander of the little garrison employed in watching not only the Indians but the militia of the Prophet, had not an easy time of it. Lost in that vast space, without any certain communication with the basis of operations, and without

any hope of extraneous help in time of need, he saw himself driven to depend on his own resources, which, in certain eventualities, were manifestly insufficient.

To-day it is no longer the same thing. The Pacific Railroad links the Douglas camp to all the forts along this line and to Chicago, which is the residence of the Commander-in-Chief. In a few days, therefore, a sufficient number of troops might be gathered together to make head against any danger, however imminent.

Towards this point, therefore, I turned my steps one fine morning in a covered *char-à-banc* drawn by two fine horses, with a young Mormon driver, whom I found out to be a native of Manchester. He was a mechanic by trade, but had lost his arm in a railway accident, and had fallen into great poverty when one of Brigham Young's missionaries found him out two or three years ago, and at once engaged him for the Valley of the Saints. Transformed into a coachman in spite of his one arm, he earns enough to live from day to day. The carriage and horses are his own property. It is true that they are not paid for; it was the President who advanced the necessary sum. His debt rather worries him; but he consoles himself by the thought that almost everyone is in the same boat. As to his two wives, they maintain themselves and earn their own living. House rent being very high in the town, he has lodged them outside, one to the east, the other to the west of the city. "It is economical," he said, "and besides, it avoids scenes of jealousy." This prudent husband was my constant companion in my expeditions about the Salt-Lake City and amused me very much. He was gentle, resigned,

and rather sad. In matters of religion he was profoundly ignorant. Evidently, in his childhood, he never had the least instruction. Now he is a believer. He believes in Brigham Young. The life and actions of the Prophet have already acquired a legendary character in his mind. Alongside of a sober, dry, prosaic reality, the marvellous occupies a large share in his stories.

Our road ascends in a straight line, the gentle incline leading to the camp, which crowns the summit of the hill. Just before us, at pistol-shot range, a light phaeton flew along, dragged by two spirited horses. "That's the general, going home," said my driver. "Let's try and catch him up." It was not, however, till the moment when the commandant alighted at the door of his house, that our horses, quite out of breath, came up with him. The general held out his arms to me, which were full of children's toys. He is a tall man with a fine military bearing, and perfect manners. In his frank open face and sympathizing smile one sees gentleness allied with energy and the habit of command. "I had had notice of your visit," he exclaimed. "You are most welcome. Excuse my not being able to shake hands with you. You see I have got mine full. I have been buying some toys for my little boy. He is not well, and we wanted something to amuse him. Mrs. Morrow also is very poorly." He made me walk into a little drawing-room, simply but prettily furnished, and then excused himself to go and see his invalids. When, a few minutes later, he appeared, his somewhat anxious countenance had brightened into a joyous expression.

"My little man is much better," he exclaimed, "and the toys have answered their purpose. Now let us make ourselves comfortable." And he began to do the honours of his home, which was a pretty little cottage surrounded by a veranda; and to show me some of the treasures he had collected in the course of his wandering life as an officer in the United States army. He had some magnificent bearskins embroidered in different patterns, a quantity of Indian dresses ornamented with feathers, bows and arrows, and arms of all kinds. Many of these were trophies which had been acquired in bloody fights; others had been given to him by native chiefs, who, in spite of his white skin, had learnt to love him, and saw him leave their country with regret. Except during the late southern war, General Morrow's military career had been spent entirely in countries inhabited by the Indians. I encouraged him to talk, and he told me, simply and modestly, some of the most remarkable episodes in his life. A really brave man is always simple and modest. His life was like a page of one of Cooper's novels. Whilst talking he once put on the Indian warrior's clothes and plumed head-dress, and imitated their attitudes and war-cry.

"This cry produces a great effect," he said. "It encourages the savages and frightens the whites. But what really demoralises our soldiers is the sound of a peculiarly shrill whistle, which every warrior wears hung to his waist, and which he never ceases to blow during the fight. As to their arrows, they shoot infinitely faster with them than we can possibly do with a revolver." As you may suppose, the good

general forced me to accept some of the mementoes of his battles, which I shall gladly carry away with me to Europe.

We both got into my carriage, and Daniel, who in spite of being a Mormon, seemed to be on very good terms with the general, was told to drive us to the *cañon* called "Emigration." This is the last defile in the Wahsatch mountains which, after their great exodus from Nauvoo, the Mormons passed before they came to the promised land, the Valley of the Saints. None of them visit it now without singing a hymn which reminds them of that solemn moment. "Do you see that block of rock?" said my companion to me. "When we come there, Daniel will begin to sing, and will hold his tongue at the next," and in fact, so it came pass. The Mexicans call those deep and narrow gorges, or rather fissures, in the great Cordillera chain of mountains, *cañones*. This appellation has survived the dominion of the old masters of this country, and is a word in common use. To the eye, these *cañones* appear simply perpendicular precipices, huge crevices or fissures in the rocks, here and there carpeted with straggling shrubs or grass, and with sharp points rising one above the other. Following the narrow path, which creeps between the abyss on one side and the wall of stones on the other, if your nerves are steady enough to enable you to lean over the side without losing your balance, you may see at the very bottom of the ravine, a thin, slender line of water. Here it reflects the blue sky or the setting sun; there it flows in deep dark shadow; later on, it disappears altogether, under a natural arch, with a dull

roar like a train passing through a tunnel. These are the boiling waters of the mountain torrents. From cascade to cascade, from one subterranean channel to another, by secret passages, well known to the red-skins, but which no white man has yet explored, they join the great arteries of the American continent or are ignominiously absorbed in one of the numerous salt-lakes of the great desert.[1] It is in one of these gorges, the *cañon* called "the Emigration," that Daniel has now plunged us. It is true that we only see the least perilous part. Nevertheless, the road is very rough, continually ascending and descending, and always on the very edge of the precipice. There are certain sharp turns which make one's blood run cold. But the general reassures me. "In spite of his one arm," he says, "this English fellow is a good coachman, and thoroughly master of his horses. Besides, this is a royal road compared to the upper part of the gorge or to the other *cañones* which the Mormons had to pass. It is fair to add that many of their carriages and bullock waggons rolled into the torrent."

On our way back, we stopped at the house of a Bavarian brewer. He is a gentile, and laughs at the Mormons. His establishment has all the look of a little Munich brewery, and is the principal resort of the officers and soldiers of the camp.

Now we are once more seated in the general's veranda. The sun is gone down. There is not a breath of air. A calm and solemn stillness seems to hover over the panorama at our feet.

To our left, that is, to the east of the town, running

[1] The Americans call these waters *sinks*.

from north to south and looking like a crenellated wall, with here and there sharp peaks standing out against the sky, as in the drop scene of a play, rises the gigantic chain of the Wahsatch mountains, the western base of the great uplands. Placed close together, about five miles from the crest of the ridge, these mountains all look to us foreshortened. The eye is bewildered by the chaos of precipices and ravines (the outlines of which are distinctly visible in spite of the violet shadows which enshroud them), and of rugged, knobby mountains wooded at the base, bare and naked higher up, sparkling with the reflection of the evening light, marbled with white above, and piercing the sky which floods their snowy tops with rosy purple tints, culminating in two gigantic diamond peaks, the "Twins!" Oh! those Twins! How they tower over the Valley of the Saints! What a striking sight they are! And how this whole mountain range fascinates and charms one!

To the west, at our feet, spreads the Salt-Lake City like a great river full of flowers and green, or rather like an immense park rayed with lines of light; the green avenues are mingled with white specks, the roofs of the houses, which themselves remain invisible. The ugly, heavy, oblong cupola of the tabernacle alone raises its head above the trees, which, with their varied shades of green, shroud and hide all human habitations. Beyond the town, the Jordan, flowing now between sharp rocks, now through green and smiling fields, falls gently into the lake, where its short course is ended. On its right bank are a mass of round, wooded hills: further on, nothing but arid rocks.

Above the river, in the distance, bathed in tender tints, varying from azure blue to pearly grey, the rugged chain of the Oquerrah mountains stand out against the flaming sky. A luminous fringe of snow lies all along their tops. They are shrouded with rays of vaporous light, for behind them the sun is just disappearing. From Salt-Lake City to these high mountains, the distance is forty miles as the crow flies.

Towards the south the valley rises gradually. It is rough ground, full of ravines, but carpeted with green. Towards the town, and for some miles round its suburbs, are a quantity of small Mormon farms, their neat homesteads shaded with fine trees. Further on, nature in her wildest and most savage form resumes her empire. An amphitheatre of low rocks, which bounds the horizon on this side, hides from sight the lake of Utah, which to the Saints, is the lake of Tiberias, just as their river is the Jordan, and their Salt Lake the Dead Sea. In fact, if the Oquerrah chain resembled more closely the mountains of Moab, and were a little nearer and rounder, the analogy with Palestine would be still more striking.

To the north, the great lake spreads out its slaty, lustrous, metallic waters. Even at this moment when the heavens are on fire, and Bengal lights are floating in the air, and crossing one another in every direction, and when all nature has put on a kind of festal, Venetian look, this stagnant, sleepy sheet of water refuses to take part in the general festivity. But the sun is sinking, and the shadow from the mountains is overpowering by degrees the wild, sinister lights

which flickered a few moments ago over this cursed sea. A narrow line of white sand encircles it. Neither tree, nor shrub, nor any human habitation breaks the profound melancholy of this site. In the centre of the lake rise two or three little islands, of fantastic shapes and with steep, rocky sides, their summits enamelled by the setting sun. Nearer to us, on the right, a little promontory stands out, half in the water and half on land. This is called the Peak of Observation, or the Holy Mount, and is the sign of alliance with the god of the Mormons.

Since the opening of the Pacific Railway, and that, in consequence, the number of visitors has daily increased, Brigham Young has got tired of being stared at, examined, and commented upon, as an object of curiosity. To see him, one must be furnished with letters of introduction.

My host, the "Old" Townsend before mentioned, offered to present one which had been given to me at New York; and to arrange an interview for me. One morning accordingly, at ten o'clock, we went together to the President's house. Some bishops and one or two elders whom we met on the road begged to accompany us. I had to run the gauntlet of the usual questions, but I did not spare them either, and they answered me with very tolerable grace. They were all Americans, for, as a general rule, the Americans alone aspire to the higher grades of elders or bishops, and are evidently better educated and better brought up than the greater portion of the Mormons, three parts of whom are Europeans. Simply though decently dressed, these men bore no sign of their eccle-

siastical dignities. Their faces told one nothing whatever. There was no trace of fanaticism, affectation, or hypocrisy about them; still less of anything clerical. Nothing betrayed the habit of meditation or prayer, or even a wish to make believe anything of the kind. They looked just what they were—men of business, farmers, shopkeepers, or commercial travellers. It was impossible to be what the English call more *commonplace*. There was only one exception—the Bishop of ——. I never saw a more slovenly dress, dirtier linen, or a more threadbare coat; but he was, on the other hand, the only one of the lot who had a jolly, open countenance, and a frank, hearty laugh. "I have got three wives," he exclaimed; "so I am very well off."—"And your wives?"—"D——n it!" (with a hoarse laugh) "that's their business."—"Seriously, don't you think that polygamy degrades a woman?"—"Not the least in the world."—"Don't you ever feel any scruple about it?"—"On the contrary; I should be scrupulous if I didn't. In having several wives, I am simply obeying a special commandment of God's. I feed my children and send them to school—that's all that is necessary. But as for the rest, you can't understand it, for you are not one of the elect. Now, we are not only one of the elect, but of the privileged few. God has given us the privilege of inspiration, and all that we do is right and well done. That's the reason we have been made bishops. Inspiration is granted to a man or not, as God pleases. He alone can give or refuse it."

He then entered into a confused explanation which he said was a development of this theory; but in

spite of all the trouble I gave myself to follow his line of thought, it was utterly and entirely unintelligible. It was simply nonsense, balderdash, and gibberish, delivered with a kind of careless, indifferent ease, like a schoolboy who is repeating a lesson by heart without understanding or thinking of a single word he is saying.

The most remarkable man of the company was Mr. George Smith, called the historian, who must not, however, be confounded with Joe Smith, the founder of the sect, who was murdered. George is more educated than the other dignitaries of the tabernacle, and so holds the first place in the church after the President, Brigham Young. He assisted the latter in guiding the Saints at the time of their terrible journey from the borders of the Mississippi to those of the Salt Lake, and took part likewise in the works consequent on the first establishment of the New Jerusalem. He gave me a great deal of curious information, and likewise a pamphlet which he wrote two years ago.[1]

Walking very slowly, for the heat was overpowering, and seeking the shade of the acacia and cotton trees, which bordered the long avenue, we at last arrived before the President's house surrounded by a high wall, and composed of several distinct buildings and separate apartments for the use of his wives and

[1] "The Rise, Progress, and Travels of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints: being a Series of Answers to Questions, including the Revelation on Celestial Marriage, and a Brief Account of the Settlement of Salt-Lake Valley, with interesting Statistics," by President G. A. Smith, Church Historian, &c. (Printed at the *Deseret News* Office, 1869.)

children. A great room at one of the angles of the enclosure is a school for the exclusive use of the latter. We crossed the threshold and were shown into the parlour, a little room simply furnished and ornamented with twelve oil paintings representing the Mormon apostles. The first place was reserved, of course, for the portrait of Joe Smith. The secretary and son-in-law of the President, a little deformed youth, after having offered us chairs, began to cross-question me in a loud voice in the usual American way. Whilst I was answering, I thought I saw a shadow behind the half-open door. Twenty minutes passed in this way. The conversation went on; but the President still kept us waiting. At last I got up and said: "Mr. Young has doubtless his own occupations. I have mine. I have nothing to say to him, and do not care to wait any longer to see him. Besides, they are waiting for me at Fort Douglas." At that very moment, the door, which had attracted my attention, opened suddenly, and Brigham Young appeared on the threshold. He was dressed with great care, and looked as if he had just come out of the hair-dresser's hands. For some minutes he looked at me in silence; then he walked towards me in a solemn manner, only answering the low bow of his people by a slight wave of the hand. He had his hat on his head; but took it off hastily when he saw me deliberately putting on mine; and then, sitting down, motioned me to an armchair alongside of him. The bishops and elders took their places at a respectful distance. On a sign to his secretary, the latter, standing before his master, read my letter of introduction out loud.

The conversation which followed lasted nearly an hour. I give the main points, which I noted down in my journal as soon as I got back to the inn, and was struck, while doing so, at the trouble I found in seizing a single intelligible thought amidst the grand phrases, and the confused and illogical statements with which his conversation was interlarded.[1]

"The world," he began, "is full of prejudices. A man must be of a privileged caste to rise above them. God gives this privilege only to His elect. What they teach is the truth, for they only speak or act by inspiration. Faith and work—this is the sum total of our task . . . the object of our religion is to make the bad good, and the good better. Read the Mormon book. It has been translated in all languages, and is sold in Main Street. You will find in it a correct account of our origin and history. The first Mormons emigrated in the time of King Solomon (!) The last immigration was 600 years before our Saviour (!) To-day they pour in from all sides. The hour will come when they shall be spread over the whole earth."

On my remarking that he, Brigham Young, seemed to me to unite both temporal and spiritual powers in Utah, he answered sharply: "You are quite mistaken. The Mormon is free. Everything is done by compromise between the contending parties, or by arbitration. I am not afraid of the railroads, as people

[1] Mr. Young said nothing very remarkable; nothing but what he said to everybody, everywhere, and especially in his very short sermons in the tabernacle. I do not, therefore, fear to commit an indiscretion by giving publicity to his words.

fancy. We did not leave Nauvoo to fly away from the gentiles. We left it simply because we were turned out."

I then attacked him on the subject of polygamy. "In Europe," I said, "you are well known. Everyone appreciates the energy of a man who has made his will a law to his disciples, and who has learnt how to transform a desert into a garden. But on the other hand, I cannot conceal from you that there is but one cry of indignation against you for the polygamy you practise and which you have introduced into your community. The general opinion is that it is a shame to woman and a disgrace to the century in which we live." Here the audience gave an ominous growl of dissent. The President started; but contained himself. After a few moments of silence, he said, speaking in a low voice and with a slightly disdainful smile: "Prejudice, prejudice, prejudice! We have the greatest of all examples—the example of the patriarchs. What was pleasing to God in their day, why should it be proscribed now?" He then went into a long explanation of a theory which was new to me, regretting that men did not imitate the example of animals, and treating the subject of the relations of the sexes in so confused and at the same time so ambiguous a manner, that it was next to impossible to understand his meaning; but he arrived finally at the conclusion that polygamy was the only effectual remedy for the great social evil of prostitution. Then he interrupted himself by exclaiming, "As for the rest, what I do, and what I teach, I do and teach by the special command of God." When I

got up to take my leave, he took my hand, drew me towards him and murmured, closing his eyes, "Blessing, blessing, luck!"

Brigham Young, who was born in Vermont State, has just completed his seventieth year, but appears much younger than he really is. He is above the middle height, holds himself very upright, and seems to enjoy perfect health. His crisp, curly, light-brown hair, with a tinge of red in it, carefully brushed and combed, shades a broad head well placed on a pair of good square shoulders. His eyes, which never look you straight in the face, betray more cunning than intelligence; his mouth is thoroughly sensual; his square and almost disproportionately massive chin indicates an energy which I should fancy would border on cruelty. Taking it altogether, his face is one which can only belong to a remarkable man. It fascinates and repels you at the same time. One understands how this man exercises the charm of a serpent, which retains its victims by the terror it inspires, and which crushes them without scruple or pity the moment they strive to escape its clutches. I do not say that Brigham Young *is* like this, I only say that his exterior gives me that impression which I share with all the other strangers who have described their visit to the Mormon chief. Certainly one ought not to judge a man by the external appearance only, or after one short interview; therefore I am only writing down the effect which his appearance produced upon me, and which was most unfavourable. As to his manners, I find them just as little sympathetic. They are wanting in simplicity, or rather they bear the

stamp of affectation,—one moment pompous, the next familiar, now unctuous, then joking, now severe, then oily, Brigham Young never for a moment forgets the part he chooses to play as prophet. Before intoning one of his sententious phrases, he bends his head, assumes an air of majesty, and fixes his eyes on the ground. When he speaks, it is slowly, with a tone of authority, and an interval between each word. Then suddenly he lifts his head, throws it back and shows his great white teeth, and his huge sensual mouth gleaming with a sinister smile. Then he shuts his eyes again and lowers his voice; that's when he wishes to be funny. I own that these fits of forced and unnatural gaiety did not win me in the least. There was I know not what kind of grossly theatrical pretence in these sudden changes from the sublime to the ridiculous, from tragic effect to vulgar comic; but I suppose the ignorant public are carried away by this clap-trap, and are willing to let themselves be humbugged. I remarked, too, that at such times the bishops and elders all pretended to be electrified. Judging by his exterior, his manners, and the bosh he has the impudence to talk to you, Brigham Young is the most audacious hypocrite under the sun. But look around you! Listen, not to what his acolytes tell you, who adore him as a divinity, but impartial witnesses, or rather men who have no sympathy with him, but who know both him and his works; listen to what they will tell you of the obstacles he has overcome, the dangers he has surmounted, the wonders he has wrought,—and not the least of these miracles is having captivated, subdued,

and broken the will of nearly 200,000 human beings; —let all this be told you on the spot by impartial men, well acquainted with the state of things, by the commandant of the federal troops at Fort Douglas, for instance, or by his officers; by the Chief Justice, by the Attorney-General, by the doctors, by those who have been resident here for years, by the miners who come and go; and your disgust will give place first to astonishment, and then to something bordering on admiration!—admiration, not certainly for the doctrines Brigham Young has inculcated, nor still less for his practices, nor even for the extraordinary success of his colonisation, for others besides Mormons have done as much in other parts of the American Continent; nor for the motives which have actuated him, and which, being unknown to us, we have not a right to judge—but for the talents and ability which Providence has vouchsafed to this most extraordinary man; for the clear instincts of this uneducated mind, for his indomitable energy, his marvellous perseverance, and especially for the mysterious and absolute power he exercises over his sect. Many books, pamphlets, and innumerable articles, have been written on Brigham Young, on Deseret, and on the faith and practices of the Mormons. The greater part of these accounts are exact enough in their descriptions. Nothing can be more attractive than the picture of New Jerusalem by Hepworth Dixon. The portrait is exact as far as it goes. But neither this author, nor any others who have written on this subject, have been able to find out the secret of the terrible power of this man, which has enabled him to

establish in the centre of America a state of things which politically, religiously, and socially, is a direct negation of the manners, ideas, and belief of the century in which we live.

Joe Smith was the founder or regenerator of the Mormon sect. He gave himself out as inspired, but at the same time was a thorough rogue. He did not actually preach polygamy; but if we are to believe the public, he practised it without troubling himself with nuptial benedictions. This little fact became, after his death, the cause of a schism in the community, his widow and children swearing that Joe had never been a polygamist, and Brigham Young, who wanted to cite the example of his predecessor in favour of polygamy, suborning false witnesses to prove that the prophet Smith was a partisan to the plurality of wives.

The expulsion of the Mormons from their settlements on the Mississippi in Illinois, forms a most curious and significant episode in the contemporary history of America. Poor Joe never pretended that he had anything of a prophet about him save inspiration. He had been dragged fifty times before the judges and had always been acquitted until at last he ended his career with the honours of martyrdom. Whilst he was shut up in the Carthage prison, the chief town of Hancock County (Illinois), a band of men with blackened faces got in and shot him and his brother Hyram dead.[1] Admitted to bail, the assassins were afterwards tried and acquitted. After the death of the prophet, the carpenter, Brigham Young, in his

[1] This was in June 1844.

quality of president of the twelve apostles, took the whole direction of affairs into his own hands. Notwithstanding the disastrous state of things he succeeded in reconciling the conflicting parties and in bringing all the believers into one fold, which was his own. He managed to breathe a new life into the whole sect, which, on Joe's death, had been on the eve of dissolution. Nevertheless, acts of violence against them continued. Their houses were burnt, their cattle driven off, and their flocks destroyed. The timid intervention of the authorities produced no effect. A proclamation of the sheriff of the county gives the following melancholy picture of the scene of devastation:—"Whilst I write, the smoke rises up to heaven from the burning homesteads. The people spare neither widows nor orphans." The Illinois government sent a few militia; but their commander soon told the Mormons that he was not able to protect them; that the people were determined to expel them; and that they had no alternative but to expatriate themselves. Then it was that their leaders determined to emigrate to the Salt Lake and to send on a certain number of their body as pioneers. These men, headed by Brigham Young himself, set forth in the beginning of January 1846. A thousand families followed in February. This was the beginning of the great exodus. Whilst the President was making his painful way across the mountains with his band of pioneers, Nauvoo, the head-quarters of the sect in Illinois, had to be fortified in haste and undergo a regular siege. The enemies of the Mormons had organized themselves into a military force, with a park of artillery, and challenged them to fight on

every possible occasion. At last, on the 17th of September, after a bombardment which lasted several days, the besieged evacuated Nauvoo and took refuge on the opposite bank of the Mississippi.

The conquerors, after having pillaged the town to their hearts' content, burnt the tabernacle which had cost half a million of dollars, and several private houses. All this took place under the very eye of the government, who had, however, given fair notice to the Mormons of its inability to protect them. Nevertheless, Brigham Young, after having given some of his best troops to the United States, then at war with Mexico—the famous Mormon battalion—after having provisionally established the thousand families who had followed him, at Florence, in the Nebraska, returned to the banks of the Mississippi, not having himself gone much further than Council-Bluffs on the Missouri. He there determined to organize the emigration of the whole remaining body. God had vouchsafed a revelation to him. He had seen in a dream a conical rock rising on the borders of a lake. Towards this point, *Ensign Peak*, he resolved to direct his steps. He thought it necessary to examine the spot first himself, and started this time with only 140 men. This was in the spring of 1847, and by July he had arrived at the Salt Lake and laid the foundation of the New Jerusalem. In the last days of the year he came back. During this second journey all his horses were carried off by the Sioux, and the Prophet and his followers had to go on foot. At last the moment came for the whole sect of the Mormons to decamp. They were to traverse the Nebraska

prairies, to pass the defiles of the Rocky Mountains, to cross the great American desert, that is, the high lands situated between these mountains and the Wahsatch chain; and then to descend into the valley of the Salt Lake, which no one, before Brigham's expedition, had ever visited, saving perhaps a few travellers and trappers. According to them, it was an arid desert surrounding a dead sea, hemmed in by rocks at the height of 12,000 or 15,000 feet, while on the other side of the lake was a fresh chain of equally precipitous mountains. The water was brackish and undrinkable; as for vegetation, there was literally none, save some miserable tufts of sage-brush and, in summer, a few wild flowers, devoured almost before they could spring up by the locusts, which, with bears and serpents and the wild tribes of Utah, reigned supreme in these inhospitable regions. Probably the information collected upon the spot by Brigham Young was somewhat more encouraging: anyhow the emigration was resolved upon. They started in the depth of winter in a multitude of caravans—men, women, and children in waggons, on asses, in wheelbarrows, on foot—and took the road to the banks of the Missouri, and from thence straight on to the Rocky Mountains. The distance was upwards of 1,500 miles, and that through a country almost entirely deprived of all resources. Misery, privations, and mortality cruelly tried, without subduing, the courage, perseverance, and fertility in expedients of the Prophet, or the resignation, patience, and blind faith of his followers. Since the exodus of the Israelites, history has never registered a similar enter-

prise. At last, the few whose bones had not whitened the fearful path they had trod, emerging one evening from a defile which has preserved the name of *Emigration Cañon*, perceived at their feet the lake, valley, and river, which from its analogy with the Promised Land, they called the Jordan; the whole being recognisable by the conical promontory which God was said to have revealed to His elect, and which bore henceforth the name of *Ensign Peak*.[1] Anyhow, to have conceived the idea, to have carried it out, with the loss of a great number of men, it is true, but without shaking the faith or confidence of a single one of the survivors, is an historical fact which would suffice to immortalise the name of a man, be he king, captain, or prophet.

Brigham Young unites in himself these three qualities. As prophet, though taking good care not to utter any prophecies, he rules over men's consciences; as sovereign, he exercises his power without the smallest control; as general, he has organized so large and respectable a militia force, that it accounts for the hesitation on the part of the central Government to enforce their power of bringing this potentate to respect the law of the land.

The first three years after the exodus were very trying ones. George Smith, the historian, told me that he and his wife, as in fact everybody else, were reduced to half the food necessary for the support

[1] Utah belonged then to Mexico. When ceded to the United States an act of Congress established in 1850 a territorial government of which Brigham Young was made first Governor. He exercised these functions till 1857.

of animal life. For many weeks they lived entirely upon roots.

The work of preaching among the gentiles, which was begun in 1837, was taken up again with renewed fervour. But they did not make any proselytes except in England (especially in Wales), in Australia, and in a less degree, in Scandinavia. In America it was an entire failure. The contingents from Germany, Switzerland, and other countries, where Young also sent his missionaries, are infinitesimally small. With the Chinese, Malays, Cingalese, and Indians, the Mormon Bible would not go down at all. Brigham Young always chose his emissaries by inspiration. It has often happened to him to accost a perfect stranger in the street. Following a sudden inspiration, he will tell him to start and give him an apostolic mission to Europe, Australia, or to the islands in the South Seas. The man thus summoned, leaves wife, children, and business, and starts. These missionaries address themselves to the poorest and most ignorant class, whether in England, which is a hot-bed of vice and misery, like all over-populated centres of civilization, or in Wales, where the inhabitants, like their Irish brethren, are particularly disposed to emigrate. According to the unanimous testimony of persons, who during my stay at the Salt-Lake City were kind enough to give me the best information on this strange community, the Europeans who accept the proposals of these emissaries of the Prophet, are in all respects, infinitely below the lowest classes in America, whether in the country or in the towns. The Mormon missionaries,

therefore, never attempt to preach to the rich, or even to those who are tolerably well off, neither will they go near an educated man. Their proselytes are always among the very poorest and the most ignorant class. Their recruits spring either from those who have been born in utter misery, or who have fallen into it from their own faults or the fault of circumstances: men who have nothing to lose, and who can but gain by being dragged out of the moral and physical degradation in which they are plunged. This is one of the facts which should be borne in mind to understand the great and sudden expansion of the sect. It is to men such as these, that they preach, and this is their doctrine: "God is a Person of flesh and blood like man. He has the passions of a man, but is perfect in all things. Jesus Christ was created by Him in an ordinary way. The Father and the Son are alike, except that the Father looks older. Man was not created by God, for he exists from all eternity. He is not born in sin, and is responsible only for his own acts. He sanctifies himself by marriage. There are gods, angels, men, and spirits. There is a resurrection in another world, which is but a continuation of the actual existence of a man here below. God is in direct communication with the Prophet: what he, the Prophet, says or does, is said or done by inspiration. The bishops also are inspired, but in a minor degree. Of all religions the Mormon is the most perfect, but gentiles are not necessarily damned."

Is it possible that the preaching of such doctrines should touch people's hearts, strike their imaginations, and attract from the worst quarters of London, from

the dockyards of Liverpool, from the agricultural population of Wales, the 3,000 or 4,000 converts who arrive every year on the borders of the Salt-Lake City? It is quite impossible. It is not true, as certain authors have asserted, that the novelty of these doctrines acts powerfully on their imaginations. It might be possible if these prophets were fanatics; but theology is the last thing that troubles them. They are simply men who find themselves in a state of utter destitution, and want to get out of it. If Brigham Young's missioners had nothing more to offer them than a continuation in another world (with a God who is like themselves) of an existence as miserable as that which has fallen to their lot here, do you imagine they would accept the Mormon teaching with such eagerness? Is it not more likely they would at once turn their backs on the missioners?

But these men tell them more than this. After having promised them, as all religions do, eternal felicity in a future state, they offer them what no other religion does, the most brilliant horizon even in this lower world. On the single condition of moderate work they guarantee to them the enjoyment of all the good things to which the heart of man can aspire, which chance has only granted to the elect, and which has been so obstinately refused to them hitherto.

Look at this stranger who has just crossed the threshold of a humble home—blessed be the day when he first sets foot in the house! After having briefly recapitulated the chief articles of the Mormon faith, he draws a glowing picture of their daily life: of the advantages, the marvellous profits to be derived from

their speculations: he lifts, in fact, the dark curtain which has hitherto hung over his auditors' sad lives, puts before them an enchanting vision of future joys, awakens all their covetousness, promises to satisfy them to the utmost, points out to them, beyond the seas, the new Jordan, the silver lakes of the Bible, the hills of the New Jerusalem, the Promised Land, where they will find what they have constantly endeavoured to attain to, but in vain—happiness!

"Here," he exclaims, "you are nothing but slaves—slaves of misery, if not of a master. In the Valley of the Saints, independence awaits you; independence and ease, at any rate—perhaps riches. No more servile subjection; no more privations; no more cares. In this world, as in the next, your future is assured." Then addressing himself to the young men among his audience with that sinister smile peculiar to the Prophet and his followers, he speaks of the delights of the harem, and of the beauty of the young girls of Deseret, promising them as many wives as they please—developing, in fact, the whole theory of plurality. "Compare the state you are now in with what you may be," he exclaims, in conclusion, "and choose!"

How are these poor fellows to resist such brilliant promises unless they should be kept back by strong Christian convictions, which they have not got? Besides, no sooner have they given in their adhesion, than Brigham Young's bankers at once advance to them the money necessary for their voyage. At New York a pass is given to them, and letters for the whole of their journey; while, unlike the majority of other emigrants, they are sure to find help and

protection at the different stations marked in their itinerary.

Here I must again insist on this important point, which I hope the preceding lines will have abundantly proved, and which is confirmed by the most impartial and trustworthy evidence, namely, the fact, that the proselytes who are brought into Young's sheepfold, are not (with one or two very rare exceptions) attracted to it by a spirit of fanaticism, by a thirst for truth, by one of those extraordinary ecstasies or scruples which sometimes trouble the souls of men ;—but simply and entirely by worldly motives, and from the very natural desire of bettering their condition in life. On this ground they are not to be distinguished from other emigrants. No religious element has any share in their conversion.

But let us follow these neophytes in their new country. Here they are arrived. The bishops and elders procure work for the strong ones, help for the sick, food for all ; in fact, provide for their wants altogether until lands can be assigned to them for cultivation. Young then advances money to them to build their houses—bricks or adobes (bricks dried in the sun), boards, and tools. The value of the land and the objects furnished to the emigrants are calculated in dollars and inscribed in the creditor's books. The payment is made by instalments, to which is added the tithe, which is a tenth of the gross rental of the farm, and which is levied for the wants of the Church.

It would be too long to enter into a detail of the minute arrangements by which Young thus becomes the creditor of the whole community. It is enough

to say that very few, if any, of the Mormons, have arrived or can ever arrive at clearing off their debts. They gain a livelihood by dint of working; they may even become tolerably well off, which has now become more and more rare; but it is extremely difficult to save; and next to impossible to become rich. The rarity of specie and the (almost) impossibility of procuring ready money in the United States, causes a fresh difficulty, and adds to the financial embarrassments which form the normal condition of this society. Until two years ago, that is, before the completion of the railroad, Utah was an actual prison, for there were no means of getting away from it: and so it still continues, although in a minor degree. To leave Utah, the Saints must pay their debts; to pay them they must sell their farms; to sell them they must find buyers with ready money, and with United States money besides. Now, there is only one man in Utah who is in that position, and that is Brigham Young. But Brigham Young is precisely the man most interested in not facilitating the sales. The great secret of his political and religious power consists (in a large measure although not entirely, as I shall presently show) in the nature of his financial relations with the majority of the Mormons, who are all, more or less, his debtors. Thus we see that the missioners who promised independence to the emigrants, lied. The Mormons not only live in utter subjection to Young, but are, in fact, his prisoners. But, strange to say, the emigrant, instead of independence, has found one thing which he wanted in Europe when he embraced the religion of the Saints, and that is, Faith! Yes,

this unbeliever of yesterday, not only in the old religions, but in the new, has become to-day the staunchest of disciples—he believes firmly, blindly, in the Prophet, Brigham Young. How account for this strange yet incontestable fact? which no one has yet been able to explain to me, but which everybody confirms, and which besides bears the evidence of truth on the very face of things; for, to convince yourself, you have only to look around you, or to talk for five minutes with the first man you meet in the streets of the New Jerusalem! Let us strive to elucidate this obscure but vital point; for if one could arrive at throwing some light upon it, one would have got the key of the enigma and understand Mormonism.

To simplify it, I will set aside for the moment the influence which the railroad, which has only been opened for two years, exercises and will still further exercise on this strange community. I will not dwell either on the still more recent discovery of the silver mines in the Wahsatch mountains, and the great influx of searchers after the precious metals which was its first result. Let us confine ourselves to the Mormon sect, such as it existed at the beginning of 1869.

At that time Brigham Young was in the zenith of his power. One may affirm, without exaggeration, that in the normal condition of affairs, the Prophet, as long as he is Brigham Young, is the absolute master of the bodies and souls of his believers. This society, in fact, only admits believers: he who begins to doubt is instantly put outside the pale of the law. His

goods are confiscated, he is himself obliged to fly; and as flight is impossible, he is compelled to submit, to repent and do penance and to begin life again, only without farm, or tools or cattle, which have already been confiscated. And if it be a question of real, active, dangerous heresy, why such men simply *disappear*. Sometimes their remains are found; sometimes not. The few gentiles who are allowed to live here are only tolerated; but their existence is not an enviable one. Woe be to them if they dare to make love to a Mormon girl! The offender would be simply torn in pieces. This has been done more than once. Add to all these things, the difficulty of getting here and the impossibility of leaving the city without the consent of the Prophet, and you will allow that the isolation is complete.

I have said that Brigham Young is master of the souls and bodies of his sect. This is to be taken literally. As for souls, he disposes of their wills and consciences, and even of their thoughts; for he gives them a certain direction and takes care it shall be maintained. Besides, who dares to think for himself in Utah? They believe, they work, but they do not think. The tabernacle on Sundays, the shop or the farm during the week, the theatre and the harem every night—that is enough. There is no time left for reflection, everything is done by inspiration. God inspires and the person who is inspired is Brigham Young. In every kind of business, trouble, difficulty, or doubt, Brigham Young is the referee. Sometimes he remains silent; that is, when he has received no inspiration; but if he speaks, they are convinced that

they have heard the voice of God. Brigham is not an incarnate god, but he acts as such. That is why I say that he disposes of the souls of men.

Now for their bodies. He concentrates in his own hands the strings of all their material interests. He works the whole territory, and the territory of Utah is about as large as half France. He works likewise the physical powers and the mental faculties of two hundred thousand persons. Since the days of Pharaoh, has the world ever seen a similar monopoly? He has in consequence the reputation of being the richest man in the United States. People say he has a fortune of upwards of twelve millions of dollars. He rules the markets; he fixes the prices of food; he makes the roads and exacts enormous tolls. After having created all these different industries he works them all for his own benefit. With his armed force, his militia, perfectly well exercised and equipped, his telegraph, which he has carried to every point of the territory of Utah (the whole of which, saving Corinne, is Mormon), he is master of the position; he exacts unlimited obedience and submission from his own followers and makes himself feared by the opposition, which as yet is very weak, while the Central Government of Washington thinks it safer to temporize with him for the present. Besides all this, till two years ago, he had the advantage of being geographically inaccessible. Add to this, a prompt and summary execution of justice, in part occult—always surrounded with a semi-religious prestige, but against which, until regular judicial authorities were established in Salt-Lake City, there was no appeal,

and you have a very fair picture of the unheard-of powers of this one man. Is it too much to affirm that he disposes of the bodies of men? But there is still another view of the question.

Brigham Young never had the reputation of a saint, in the habitual sense of the word; but none of his friends or confidants foresaw, that, under pretence of having received orders directly emanating from the Divinity, he would dare to impose on the Mormons the doctrine and practice of polygamy.

One night (in 1852) he had a revelation which, in spite of his prestige, which was already great, threw trouble and consternation into the minds of his docile followers. He affirmed that God had inspired him with a determination to return to the patriarchal life and have a plurality of wives. In order to stifle any opposition, he summoned all the delegates who represented the different Utah settlements, that is, about two thousand elders, and produced a pretended revelation which Joe Smith had received a year before his death. Under the title of "*Revelation on Celestial Marriages,*" the historian, George Smith, has published this curious document in his "*Answers to Questions,*" which I have quoted above. The widow and children of poor Joe declare that this document is entirely apocryphal. They took care to draw it up in the style of the Old Testament. Jehovah has not progressed with the times. He still speaks the language of Abraham, but what He says is new. The following is an analysis of the principal parts of this important document:—

"If a man marries a woman without the interven-

tion of the Lord's anointed, he and she become angels in paradise, will become the servants of the blessed, and remain celibates *in æternum;* but those who marry according to the law will be gods! Joe Smith is declared a descendant of Abraham. God gave his commands to Abraham, and Sarah gave him Hagar. Why? Because it was the law. Hagar was the mother of numerous descendants. Did Abraham sin? No. Yet Abraham had concubines who engendered children. David, again, had both wives and concubines, and he did well, for they were given to him by Nathan and the other prophets, who had the power of bestowing wives on the faithful. David only sinned in marrying the wife of Uriah. Solomon and Moses had also several wives. The woman whose husband has committed adultery may marry another man, provided she herself be virtuous. On this point God reserves to Himself the right of revealing His will to the prophet, Joe, who then will have the power of blessing and authorising the marriage. If Joe remains faithful to the law, God will give him, in this world, houses, fields, women and children, and an eternal crown hereafter. The priest who has espoused a virgin may, if he will, espouse a second if the first will consent; nay, if he likes to marry ten, in virtue of this law, he may do so without committing adultery. If one of these wives gives herself to another man, she is an adulteress, and ought to be destroyed; for she and her companions have been given to the priest to multiply the human race."

With the help of this document Brigham Young obtained the consent of the Assembly. It adopted the

principle of polygamy, which was declared to be a duty and a privilege, which privilege could not be exercised, however, without a special command of God. It results from this pretended revelation made to Joe Smith, that God gives or refuses the privilege by the medium of His prophet, now Brigham Young, who, before giving his decision, examines into the merits of the case, or has it examined by his bishops. On the conduct of the young woman or the young man before marriage, and on other questions of the same nature, Brigham, as supreme arbiter, pronounces the sentence, by the special order and in the name of God. And it is God who in each case makes known His will to the prophet.

To sum up all I have said: by the monopoly the prophet exercises on the food, the goods, and the products of the soil, as well as on the labour of the inhabitants, he acquires the right of meddling in the most intimate family relations. Material prosperity, domestic peace, and the reputation of each member of a family depend solely on his good pleasure. I do not wish to insinuate that Young abuses the enormous powers the law gives him, which law is of his own making. I put aside the question of individuals. The system is monstrous, and without a parallel in the history of the human race.

The higher a man advances in the ranks of the hierarchy, the more his duty compels him to use the privilege of plurality. Brigham Young, at this moment, possesses sixteen wives, without counting sixteen others, who are what is called *sealed*. Some of these latter live with him in a conjugal fashion, but the

greater part are treated as widows or old maids, who, by this means, hope to become, in a future state, what they are not here below—the real wives of the Prophet. George Smith, the historian, has five wives; the other apostles content themselves with four. None have less than three.

It is an understood thing that no one is allowed to marry more wives than he can maintain; but, in reality, the wives very often maintain their husbands by their work. This is especially the case with the poor. If a man has two wives, each occupies a separate apartment, and rarely in the same house. Hence the farms are almost always composed of two or three separate buildings. The woman plies her trade, provides for her own wants, and, to attract the husband, employs her savings in giving him a little feast from time to time. The actual wives of the Prophet (not the *sealed* ones) occupy separate apartments in the *Beehive*, as his house is called. They are all supposed to gain their own living by some species of labour, they dine at the same table, and are placed under a strictly bureaucratic administration. One of Young's sons-in-law, who is at the same time his secretary, the little hunchback who received me in the Prophet's parlour, is entrusted with the supervision of this department, and acquits himself of his delicate functions with great order and impartiality, save for the exceptional favours which the caprice of his master sometimes impose on him.

Now, what is the meaning of *sealing?* What is a "sealed" woman? I had neither the time nor the opportunity, nor, I own, the inclination to undertake

a course of Mormon theology, or to verify the confused, contradictory, and probably exaggerated information contained in the books and papers which treat on this subject. It appears that a woman may be *sealed* to her husband for this life and the next. A woman may thus marry a dead man. It is even permitted, although I do not know if it has ever been done, for a woman to be sealed to two living husbands, one for this life, and the other for paradise, but always with the consent and intervention of the prophet or the bishops. In a word, it is a system of ignorance and credulity worked in favour of human lust, under the pretended invocation of God. Let us turn away from so sad an exhibition.

Children swarm in the Salt-Lake City. You tumble over them in every direction. It is, in fact, one of the characteristic traits of this town and of all the Mormon settlements. They are well fed, decently dressed, and are all sent to school. But the greater portion of those I saw are delicate and even miserable-looking. Domestic authority, like all others, is merged in that of the prophet. The parents hardly know the number and names of their children. The President has forty-eight, without counting those that have died. His last baby is five months old. One day he was walking in the street, and a quarrel between two boys attracted his attention. He intervened by applying his cane rather sharply on one of the blusterers. Having vented his wrath, he turned round to the boy he had caned, and said, "Pray whose son are you?" and the child answered, blubbering, "I am President

Young's boy!" In truth, it was one of the forty-eight!

Look at it which way you will, polygamy bears within it the seeds of destruction: for the family first of all, and for society afterwards. But its first victims are the women themselves. All those I have seen have a sad, timid look. In their homes they have not the place due to a wife. The men avoid speaking of them, and never allow them, if they can help it, to appear before strangers. One would fancy they were ashamed of them, or rather of themselves. The wives of an Arab or a Turk have never known the higher sphere which Christianity has conquered for woman. But these poor things have fallen from the place they once held: they feel themselves degraded, and degradation is read on all those melancholy and faded countenances.

Brigham enjoys more than royal honours, inasmuch as he is worshipped, if not adored as a divinity. A short time before my arrival he had completed his seventieth year. On this occasion he received the fulsome compliments of his *Beehive*, and of his apostles, bishops, and elders. One of them, while haranguing him, gave him the title of sovereign. "You will live," he said, "to see the day when the kings of the earth will come to seek your counsel." The official journals eagerly published this allocution.

On Sunday Brigham preaches sometimes in his Tabernacle. I did not hear him; but according to the unanimous testimony of his hearers, these sermons are a mixture of incoherent quotations from the Bible, denunciations of persons or hateful insinuations,

vulgar personalities, and unctuous or commonplace phrases. His language is coarse, sometimes injurious, and always stamped by the most profound ignorance. He has not a shadow of natural eloquence. For a long time the Prophet has chosen polygamy as the subject of his homilies, so as to answer thus indirectly the attacks of the American press, which, in this, is the faithful echo of public opinion in the United States.

As he pretends to tolerate every form of religion, he opens the Tabernacle occasionally to preachers of other sects. An Anglican clergyman, on one occasion, availed himself of this permission, and, putting on a surplice, addressed the congregation. After him, Brigham, wrapped in a bed sheet, got into the pulpit amidst shouts of laughter from the audience, and delivered a comic speech, which was a coarse parody of the sermon they had just heard.[1]

In one word, it is absolutism carried to its utmost limits and personified by the head of the religion. On the part of the sectarians, the most blind faith in the person of the Prophet. No divine worship, for the short Sunday sermons and a few occasional hymns sung in the Tabernacle do not deserve that name. In general, speaking of the masses, no religious feeling or sentiment whatever; or rather, the whole of their religious sentiments are concentrated in a fanatical worship of Brigham Young. Work and faith are proclaimed the governing principles of the sect: work, manual and forced, and pushed to an extreme; for

[1] I found this fact mentioned in some book or paper. I forget where. But it was confirmed to me on the spot by credible witnesses.

besides earning their bread, they have to pay their debts to the President (this excessive labour explains the marvellous and rapid progress of the colony). A monopoly which embraces everything and extends to everything, exercised by the Prophet only. The intervention of the latter, either personally or through the medium of his bishops, in the most intimate family relations and in the most private affairs, whether of business or other matters: in all difficult and critical moments, recourse only to one man, the oracle, Brigham Young: and to sum up all, polygamy, declared a duty and a privilege, and practised for twenty years—such is the essence of Mormonism.

"*Labour and Faith*"—that is their device—those are the two words which are for ever in Brigham Young's mouth, and which, in fact, explain these strange phenomena. But what secret motives caused the birth of this faith in the hearts of those who never possessed anything of the sort at the time they embraced these new doctrines? How has this transformation been effected? How does it happen that men, who, when they left their native land, believed in nothing, were hardly arrived in the Valley of the Saints before they began to believe in everything—that is, everything which it pleases Brigham Young to make them believe? The Mormons tell you "It's inspiration." But that is no explanation. That which the gentiles give you is not more satisfactory. I would not, however, let myself be discouraged. I went on questioning, thinking, and watching, and the following are the conclusions to which I at last arrived:

The beginnings of Mormonism are like those of any other sect. With some people, spiritual needs, the thirst for more supernatural help, the wish to draw nearer to God, which lies at the bottom of every human heart from the highest to the lowest, from time to time wake up in a sudden and unexpected manner. The rarer these revivals are, the more violent they seem, like a mill-dam which has been long closed and suddenly opened. The waters at first rush out furiously; but when they have had their flow, they resume their usual calm course. This is the history of the famous religious *revivals.* This is also the origin of the greater part of the sects, especially in America, where everyone is so occupied with material interests that they have few moments to give to meditation or prayer. Moral wants, long neglected, the voice of conscience so long stifled, repentance, even despair, suddenly take possession of souls. They ask for consolations and accept them from the first comer. At such moments men always turn up, ready to put themselves at the head of the movement, to direct, master, and, if possible, work it for their own ends. These are sometimes hypocrites, often fanatics, or a mixture of the two. But the hypocrite needs the light of faith; the fanatic the light of reason. Bad passions, cupidity, and sensuality mingle in the business. What wonder then that they merge into the absurd and the monstrous? In imitation of other sects, it is under these conditions that Mormonism was born. The first founders of the sect, those who influenced Joe Smith (who was looked upon as a rogue by one party and a saint by the other), were certainly in

earnest: they were genuine fanatics. They were besides Americans. They formed the moral centre which afterwards received the European emigrants. The great migration towards the Salt Lake made an epoch in the history of the sect. It consolidated the prestige and authority of the modern Moses. Amidst a thousand dangers, and fearful privations, but under the guidance of this wonderful man, they arrived at last, and found the spot exactly as God in His vision had (it was asserted) revealed it to His elect. Certainly Brigham Young must be a supernatural being. If he be not a god, he is very near being one. And after all, what is God? The Mormons do not trouble their heads with such inquiries; and besides, their Prophet has told them that man is the equal of God. Certainly no one is so more than Young. It is evident—it is clear—everybody thinks, repeats, and believes it. Woe to him who allows himself to doubt!

Thus public opinion formed itself in the Valley of the Saints, and the atmosphere thus breathed was quickly imparted to the new comers. How could it be otherwise? The European emigrant had no means of defence. He was poor, ignorant, and debased; and in declaring himself a Mormon, he had already renounced the religion in which he was born. It is not in the dogmas of a faith he had denied that he could seek for arguments against the errors of the sect he had just embraced. More than this, he has burnt his ships. Henceforth, he belongs, body and soul, to the President. He does, then, like everyone else. He shuts his eyes and becomes a believer, that is, a

believer in Brigham Young. The Welshwomen, who form the great majority of the immigrants of their sex, are, they say, peculiarly ignorant and superstitious. They push their husbands in this direction and keep them up to it. Besides, when once you have fairly embarked in this path, how in the world can you get out of it, seeing that there is no other? The Prophet has always his eyes open. He watches over the purity of faith of his followers: and his avenging angels, the Danites, are always at hand to punish the apostates. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance or the influence of the set in which you live: and the more exclusive such a set becomes, the more powerful it is. Doctors belonging to lunatic asylums have assured me that if they were to be shut up in their madhouse beyond a certain time they would become mad themselves. Duelling, though perfectly explicable as an ordeal or as a combat between individuals, is, in the modern sense, everything that is most absurd. He who refuses a challenge is dishonoured. The man who is insulted is dishonoured too: but if after the insult he receives a ball or a sword-stroke from the hands of his insulter, then he is considered all right. It is madness; but except the present generation in England, who have broken through the prejudice and freed themselves from its tyranny, it is looked upon, in the code of honour of other nations, as an article of faith, although it is true, varying according to different ranks and positions in life. In Germany, for instance, it is unknown among the people: the middle classes set little store by it; but it is ingrained in the nobility, in the army, in the

universities—that is, in the classes and corporations which are looked upon as privileged. He who is or believes himself to be one of this privileged set, is, by that very fact, separated from the rest of his fellow-citizens. Become one of such or such a coterie where they devote themselves to literature, painting, or music. You will find in one set, for example, the worship of modern music. Dare to express the least doubt on the subject, or the smallest scruple, and you are at once judged, condemned, and executed—that is excluded. If you really hold to keeping your place in the temple, you must be converted, you must bow down to the divinity they have chosen, and adore in your turn; which you do perhaps, at first, with a secret self-reproach at your hypocrisy. But very soon, if you go on burning incense at the same altar, the grace of faith or conviction will come upon you, and the insensible influence of those around you will overpower your previous impressions: you will believe in Wagner, and if you are inclined to be enthusiastic, you will end by declaring you are ready to give your life for the Music of the Future. This is the case with the majority of men. To resist the empire of the atmosphere which you breathe, especially if this atmosphere have little or no communication with that without, it needs not only fixed principles, but a true clear judgment, and a certain elevation of character. These qualities are rare everywhere: what wonder, then, that they are found wanting in the poor catechumens, who, deluded by the emissaries of the Prophet, annually turn their steps towards the

inaccessible and hitherto hermetically-closed regions of the New Jerusalem?

It is thus alone that I can explain to myself this strange phenomenon of the sudden conversion of men without faith or morals, into believers—I will not say fervent ones, but simple and blindly devoted to the person and doctrines of the Mormon chief.

Two years ago, cases of defection were very rare. We have seen by what methods erring sheep were brought back to the fold or disposed of altogether. Since the opening of the railroad, Anglican ministers and Presbyterians, have striven, without running any serious risks, to devote themselves to their apostolic labours in the Salt-Lake City. But it has been so much lost time—in the sense that the few men who have declared themselves willing to leave the sect have shown themselves incapable of receiving any religious impressions or any moral sense. From believing Mormons and good workmen, as long as they were kept under the iron rule of Brigham Young, they became, when emancipated, frank atheists and incorrigible scamps. This fact, which has been proved over and over again, has its meaning. It is a counter-proof of the utter folly of the doctrine of the Saints. In their teaching, the moral elements are entirely wanting. Brute force does everything. Remove the restraint, and you have beings fallen to the very lowest scale of human degradation.

The influence of the railroad (and in consequence of the discovery of the silver mines, and the influx of miners in the last few months,) has already made itself felt in various ways. In the first place, the Reign of

Terror, under which the few gentiles groaned who had the courage or the resignation to settle in the Valley of the Saints, has entirely disappeared. From helots the Christians are become independent. They boast of their strength, and carry their heads high. Very soon they will become a power. The little town of Corinne, founded a few years ago by the gentiles, about sixty miles north-west of the Salt-Lake City, is become a hot-bed of opposition, where the dissentients, headed by the sons of Joe Smith, the personal enemies of Brigham Young, and all those who wish to shake off the yoke of the President, and at the same time to evade by flight their pecuniary obligations, meet together to concoct measures of resistance. Even in the heart of the community the situation is much modified. Emigrants who are not Mormons have arrived, brought in capital, opened stores, and are extending their operations every day. Everything, in fact, is changed. There is no longer a talk of sudden sentences and secret executions. No more bodies of apostate Mormons; no more avenging angels! The young girls themselves have taken up an attitude of rebellion. They openly exclaim against the practice of plurality, and swear mutually never to accept polygamist husbands. Even the Beehive has been invaded by a spirit of insubordination. The eldest son has told his father that he does not consider the children by ulterior marriages legitimate.

Mormonism is evidently on the eve of a crisis. Brigham Young seems to have a presentiment of the fact, and in spite of his great age, they say that he seriously entertains the idea of a second exodus,

either towards the deserts of Arizona, or towards one of the islands of the South Seas.

At Washington they are still hesitating to tackle the Mormon question ; but public opinion exacts more and more the active and energetic intervention of the Central Government. The material obstacles which formerly existed have now disappeared. Nothing need prevent President Grant's sending a body of troops by the railroad, and putting an end to a state of things which the world declares to be incompatible with existing laws, and with the habits and feelings of the nineteenth century. To this, the White House replies, that Mormonism, deprived of all real vitality, is condemned to a speedy decay : that it will disappear with Brigham Young, who is already an old man—that it would therefore be impolitic to hasten its dissolution, and that it would be better to let it die a natural death. Such are the present dispositions of the Central Government. But such is not the opinion of the masses ; and everything seems to indicate that, yielding at last to the force of an ever-increasing pressure from without, General Grant will end by bringing Brigham Young to trial, and resorting to military intervention, in case, which is not very probable, the Prophet should appeal to his militia force to maintain his rights. ' What will be the future then of this great community ? Will it disappear with its chief ? I find everyone around me convinced of the fact. And certainly, if events were always carried to a logical conclusion, there would be no doubt about it. Let us suppose then that the fact of their dissolution were accomplished. What would be the

moral and social position of the remains of this great body, which would then have lost all its vitality? It would be a society without faith or law: without faith, because their belief is now centred in one object alone—in the person of Brigham Young, who will have ceased to exist — without law, for not only it originated with him, but he alone can enforce its observance. This sect then, founded on the moral prestige and material, pitiless power of one man, what will become of it when this man has disappeared? No one could replace him, even if it were possible to create a second Brigham Young, or a man of the same stamp, which is highly problematical. Mormonism must expire with its Prophet. No sort of resurrection of the sect in its present form would be possible. The force of circumstances, the establishment of the railroad, the discovery of silver mines, the influx of American citizens, the intervention of the Central Government, which must take place sooner or later, to say nothing of the indignation of public opinion—all these things would prove insuperable obstacles to its resuscitation. Then the peaceable Valley of the Saints might become the scene of a fearful internecine struggle, and especially between the children of the first wife and those of the second, third, or fourth. Family ties, vitiated in their very essence by the effects of polygamy, will be violently torn asunder: the rights and property of each will be called in question. It will not only be a fearful civil war, but positive anarchy and chaos!

I do not affirm that all this will happen: but certainly it would be the natural consequence, the logical

conclusion of the sudden and violent dissolution of the state founded by Brigham Young. That is what they are afraid of at Washington. At any rate, these are the principal considerations brought forward by those who are against the intervention of the Central Government.

CHAPTER VIII

CORINNE.—FROM THE 7TH TO THE 8TH JUNE.

Corinne, the type of a Cosmopolitan Town.—A *Pow-Wow* on the Bear River.—Excursion in the Mountains.—Copenhagen.—Definition of the word *rowdy*.

THE three days in the Salt-Lake City passed quickly. Certainly, as far as the comforts of material life are concerned, there is much to be wished for; but what is more amusing than to turn over the pages of a new book full of original information and fresh thoughts, to try and discover its secret sense, which is not always easy, and to be seconded in the task by educated persons full of sympathy in the work and only too anxious to satisfy your curiosity?

The commandant of Fort Douglas, the chief justice, and the judges themselves, were good-natured enough to place themselves at my disposal and to answer the thousand questions I addressed to them. In the evening, seated in the veranda of the hotel, I am sure very soon to see the doctor arrive. He rolls his arm-chair close to mine, stretches out his limbs, seeks for, and at last finds, a comfortable position, according

to the taste of his country, and then begins to talk—taking up the thread of his tale of the morning exactly where he left it off,—and telling me one story after the other, now ludicrous, now touching, always full of thrilling interest, and I fondly hope, though I dare not affirm it, with a certain foundation of truth running through the whole.

Sometimes, in the bright moonlight we walked in the paths which led by the side of the river. But as we were continually squashing great toads at every step, who thought they had as much right to walk there as we had, we were obliged at last to content ourselves with the raised platform of the veranda. Towards nine o'clock the numerous but silent company which gathers there after supper, retires. Only the old Townsend remains. This new species of Stylites, seated as in the morning, up at the end of the terrace, in the same place and the same position, is evidently absorbed in profound meditation. His black shadow, which reminds one of an acrobat hung from his trapezium head downwards, stands out sharply against the curtain of green foliage in the silver light of the full moon.

The good-natured head of the Ogden Station had promised to come and fetch me, and he kept his word. In his company I left the Mormon capital to take once more the line of the Pacific Railway. And here we are at Corinne, the sworn enemy of the New Jerusalem. From Rome to Carthage in three hours! All the Utah territory belongs to the Saints. Corinne alone, this thorn in the flesh of Mormonism, has dared to hold its own, in spite of Brigham Young,

and to act as a city of refuge to those apostates from the faith of the Prophet who have been fortunate enough to escape the avenging sword of the Danites. This was a perilous and even a desperate task up to two years ago; but now it is easy enough, since the railroad has brought them within reach and under the protection of Washington.

Two notables awaited me at the station. They were Jews from the banks of the Rhine, the one the proprietor of the best hotel in Corinne, the other his assistant. This last unites the functions of butcher, of shopman—for the master keeps a store for every kind of article,—of head-waiter, and of driver of an omnibus. More than this, he aspires to the fair hand of the master's daughter. All this was duly explained to me whilst I was hoisted up in the *char-à-banc*, which, driven by the young man in question, runs between the station and the town. We came to a full stop before the "Hotel of the Metropolis," a wretched plank hut, situated in Main Street, the great and only street of Corinne; at least, the only one which deserves the name. The house was full; the great hall, which serves as a shop and a store, was crammed with buyers. Alongside, in the kitchen, the mistress of the house, still handsome and young, with the help of her daughter, was busy preparing the supper. The careful toilet of the ladies strikes me: I admire especially the colossal dimensions of their chignons.

Before the door of the house all the important personages of the place are gathered together, the lawyers, the legal authorities, the larger store-keepers,

&c. The greater part of the gentlemen understand and speak German. They are waiting, like me, for the signal for supper, and in the meantime cross-question me, *de omni re scibili*, and offer me their services.

Some Indians of the Soshone tribe have pitched their tents in a camp on the borders of the Bear River not far from the town. To-morrow the chiefs hold a *pow-wow*. They propose to take me there. On the morrow also, the smart world of Corinne is going to make a party to the mountains and invite me to join them. It is impossible to be in greater luck; for in this country *pow-wow* and picnics are rare.

One gentleman, the editor of one of the two newspapers of the place, presents me with the last evening edition, in which I read several articles of which I have the honour to be the subject. It is a summary of my "Sayings and Doings in the Salt-Lake City," the whole, of course, strongly impregnated with the anti-Mormon spirit of the people of Corinne. I exclaim against these indiscretions, which I attribute in my own mind to my friend, the doctor; or rather, I hotly deny the speeches put in my mouth, which are mostly pure invention. But they hasten to reassure me. "At Corinne," exclaims the newspaper-writer with a kind of proud satisfaction, "you have nothing to fear from the avenging angels of the Prophet. You are a public man. You belong to the public. Allow me to satisfy the legitimate curiosity of our readers."

The gong puts a stop to our *tertulia*. "Madame" gives us an excellent supper. It is true one is not difficult to please after having come out of the

clutches of the venerable Townsend;—and for dessert, some wild strawberries, which taste of the virgin forest from whence they have been culled. The meal does not last ten minutes. Everyone seemed tired to death and only anxious to get to bed. My amiable host has reserved his best room for me. It is exactly six feet square. A thin boarding separates me from my neighbours; on one side, a Mexican couple; on the other, a great China merchant and his suite. The young Mexican sings, and his wife accompanies him on a guitar. Some notes are certainly rather false; but let us not be too particular. Only, how to get any sleep? My other neighbour poisons me with fœtid exhalations. "John," says my landlord ("John" is the generic name of all the children of the Celestial Empire), "John smells horribly, like all his countrymen. It is an odour *sui generis*, but for you, it is a good opportunity of preparing yourself for your voyage to China."

Corinne has only existed for four years. Sprung out of the earth as by enchantment, this town now contains upwards of two thousand inhabitants, and is every day increasing in importance. It is a victualling centre for the advanced posts of the colonists in Idaho and Montana. A coach runs twice a week from hence to Virginia City and Helena, which are situated at 350 and 500 miles towards the north. Notwithstanding the serious dangers and terrible fatigue of these journeys, these coaches or *diligences* are always full of passengers. Various articles of consumption and dry goods of all sorts are sent in waggons. The

so-called "high road" is but a rough track in the soil left by the wheels of previous vehicles.

The streets of Corinne are full of white men armed to the teeth, miserable-looking Indians dressed in the ragged shirts and trousers furnished by the Central Government, and yellow Chinese with a business-like air and hard intelligent faces. No town in the Far West gave me so good an idea as this little place of what is meant by *border-life*, i.e. the struggle between civilization and savage men and things. Nowhere is the contrast more striking between the marvellous, restless, abrupt energy of the whites, the methodical quiet, business-like habits, of the Chinese, and the incorrigible idleness and indifference of the Redskins. In his exterior manners and dress the American of the frontiers is unbuttoned, coarse, and rough to the last degree; the Chinese, careful, polished, and respectable in appearance; the Indian, the very type of misery and degradation.

All commercial business is centred in Main Street. The houses on both sides are nothing but boarded huts. I have seen some with only canvas partitions. The smartest are distinguished by a façade of plates of wood much higher than the roof, which gives to these houses the appearance of awkwardly made drop scenes in a theatre. The pavement is made of stages of wood varying in height according to the taste of the proprietor. As, however, they are generally full of holes, I cannot say that they very much assist the circulation. The lanes alongside of the huts, which are generally the resort of Chinese women of bad character, lead into the desert, which begins at the

very doors of the last houses. To the south of the town, I saw some slight attempt at cultivation and some feeble beginnings of gardens. As for the rest, there is not a tree. It is desert and nothing but desert, saving a few oases, some Mormon establishments at the foot of the rocks or perched midway. Situated some miles to the north of the Salt Lake and at a less distance from the Bear River and the Wahsatch Mountains, which here are bare and uniform in shape, Corinne is certainly one of the least pretty or attractive places I have ever seen, unless perhaps to those who are come to seek their fortunes. To the west, a small Presbyterian church has been built; another is building, which I believe is to be Episcopalian. As yet, the Catholics have neither church nor priests. The white population is a mixture of all nations. The Germans are the most numerous; but there are also a good many Irish. The descendants of the Yankees from Pennsylvania, with the Germans, form the higher class; but taken altogether, the look of the town is more Cosmopolitan than American.

Three gentlemen have just come to fetch me in a light open *char-à-banc*, which has been hired for I don't know how many dollars. We first turn our steps towards the Indian camp. It is pitched on the banks of the Bear River. The large number of tents promises a good gathering; in fact, several chiefs accompanied by their warriors, with their women and children, have arrived in the last few days, and others are hourly expected. All belong to the once powerful tribe of the Shoshones, now

degraded and miserable. They are going to discuss their grievances, draw up their complaints, and divide the annual gifts of the President of the United States. At the extremities of the camp the younger men are placed as sentinels, women and little boys are watching their wild ponies (moustangs), who, scattered over the sandy plain, are striving to satisfy their hunger with sage bushes. Although miserably thin, these little horses are of a good breed. Some of them even are very handsome, and all are excessively hardy and can bear any amount of fatigue. They led us to the tent of the principal chief, where fourteen warriors, squatted on their heels in a circle, were debating the questions at issue. The chief alone rose to salute us, the others remained sitting, without betraying the smallest feeling of interest or curiosity. The president of the assembly made me sit by his side, and the discussion, which had been momentarily interrupted was resumed. The orators spoke slowly with deep sonorous voices; sometimes they became animated, but a look of the chief's instantly calmed their excitement. A great pipe, the famous calumet so often mentioned in Cooper's novels, never ceased passing from mouth to mouth. At the first turn, it was not without a secret fear that I saw it drawing near to me, but either from delicacy or from understanding my feeling, my right-hand neighbour obligingly passed it over my head to the savage on my left. Shall I own it? It was this great pipe which impressed me most. It reminded me of the most exciting passages in the American novels, those brilliant portraits of heroes whose ferocity was atoned for by acts of chivalry worthy of the Crusaders,

and whose doughty deeds have become legends which still survive in the traditions of the tribes, without, alas! inspiring their degenerate sons to follow their example. I examined the countenances of these men one by one. Disease, brandy, and misery have degraded and debased features which in a few of them still bore the stamp of the manly savage virtues of their ancestors. During the debate, especially when the speakers became excited, I could detect here and there movements of dignity and manly pride, mingled, however, with an expression of deep and indefinable melancholy. It was only a momentary flash, like the lightning which suddenly reveals to you the ruins of a virgin forest which a tempest has destroyed. This race is indeed much to be pitied. It is condemned to perish, and must perish by slow degrees. The instruments of its destruction are vice and disease. It has the presentiment if not the consciousness of its imminent ruin: it knows how it has sunk, and, what is worse, it equally well remembers what it has been.

> "... Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felici
> Nella miseria!"

On leaving the *pow-wow*, we turned our steps towards the mountains. Brigham City, nestled at their base, surrounded by cultivated fields and flowering fruit-trees, and one of the most flourishing of the Mormon settlements, is Salt-Lake City in miniature; the same straight avenues crossing one another at right angles, the same houses peeping out

of the thick foliage; the same tabernacle and theatre, and one or two other large buildings which by their appearance of prosperity surpass the ordinary Mormon settlements. A *Colonel* in the army gives us fresh strawberries and milk, after which we resume our drive. Continually ascending a gorge between great blocks of lava, carpeted here and there with tufts of grass, sage-brush and shrubs, we at last arrived in the heart of the Wahsatch mountains. Here this noble chain is much lower. Its peaked and fantastic shapes, which fascinated me so much to the east of the Salt Lake, have now become rounded and tame; a scanty vegetation covers their sides. Further on, by a *cañon* which, though not picturesque, gives you every facility for rolling into the abyss below, our panting horses finally arrived at a high, circular valley, cultivated more or less by a colony of Danes.

Copenhagen, their capital, is a group of miserable huts. The inhabitants seemed to me equally miserable. An old man came up to offer my companions an ordinary plate full of half-ripe strawberries from his garden, for which he asked and received two dollars and a half. On my remarking upon the exorbitance of the price, the buyer made me a reply which struck me from its local character. "At Corinne," he said, "far finer strawberries than these would not cost half a dollar. But in this region vegetation is backward, and these are the first of the season; that is why I bought them. I shall take them home to my wife, and I could scarcely offer her a present which would cost less."

At last we come to the rendezvous—*i.e.* a group of

maple-trees mixed with a few grey poplars, which gave very little shade. A dozen ladies, in careful and even elegant toilets, about the same number of men, and fifteen or twenty children of all ages, were encamped at the foot of the trees. Each party had brought their own provisions, and formed a distinct band. Yielding to the pressing hospitality on all sides, I pass from one group to the other. After the meal, the men join in a kind of drinking-bout, but one drinks as one eats, in silence. The children alone seem really to amuse themselves, together with an Episcopal curate, a young Oxonian, fresh from Old England, of whom he is the faithful and joyous representative. He held in his arms a magnificent baby, which he fondled like a mother. It was the very type of an English baby, fat, pink and white, thoroughly jolly, and the very picture of health. I enter into conversation with the young papa, who has good manners and is well educated. How on earth can he live in a circle so different from that in which he has been brought up? That is the secret of American atmosphere.

Copenhagen, like all the Mormon establishments from the most isolated to the most important, has the advantage of a telegraph, with which Brigham Young has endowed every town and village in his dominions. One of the young gentlemen of the picnic, in coming here, had a slight fall from his horse. Whilst some of his friends were laughing at him, another rushed off to the telegraph office, and by the time we returned to Corinne, we found this little misadventure reported in

all the evening papers, with the sensational title of "Narrow Escape," and certain dramatic details which I need not say were purely imaginary. That is what is called "sensational news," and the young man, instead of being annoyed, was very much flattered.

During this busy day, I have considerably increased my stock of biographies. There would be enough to write a new series of Plutarch's Lives! All the adventures of these people, making allowance for exaggerations, cannot be pure invention. Some facts, told soberly and quietly, are evidently true; their pretended motives, however, may be received with caution. For instance, when a rough fellow, after having quietly told you how he despatched such and such a rival with a revolver in the public-house or at the corner of a street, swears that he only left the neighbourhood because it was too hot, and that the climate disagreed with his health, one may be allowed to doubt his veracity. But the fact of the murder, or, as he calls it, the "accident," is probable enough.

To have certain manslaughters on your conscience, committed in full day, under the eyes of your fellow-citizens; to have escaped falling into the hands of justice by craft, audacity, or bribery; to have earned, in fact, a reputation for being "sharp," that is, to know how to cheat all the world without ever being caught out in the fact—that is what constitutes a true "rowdy" in the Far West. The terror of parents, but the admired model of young men, and universally popular among the fair sex, the rowdy is not necessarily a rogue and a villain. Sometimes he

is reformed up to a certain point; and as he possesses in a supreme degree the art of making himself feared, he often becomes the head man of a village, and then he grows old amidst the respect and consideration of a large number of his fellow-countrymen, of whom he has made himself the absolute tyrant.

This is the career of a good many rowdies; others less fortunate, or less clever, close their short and stormy careers hanging from a branch of a tree. These are the martyrs, the others the heros of this species of civilization. In another sphere, with the moral sense which in them is wanting, and gifted, as they often are, with really fine qualities—courage, energy, and intellectual and physical strength—they might have become valuable members of society. Some of them, placed in a different position, would have had their names inscribed in the annals of the republic, annals which are so rich in great deeds, and so poor in great men. But such as they are, these adventurers have a reason to be; a providential mission to fulfil. To struggle with and finally conquer savage nature, certain qualities are needed which have naturally their corresponding defects. Look back, and you will see the cradles of all civilization surrounded with giants of herculean strength, ready to run every risk and to shrink from neither danger nor crime to attain their ends. The gods and heros of ancient Greece had loose ideas enough of morals and propriety; the founders of Rome, the *adelantados* of Queen Isabella and Charles V., the Dutch colonisers of the seventeenth century, were not remarkable for con-

scientious scruples, delicacy of taste, or particular refinement of manners. It is only by the peculiar temper of the times and place, so different from our days, that we can distinguish them from the *backwoodsman* and *rowdy* of the American continent.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM CORINNE TO SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM THE 8TH TO THE 10TH OF JUNE.

The Great American Desert.—The Silver Palace Cars.—Ascent of the Sierra Nevada.—Cape Horn.—Arrival at San Francisco.

June 8th.—We left Corinne this evening just before sunset. At the moment we plunged into the most arid part of the great American desert it was night; but a brilliant moon, as if ironically, gave itself the trouble of lighting up the immense sheet of alkali and sand which covers this cursed land. Here and there are some black spots; these are scanty tufts of grass; further on, even this miserable attempt at vegetation disappears. There is not a drop of drinkable water. A special train brings it daily to the different stations along the line. At Promontory, the two halves of the Pacific Railway (the Union and the Central Railroad) have been joined together; but in consequence of an arrangement made between the companies, Ogden has been chosen as the terminus between the two lines. On the central line (between Ogden and the Pacific) the Pullman cars are not in

use. They are very imperfectly replaced by the "Silver palace" cars, which, in spite of their pompous name, have no dressing-rooms, are badly ventilated, and in all other respects are sadly inferior to the carriage invented by the great Chicago citizen.

At Thelton, a large number of passengers left the train to take the coach, which runs regularly from hence to Idaho and to the settlements in the north of Oregon. There are few more dangerous or fatiguing journeys; and yet these diligences are always crowded with miners and their wives and children. You will say, *Auri sacra fames.* Yes, it is the thirst for gold which makes men brave these dangers and endure this fatigue; but there is still another reason; there is the instinct and the need of migration. This instinct seems innate in the American, be he white or red; and it is caught by all those who set their foot on this continent. The American is essentially nomad. The Indian runs after a buffalo; the white man after gold or to gain money. One and the other must live, and to live they must migrate; even the farmer, if he gets a chance of bettering himself, leaves in a moment his farm and his home to begin afresh. Those even who do not themselves travel, pass with the greatest ease from one occupation to another. It is only another kind of locomotion. Everyone is imbued with the spirit of change—wishes to push on—to "go ahead;" and to do this they will neither draw back from any obstacle, nor be deterred by any danger. And do not fancy that an American is made of a different stuff from ourselves. He holds to his life as much as we do, and sees no fun in risking it; but his mission is to go ahead and

he does go ahead! He is like a doctor, who, faithful to his vocation, goes to his hospital, where cholera and typhus are raging, just as he did before, but who would very much prefer there being no epidemic.

June 9th.—At the first glimmer of dawn, one sees a change in the aspect of the country. For the last hour or two we are in the Nevada territory. An isolated rock rises two or three thousand feet above the sand. The emigrants give it the name of "The Pilot," because it is at the mouth of the great American desert and points out to the caravans the road to the Humboldt River, where at least they can find drinkable water.

Soon after, the train slowly ascends a steep bit of ground which forms the margin of the dried-up desert we traversed during the night. We cross the *cedar defile* and come down into the Humboldt valley. This river takes its source near the cedars and flows gently towards the west. The railroad like the caravans, of which we still see the tracks, follows it all along its course—that is, upwards of 350 miles. All day we watch its green waters running between double banks of grey willows, covered with a fine alkaline dust, which fills the whole air and penetrates into the noses, eyes, and ears of the unhappy travellers. Everyone begins to sneeze, and some of us complain of violent headache.

Further on, the country becomes less monotonous. Beyond the rocks which back the river, the eye loses itself in a sea of undulating plains which are completely barren and uncultivated. Certain peaks are

seen above the horizon (appearing low only because the valley here rises to a height of five or six thousand feet) which are covered with snow during the greater part of the year. Here, again, as in the Rocky Mountains, the analogy with the Roman Campagna is striking. More to the west, the ground becomes again stony, and we are once more stifled with dust.

The intense heat and fœtid atmosphere drive me from the inside of my "palace." According to my wont, I sit down on the steps of the platform and there breathe freely the fresh elastic air of the high level on which we are travelling. The chain of rocks we perceive in the distance is rich in mineral products. At Palisade Station, an immense quantity of silver ingots, forming two high walls, are waiting for embarkation on the railway trucks. A huge mass of money, piled up in the sun, in the heart of the desert! Certainly the prose of daily life and the poetry of the "Thousand and One Nights" run very close to one another in the Far West. Wherever the train stops, there is a crowd of Indians and Chinese. A few white men, going to or coming back from the mines, fill up the strange picture, which repeats itself at every station, as, between the stations, you catch glimpses of the green river, the desert plain, and the snowy peaks of the mountains. A monotonous picture, if you will! but of a severe and even grand beauty. The greater part of the travellers are of my opinion, though artists are divided on the subject.

Two or three compartments in our train are filled with regular troops of the United States army. They are bound for San Francisco, and from thence are to

march rapidly on Arizona, where the Apaches have taken the war-path.

For several weeks, a regular massacre of the planters had been the order of the day. These soldiers, admirably equipped and armed, look very well. At one of the stations a young Chinese prisoner had been entrusted to them. In passing close to him, I could not help observing his mortal pallor and the profound despair of his countenance. A few moments later, this poor lad, either hoping to escape, or wishing to commit suicide, threw himself out of the window of the train. The engine was stopped, but nothing was found but a mutilated corpse. What struck me most was the horrible indifference with which this incident was talked of. Some of my fellow-passengers even made fun of it. I could not conceal my indignation. "At any rate he was a man!" I exclaimed. "No, no," was the reply, "he was a Chinese!" And another added, "One Chinaman less, and that's all. There are quite enough of them in the country." Such is philanthropy in California.

At one of the stations, I sent a telegram to my banker at San Francisco asking him to be kind enough to secure me a lodging there. One or two hours later the answer was remitted to me. With the help of the railway guide my correspondent had calculated where the answer would be most likely to find me, and the head of the telegraph office, during a few minutes' stoppage at one of the stations, had been clever enough to find me out in the midst of a hundred other passengers. Gentlemen of the Euro-

pean telegraph, would you have been able to do as much? Or, rather, would you be disposed to follow such an example?

Towards evening we perceive to the south, not far from the line, an immense lake or rather sea, thirty-five miles long and ten broad. Into this great sheet of water the Humboldt falls; it is its "sink." We are now in the great basin of the Californian desert. A broad belt of land runs along the eastern slopes of the Sierra Nevada and stretches from Oregon to Arizona. This desert receives and absorbs in its burning sands the mighty rivers and innumerable watercourses from the mountains, which find no outlet, because between the Wahsatch mountains and the high Californian chain, the soil gradually lowers.[1] Notwithstanding the darkness, the crisper, keener air, and the gradual slackening of our pace, tell us that we are arrived at the first spurs of the Sierra Nevada.

June 10th.—At one o'clock in the morning our train enters California. The station is called "*Verdi,*" in honour of the great master. One of the passengers, a Hamburg commercial traveller, is indignant; he demands with loud cries that the station shall be called "*Wagner.*" It seems to me in questionable taste to christen new and growing towns, or, as in Europe, streets, with celebrated names which have no connection with the locality. The illustrious personages whom a musical engineer, a poetical architect,

[1] In all about 1,100 feet. Ogden is at 4,300 feet, and Mirage Station, where the ascent of the Sierra Nevada begins, 3,199 feet above the level of the sea.

or a philosophical municipality have thus desired to honour, often find themselves strangely out of place, and very often become the subjects of raillery or impertinent questions, such as: "How? YOU here?" or the like, which the passengers involuntarily ask them. There is a reaction on this head in the United States, and they are at last beginning to prefer naming their new cities after the old Indian appellations of the sites on which they are built.

The line, by short and sharp curves and quick ascents, follows the sinuosities of the mountain, plunges deeper and deeper into the forest, and at last arrives at the "Summit" Station, on the very crest of the Sierra, which is the highest point of its course.[1] On all sides rise up high granite peaks, the crenelated tops of this great wall; lower down, the gentle slopes are covered with magnificent trees, and here and there, are rayed with bright lines; these are artificial torrents formed by the miners, for we are now actually in Eldorado. A second chain of somewhat lower mountains prevents our looking down on the great Californian plains. It is a perfect maze of hills flooded at this moment by hazy blue tints merging into tender green. It is no longer the same atmosphere as that of the interior of the continent. No more transparency, no more extraordinary supernatural light effacing all distances and destroying, as it were, the perfection of the scenery. It is the sky of Andalusia, with a blue, vapoury, hazy horizon, mingling

[1] 7,007 feet above the level of the sea. The highest point of the Central Railway, Sherman, is 8,242 feet above the level of the sea.

with the purple curtain of the mountains. In spite of the name of the Sierra, there are only here and there patches of snow, forgotten in some crevice of the rocks and surrounded with a garland of flowers of every shade and hue. The train glides swiftly along the abyss or through galleries made of wooden beams tightly joined together destined to protect the line from the snow. These frail constructions, which must be very inadequate to resist a real avalanche, hide the view of the panorama at our feet; but on the other hand, they save us from seeing the precipices into which the slightest accident might hurl us. Thus we have an enjoyment but also an emotion the less! The lower we descend the more the scene changes. One station half-way down the Sierra remains for ever engraved in the mind of the traveller. Nothing can be more graceful and pretty than the appearance of the little town entitled "Dutch-flat." Each house is surrounded with a garden. Vines crawl over the walls of the cottages. Fruit trees white with blossom form the fences. A profusion of flowers scent the air; while the streams running through the meadows give a delicious freshness to the whole. Unfortunately there are no shepherds or shepherdesses to live in this earthly Paradise. Nothing can well be less pastoral and less in accordance with the idyllic character of the site than the race of rough adventurers who dwell there.

Between Dutch-flat and Gold-run the soil is all cut in trenches and furrowed with dykes. Everyone knows what is meant by the hydraulic method. From the top of the mountains, great columns of water are

brought to bear upon a mineral strata, by which huge blocks of rock, clay, and earth are detached in a few seconds from their native bed, and the auriferous deposit is conducted into what are called *flumes*, where they pick out the gold.

A little lower down, the train stopped at the station called Cape Horn. This part of the railroad passes for being the *ne plus ultra* of engineering art, and at the same time the most perilous, as one finds oneself suspended over an abyss more than 2,000 feet deep. I own, however, that this much-vaunted spot, both for its beauty and its terrors, did not come up to my expectations. In picturesqueness it does not exceed an Alpine pass, and the conformation of the ground diminishes its terrible character—the engineers of the Semmering and Brenner Railways have overcome greater difficulties. But what *is* alarming is, the construction of the line, and in consequence the forced and fearful speed of the trains; forced, in this sense, that it depends less on the will of the driver than on the weight of the train; and that beyond a certain limit, the breaks are quite insufficient. This is a danger which as yet they have not been able to meet; but the engineers and drivers on these Pacific lines fulfil their duties most scrupulously and are, in this respect, very much in advance of their brethren on the other side of the Missouri. Accidents, in consequence, are rare; though the experts say that this is due less to the construction of the line than to the small number of trains which pass over it and the great precautions taken. But now and then bad accidents do happen. Lately there was a collision

between two trains, the carriages of one of which were of unequal size, so that the smaller ones were driven into the greater. This terrible collision, which cost many lives, enriched their technical railway vocabulary with a new term. They say: "Such and such a train has been 'telescoped.'"

The influx of travellers on the Pacific Railroad will naturally increase with time; but until now, it is far from coming up to the expectations of the shareholders or of the Washington Government, who, in granting every kind of facility and immense concessions of territory to both companies, was mainly actuated by political considerations. They reckoned by this iron ring to tighten the bond of union between the East and the West, and to strengthen their hands against the Southern Secessionists. Will that object be some day attained? There are many sceptics on this point; but it is one of those questions which time alone can solve.

We are rapidly descending. The line winds through wooded banks and rushing streams; but the devastations caused by the miners spoil the view. Here and there you come upon solitary huts inhabited by Chinese. They look out for ground abandoned by the whites: and thanks to their industry and the extreme sobriety of their race, they manage to live comfortably and even to save on the gleanings of their predecessors. We saw a good many of them at work. Seated with their feet in the water, leaning forward and busily engaged in washing the gold, they do not even turn their heads to see the train pass.

At last we emerge from the mountains. The great

Californian plain, already yellow and parched by the heat of a Mexican summer, spangled here and there with magnificent oak trees, or dotted with villages and little towns surrounded with green, was rolled out before us like a field of cloth of gold. A transparent luminous haze floating in the air, tempered the glare of the day and threw a veil of gauze over the glowing picture. Towards the horizon, in front of us, running from north to south, was a long blueish line. That is the "middle" chain of mountains which traverses the whole length of California. Some hours later, we found ourselves amidst their gorges, which are bare at the top, but covered on the sides by every description of flowering shrub, whose lustrous leaves shone in the sunshine in spite of the thick layer of dust which dimmed their brightness. The river rushed and foamed almost under our carriage-wheels. Then we came to another plain, bounded to the west by another chain of low mountains—the "Coast Range." The last sensation of fear reserved for the passenger who has crossed the great American Continent in the way I have described, is while passing over a succession of frail bridges made of trestle-work, thrown over the marshes and the American river close to Sacramento City.

A little grey cloud is pointed out to us on the horizon. That is San Francisco; not the town, which is invisible; but the grey, cold fog which envelopes it during the summer months. We are, then, just at the end of our long journey. The passengers, all of a sudden, seem to be in a fever of impatience. At last, towards five o'clock, in the

afternoon, the train stops at a little distance from Oakland, close to the bay, and just in front of the town of San Francisco. Here the scene suddenly changes. The sun is darkened, the sky has become black and foggy, thick clouds shroud the tops of the mountains which surround the gulf. Of San Francisco itself one sees nothing save the great ships anchored in the harbour, and the houses of the lower town. It is like a curtain in a play which is just rising and showing only the feet of the actors. The air has suddenly become extremely cold, an icy wind blows from the north-west. From twenty-eight or thirty degrees of Réaumur, we have come down to three or four degrees below zero. In less than ten minutes we have passed from the dog-day heat of Mexico to the white frost of the North. One could fancy oneself at Liverpool or Glasgow in a horrid foggy day in the month of November.

From the railway carriage to the great steamer which is to take us to the other side of the gulf there is but a step. But this step is a positive race. Everyone seizes his bag, his wife, his children, if he has any, and without saying one word of good-bye to the persons who have shared with him the fatigues and perils of a journey from one ocean to the other, he rushes towards the foot-bridge which leads to the steamer. As Oakland is the residence of all the elegant world of San Francisco, the immense boats (real floating palaces), are always full, and sometimes it is most difficult to get a place. The intense cold does not allow of one's remaining on deck. So the huge saloon on the first floor, warmed

by great stoves, is positively crammed. The arm-chairs and benches are occupied by ladies covered with furs from head to foot, and mostly dressed with a great deal of taste. The gentlemen wear "ponchos" or hugely thick winter greatcoats. The whole appearance of the company is decidedly cosmopolitan.

But here am I landed on the opposite bank of the gulf, carried at a quick trot across the sombre deserted streets, set down at last at the "*Occidental*" Hotel, and most comfortably installed in a pretty little apartment well lit, and above all, well warmed; for excepting snow, it is winter, real winter, regularly set in for the three months of June, July, and August, at one or two miles only from the great semi-tropical heat of a Mexican summer.

CHAPTER X.

SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM THE 10TH TO THE 13TH OF JUNE, AND FROM THE 22ND JUNE TO 1ST JULY.

Its Origin.—The Pioneers.—The Reign of Pikes.—The Vigilance Committee.—Commerce and Trade.—Wells and Fargo.—Growing Reaction against the Gold-diggers.—Position, Climate, and Appearance of San Francisco.—Its Inhabitants.—Its Cosmopolitan Character.—A German Home.—The Chinese Quarter.—Cruel Treatment of Chinese Emigrants.—Jesuit Colleges.—Cliff House.

At the time of the discovery of gold the mission of Dolores was nothing but a wreck. The Franciscan fathers had founded it during the Spanish occupation,[1] but after the separation from Mexico they abandoned it. Near the convent rose a *presidio*, that is, a little fort built by order of His Catholic Majesty for the protection of the mission. Under the Mexican Government, a certain number of ragged soldiers still mounted guard there. Now and then, a cutter would furrow the solitary waters of the bay, which, like the *presidio*, bore the name of the founder of the Order. Indian huntsmen and wild beasts haunted the forests

[1] In 1777.

and mountains which encircled the bay, but the neighbouring slopes were cultivated by the natives, whom the monks of St. Francis had christianised, and in a great measure, civilised likewise. In 1849, when "the Californian fever" broke out in Missouri, in New York, at Boston, and in all the great towns of the east, and that gold-diggers were first sent to this distant shore, San Francisco could not boast of more than four houses deserving the name. To-day, this young metropolis, the *Queen-City*, reckons 130,000 to 140,000 inhabitants. Its rapid growth is due to the discovery of gold. But it is to its daily increasing commerce, to the cultivation of the soil, to its agriculture, which, it is to be hoped, will soon replace the working of the mines, and to its industry, still in its infancy, but capable of unlimited development, that it will owe its lasting and solid prosperity.

Here everything is young, nature itself is still virgin; the oldest of the houses is not twenty years old, and the most venerable inhabitant is under fifty. Among the last, the most remarkable patriarchs are the men of "early days," the *pioneers*, as they proudly call themselves, those who witnessed the birth of this golden capital; who when they arrived lived either in one of the four solitary huts before named, or slept in the open air, under the protection of the guns of the Mexican Fort. These men have grey hair and whitening beards, for one lives fast in California, and are comparatively respectable. Their ranks have been thinned; many are dead and died poor; few have made their fortunes, and still fewer on going back to their own country have been able to

carry off their savings. Those that I saw did not seem to me prosperous. Yet they gave up their whole lives to the worship of gold, and were the first to extract it from the bowels of the earth, or to brush it out of the sands of the *cañones*. Gold in abundance has passed through their hands; but somehow it did not stick there. These men remind one of the old lion in the fable, who has lost his teeth. Age and infirmities have tempered the brilliancy of their eyes. They bear the stamp of hardy adventurers; between brandy and exposure to the weather they have no complexions left. Nevertheless, in spite of threadbare clothes, scanty meals, and the disgust and deceptions consequent on lives which have missed their mark, they do not turn misanthropes. They have a kind of good-humoured, caustic authority, the result of experience; and enjoy a sort of dignity which keeps them up, especially in their own eyes. Are they not the first who discovered the riches of the soil? who laid the foundations and paved the way for the wonders of the future? These men have an innate consciousness of their own value, which it is hard to dispute. I made some of them tell me the history of San Francisco. It is contemporaneous history, for it only goes back twenty years, but with respect to the changes these twenty years have witnessed they represent centuries. And to think that these men have sown the seed, and seen the tree grow and spread and finally develope into such magnificence! Certainly, it is not altogether their work—nothing like it. Still they have a right to lay claim to its origin. It was not till I had listened to these

modern Romuluses that I understood the foundation of Rome; the ardent passions of the men who marked out its boundaries, who laid the first stone, watered by the blood of a brother, in the daily strifes for the soil, which they fought for with each other as much as with the wild beasts. I seemed to be reading over again the details which the pen of Titus Livy has transmitted to us while listening to the stories of the founders of San Francisco, or "Frisco," as they familiarly call this child of their creation.

The first five or six years of the existence of this new town were years of incessant struggle; every man's hand was against his brother—*bellum omnium contra omnes.* In appearance "Frisco" was like all other new settlements in America; *i.e.* one or two streets lined with huts of wood or canvas, two or three larger buildings for stores, four or five inns, or rather public-houses, and besides, gambling tables without end and houses of bad fame. At the mines, killing toil; in the town, perpetual orgies; everywhere strife, murders, and assassinations. Blood and absinthe flowed on all sides. It was simply a hell upon earth; not the hell of Dante but the hell imagined by the two brothers Breughel—one of whom painted scenes of peasant debaucheries, and the other devilries which only a Dutch imagination of the seventeenth century could have invented. It was the acme of gross and yet grotesque vice.

The first arrivals came from the only Slave state in the west—Missouri. The inhabitants of this state, who had mostly immigrated from the south, brought with them the same ideas and tastes. After having

crossed the American deserts, and become the first possessors of the auriferous soil, the Missouri men found themselves suddenly confronted with their brethren from the east. The Panama route not being yet opened, the new-comers had been compelled to double Cape Horn. Many had been six, eight, even twelve months in a sailing ship. At the diggings these men soon became formidable rivals. The antagonism which has always existed between the Yankees and the Southerners added to the heat of competition. In point of morality, one was as good, or rather as bad as the other. But the immigration of the Northerners went on increasing, while that of the Missouri men diminished. After five years of an anarchy which it is almost impossible to describe, but which did not check the material progress of the town, the Northerners found themselves the strongest, and determined to take the lead. Then they established the famous Vigilance Committee. Every man who had committed a murder, or even was suspected of being capable of such an act, was instantly, if a Southerner, brought before the Committee, and hanged on the first tree—*morto popolarmente*, as Machiavelli would say. It was from the moment of the creation of this tribunal, however partial, arbitrary, and irregular its decisions may have been, that we may date the beginning of a better state of things. The "rowdies" of yesterday, transformed into judges, took it into their heads to enforce order, and everyone, in consequence, found his position more supportable.

Here begins the second era.[1] The reign of "pikes,"

[1] From 1855 to 1856.

thanks to these summary executions, was at an end for ever. The members of the Vigilance Committee had the good sense to dissolve themselves, and to give place to regularly constituted tribunals. Lynch-law was, therefore, virtually at an end. But another revolution in men's minds was being accomplished. At first every new-comer had rushed off to the mines. In the imagination of the first emigrants, California was a quarry of pure gold, and their only business was to seize and carry it off. This delusion was soon dispelled, and at last men began to understand that gold was to be found in other places than the diggings. They likewise discovered that other occupations would bring in more than gold-washing, if only they could import the two things most needed in the colony—capital and honesty. Men possessing both soon began to arrive, and establish themselves at San Francisco. After a set of adventurers, came men of business, after anarchy, a tolerable guarantee for the safety of life and property. There was at last order, security, and probity, in the Californian sense of the words, at any rate, if not in ours. Order did not exclude the revolver, and precautions were needed in business transactions which would astonish Wall Street and the City of London. But the progress was, nevertheless, very remarkable, and as far as I can judge, it is still going on. With a rapidity which can only be compared to the burst of spring flowers in arctic regions, an entirely new class of men came upon the scene. They were mostly composed of new immigrants, bringing with them both experience and capital; and some few of the old pioneers, who,

having made their fortunes at the diggings, wished to return to the pale of civilisation. These were first-rate men of business. They installed themselves quietly in Montgomery Street, put the miners at once into a secondary rank, and embarked in their speculations with that sagacity, boldness, and promptitude which ensure success. What above everything distinguished them were, intuition and courage. They seemed to divine their business, they saw profits as in a vision, and pursued their ideal with a vigour which converted it into a reality. These men have become great merchants. Only if you come from Europe, or even from New York, and wish to do business with them, remember that they are infinitely cleverer and sharper than you, and that they have wider ideas than yours as to what, in their trade, is illicit and what is not.

These men started a number of companies and private banks, which are carried on with English and American capital, and whose ramifications extend to London, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Calcutta, and Bombay. One of the most remarkable of these establishments is the company of "Wells and Fargo." Its enormous operations embrace the whole western side of the great American continent, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, from the confines of British Columbia in the north, to the frontiers of Mexico in the south. Its agents are scattered over all this immense surface. In the most remote corners of the mining districts, and the primæval forests, wherever there is a white settlement, you are sure to find a neat, clean little house, bearing in colossal letters the inscription of

"Wells, Fargo, and Co." This company act as bankers to the planters, the backwoodsmen, the miners, and to the multitude of little towns which spring up one day to disappear the next, or to become important centres of new districts. The transport of both letters and parcels, forms, however, one of the most important branches of the operations of this great company.[1] For this purpose, they buy stamped envelopes of the post office, add their own stamp, and charge a small percentage on each. The small sacrifice this involves is amply compensated to the public by the regularity and safety of their postal service. Until last year, these operations were continually increasing; but they have been considerably reduced by the opening of the great railroad. The coaches and cars of Fargo and Wells no longer convey travellers to Fort Laramie or Salt-Lake City. The railroad has taken all this work out of their hands; but they continue to supply all the carriage roads leading to the railroads, and unite the important points of Idaho, Montana, Nevada, and the Pacific States from Olympia to Los Angeles and San Diego. One can then form some idea of the importance of this company. Its capital is not derived from the gold-fields. It appears to me a significant

[1] In 1863, this company bought of the Government 2,000,000 of envelopes at 3 cents., 15,000 at 6 cents., 30,000 at 10 and 18 cents.; besides 70,000 postage stamps at 3 cents., and 12,500 at 6 cents. I borrow these figures, which were verified on the spot, from an interesting book which I have already quoted: "Across the Continent." New York, 1869: by Samuel Bowles. This author gives also fragments of a sermon which I will quote extracts from later on.

fact, that almost all the shares of "Fargo and Wells" are in the hands of New York bankers. The amount of English capital embarked in these companies, and in the great banks of San Francisco, becomes larger every day. It is, therefore, not Californian gold which feeds the commercial activity of San Francisco. This gold, on the contrary, finds its way abroad, and especially to England. It would be curious though difficult to verify the proportion between the value of precious metal exported, and the amount imported from abroad.

Trade is continually on the increase. Wool manufactures hold the first rank. The numberless flocks of the country supply the raw material. They boast also of the perfection and strength of the machinery manufactured in St. Francisco. The workshops here furnish the miners with all their tools; the import of such articles has entirely ceased. Formerly they sent skins to the Eastern States to be tanned, and sent back in the shape of boots and shoes: now they make them better here than anywhere else. Their production of silk stuffs also promises well; but their cotton goods are inferior. To sum up all, we may rest assured that what is already done is nothing but a beginning of what will be done hereafter in this rising city. Natural riches abound, and form elements for a healthy and flourishing trade independent of the gold-fields. Neither capital nor hands are wanting: for the Chinese who swarm here are excellent workmen. In woollen manufactures they are preferred to all others. Generally, they reckon that one white man does the work of two yellow ones: but in some factories the work-

men are entirely children of the Celestial Empire. Like the commercial man, the Californian trader is distinguished by largeness of views, boldness of conception, and a natural disposition to venture large means to arrive at great results. One might fancy that the size of everything in nature inspires men with grandiose ideas. This is one of the principal charms of the country, and one of the causes which bring back most of those who have lived here for some time.

Its real riches, as I said before, do not consist in gold, but in the fertility of the soil. If the statistical information I obtained be correct, only a sixth part of the available land is as yet under cultivation. Its principal products will always be cereals. Already the crops not only supply the wants of the country, but are sufficient to export flour to Japan, China, and Mexico. It is evident that this exportation will increase year by year. It appears to me doubtful, however, if the corn of the Pacific States can ever seriously be put in competition with the cereals of the inexhaustible granaries of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and other central states. Their natural outlet would be the Southern States of America and the extreme East. The agricultural pursuit which answers best here is gardening. The quantity of vegetables and fruit produced from this soil is something fabulous. Vine-dressing is also increasing, and I have heard that the wine made in San Francisco is really excellent, though as yet it is little drunk. I do not fancy, however, that the vintage of the country can ever compete with that

of France. One thing to be set against this extraordinary produce is the ever-increasing price of land, especially on the borders of the railway which runs through the southern part of California and Oregon, and unites the Bay of San Francisco with Portland.[1] Speculation, of course, has something to say to it; but even without this momentary augmentation, it must be remembered that the value of land always corresponds with the value and amount of production; and no one can deny the present brilliant results of cultivation; or think that future hopes of still more surprising returns are altogether chimerical.

The more commerce, trade, and agriculture prosper in this colony, the stronger is the reaction against gold-digging. This question has often been discussed before me. I have even heard men, who might be looked upon as authorities in such matters, declare that the cost absorbs the profits, and that you bury in the earth as much gold as you get out of it. As a proof, they cite the very small diminution in the value of the precious metals, in spite of the enormous quantities produced by the gold-fields of America and Australia. But it appears to me that this fact may be explained by the immense increase, during the last thirty years, of all those European products

[1] I purposely abstain from quoting the figures given me which seem to me exaggerated. I do not wish, either, to weary my readers with statistics, which have no value but when they come from official sources and are scientifically grouped. I have no intention of furnishing a complete study on the state of California. I am only trying to gather together, in one clear picture, the varied information I received on the spot.

of which gold acts as the representative sign; and also, though in a less degree, by the constant exportation of money to China.

Whatever may be the cause, however, the feeling against mining gains ground every day. The grievances on this head are endless, and each man will give you a fresh one of his own. To begin with; the intending gold-diggers arrive alone, without any capital, without any guarantee of character or morality, and generally belong to the least respectable class of emigrants. When once they have set to work at the mines, they naturally fall into the ways and habits of those around them. As the rights of property are badly defined, constant quarrels arise, among the miners themselves in the first place, and then between the miners and the farmers whose land runs nearest the mines. The whole existence of these men is, in fact, a constant protest against the fundamental conditions of civilized life. As to the government, it has neither the means nor the will to bring them within the pale of the law. But this is not all. Experience has proved that except in very rare instances, due mainly to chance, individuals cannot compete with companies. Sooner or later the miners are ruined, give up the diggings, and become the terror of the settlers—real banditti—and a running sore in Californian society.

On the other hand, the companies, both large and small—and there are upwards of three thousand of them—run fearful risks. Enormous gains are frequently followed by as tremendous losses. Their transactions are, in fact, nothing but a huge game of chance, of which one of the characteristics is the un-

certainty and rapidity of gain and loss. It is, therefore, a reasonable conclusion that gold-digging in all its branches is a permanent source of demoralization. Looking at it from an agricultural point of view, it is, of course, the utter destruction of a quantity of arable land which would indeed be precious, if, instead of being burrowed into and destroyed, it were simply cultivated. To have the least idea of the extent of the devastation of the soil, you have only to visit the mining districts. Wherever the hydraulic process has been in operation on any large scale, the most fertile land has been converted into a chaos of rock, gravel, and mud. But from the very excess of the evil the remedy will arise. The hour is at hand when agriculture, which is developing itself with giant strides, will be strong enough to dispute the soil, and that victoriously, with the mining interest. It will bring about a revolution which the respectable part of the community is already earnestly desiring. "Mining is a curse," are the words in everyone's mouth. It would be difficult to express this conviction more eloquently than was done the other day by a Protestant minister preaching in San Francisco. "Don't let us deceive ourselves," he exclaimed. "History has proved that society can never organize itself satisfactorily on an auriferous soil. Nature itself is in bad faith. It corrupts, seduces, and cheats a man. It laughs at the sweat of his brow. It transforms his toil into a game of chance, and his word into a lie."

San Francisco turns its back to the Pacific, which, in spite of its proximity, remains invisible. The

distance from the Queen-City to the ocean is nevertheless not more than five or six miles. The town looks upon the bay, which, stretching towards the south-east, disappears inland. It is an oblong basin surrounded with hills wooded in some parts, and in others covered with vineyards and gardens. From the streets of the upper town, if only the thick curtain of fog would sometimes rise, the view is as unique as it is beautiful. Sometimes, but rarely, and only in the early morning, the sun bursts through the thick dull clouds which shroud the neighbouring heights. Then, wrapped in your great-coat and shivering with cold, you see, as through a black frame, a little bit of bright blue sky, and the smiling hillsides of Santa Clara and San José. You have at least had the satisfaction of having had a glimpse of summer. The town is built half on an artificial shore, which, with incredible labour and expense, has been rescued from the waters of the gulf, half on the eastern slopes of the "Coast Range" mountains, that great granite dyke, which running from north to south, stops the waves of the Pacific. One single opening has been made in it by nature, it is called the "Golden Gate." Francis Drake was the first to cross its threshold. It gives access to large ships, but at the same time to the icy winds, charged with vapour, blowing violently from the north-west, that is, from the North Pole, during the three summer months, which beat in rain against the rocky chain that binds the coast, but afterwards, rushing through the Golden Gate, ingulf themselves in the bay and accumulate above San Francisco those leaden, heavy, grey clouds,

which make winter in the midst of summer—winter confined to the suburbs of the town, and surrounded by that tropical heat which, at this season of the year, sets the plains of California almost on fire. This singular contrast never ceases to strike me; I have been here for three weeks, and I have only once or twice seen a few pale rays of sun, and that only for a few moments.

The largest half of the town, as I have said, is perched on the flank of the mountain—that is, on the steep incline of a granite rock covered with a thick bed of gravel and sand. If the "pioneers" had marked out the plan of the streets in conformity to the lay of the ground, it would have been easy, by taking advantage of its very irregularities, to make good carriage roads and picturesque terraces. But the first founders of this city were either Yankees or Missouri men, who would not hear of anything but straight lines and right angles. Just fancy the curve of a huge wave lashed by the wind and broken into a thousand little cavities. That is the look of the ground. Then, as a man who is used to command the elements and remove mountains, you say:—"I choose that these rocks and inequalities should disappear, and be converted into plains"—and so they are, in your mind's eye! Then you take a rule and a square, and map out streets and avenues, and "blocks" and squares, exactly after the model of all other American towns. Boston is an exception—but Boston was built by the English. If San Francisco were to be rebuilt now, it would be on a totally different plan. The cosmopolitan element which

begins to prevail would have set its seal on the place. But the idea of an American is simply to go ahead—not to be deterred by difficulties, but to attack them in front, and take the bull by the horns. Thanks to this bold determination, the result is marvellous, but I cannot call it successful. Everyone allows that nothing can well be worse than the construction of San Francisco. In the streets the circulation is impeded at every turn: and the houses are not only ugly, but positive caricatures. After having laid out some straight streets and built houses on either side, they found that, owing to the shape of the ground, they could not be made accessible for carriages, so they were compelled to lower the level of the streets till they became like deep ditches; while to get into the houses, flying staircases were added, which seem positively to be hung in mid-air. It reminds one of the excavations and rubbish left sometimes near the approach to one of our great capitals by the making of a new line of railroad. Nothing can be more ugly, untidy, and inconvenient. Very soon it was found out that, from the nature of the soil (being chiefly sand and gravel), the action of the wind on these aërial habitations, perched in this way on the ledge of a precipice, very seriously endangered the foundations. Serious accidents were the result. More than once it has happened that the "breeze" from the north-west, after having undermined the foundations which these excavations in the carriage-road had laid bare, simply threw the houses down into the trench below. The expense of all these repairs was so considerable, that at last this absurd system was given up. To rise

to the different levels, as the houses are built on the sides of the mountain, they now make use of steps. But the result is, that if you go in a carriage, you have to make a tremendous round. When you look up from the lower town, the eye is struck, and I would almost add shocked, by the optical effect of these straight lines broken by the level of the ground. Everywhere else, if you are looking at a long line of avenue, the houses and trees on each side seem to be lowered towards the horizon. Here, owing to the extraordinary way the ground has been dealt with, they ascend. One would think it was a fault in perspective! But nature never commits such errors. It is man who by his work makes her appear guilty of an infraction of her laws.

The houses, with a very few rare exceptions, are all built of wood. Wooden buildings placed on sand! It does not sound solid. But what is characteristic of this hardy race of occupiers is the coolness with which they answer your sinister predictions by—"Well, if they fall, we've only got to build them up again."

Do not fancy, however, that these men are too busy about making money to care for the comforts of life, or that they disdain the fine arts. In the designs of the new buildings occupied by the rich bankers and merchants (which are all of the style which one might call "American Renaissance"), I saw several attempts at real beauty of form and proportion. I do not say that these attempts have been always successful. What I complain of is chiefly the material of which they are built. To take a lot of beams and planks,

cover them with plaster, and give them the colour of marble or cut stone, is to commit a sin against good taste which any eye accustomed to study architecture would at once detect. But the interior of these houses is very fine, spacious, and comfortable; they are handsomely furnished without being overdone. Very few knick-knacks about—Californian taste disdains them. But on the other hand, they possess some very fine works of art. You find statues and pictures which came from the best studios in Rome. The Oakland Villas are deservedly admired. All those I saw deserved their reputation. The house of Mr. B., is worthy of a merchant prince. That of General K., my pleasant companion across the Atlantic, is a perfect gem of elegance and good taste. Both house and garden are his own creation, and nature and art have been equally lavish of their treasures.

But to come back to San Francisco. I like the modest houses of smaller men, which are not without their merit. Hardly ever is a little garden wanting—a perfect basket of roses and fuchsias. The gardens of the larger proprietors, though not very extensive, are admirably laid out. The mildness of the climate in winter allows of a constant change of flowers, and their lawns are well watered and carefully mown.

The great hotels and the public buildings are alike everywhere in America. There are also some really fine churches. The most sumptuous ecclesiastical edifice, however, is undoubtedly the synagogue. I put it first, because from its position on one of the highest points of the city, it attracts the eye before all the Christian churches, and attests likewise the

local importance of the Jewish element. "St. Mary's," the Catholic cathedral, is a fine and noble Gothic structure. "St. Ignatius'" bears the name and the style of the order it represents. Besides these, there are the Church of St. Francis and the convent chapels. The Protestants have likewise each churches for their particular sect. Nor must we forget the two *joss houses*, or pagodas of the Chinese worshippers. What seems to me significant is that all these religious edifices date their construction from 1854 to 1856. It was the moment of the establishment of the Vigilance Committee. When they began to call the rogues and murderers to account, the peaceable inhabitants began to remember that they were Christians; collections were made, and the re-establishment of order coincided with the laying of the first stones of the churches. The schools likewise date from the same era; but the architectural decorations of these latter buildings seemed to me exaggerated and out of place.

Montgomery and Market Streets form the great arteries of the lower town. They intersect the commercial and industrial quarters, and are consequently always busy and thronged. The other streets are more or less empty. The greater part of the rich merchants live in the upper town. The uniform colour of everything is dust, which fills the whole air; the shade varies from yellow ochre to pale brown, and under the shadow of the summer fog-clouds to dark grey. The buildings, the pavements, the macadam of the streets, are of the same dingy uniform tint. A sepia drawing, done on yellow paper, with the

shadows in Indian ink, could alone give you an idea of the colouring. The streets are filled with sand and the houses with dust.

You will say that this is not an attractive picture! but, strange to say, one has not been a week in San Francisco without getting used to it. Almost all the stranger residents, especially the Germans, have but one dream when they first arrive, namely, to make their fortunes as fast as they can, and then to return home. But when the hour of departure comes, they have somehow changed their minds, or rather their feelings. They end by staying on; or if they go home for a short time, they generally end by coming back again. This Californian life has evidently a charm which no one can resist. Everything is on a large scale, and everything is easy, at least in the minds of people who think themselves capable of everything, which is here the predominant idea. Everyone has plenty of elbow room. The space is infinite, and that space belongs to you. The future likewise is yours. This conviction, which is thoroughly ingrained in men's minds, favours their bold conceptions, guides them in moments of trouble and uncertainty, cheers them in discouragement, and enables them to bear up against every trial. The moral atmosphere is like the air you breathe, and acts upon body and soul like a glass of champagne. The life you lead is the same. You are in opulence or in misery. If the latter, why then, work! You are the master of your own destiny. And so they do work, and speedily become rich. In the "early days," and not so very long ago either, it was a common thing to see *gentlemen* standing at the corners of the streets

offering their services as porters. You saw them dressed in one of Poole's best coats, carrying sacks of flour, trunks, pianos, and the like, for a dollar at a time. Now, we are far removed from this exceptional and primitive state of things. Everyone has found his place. Hands are not wanting: only the price of hand labour, which seems fabulous to us, remains the same. But do not imagine that living is as dear as certain travellers wish to make you believe. In the very best hotels you pay three gold dollars a day—that is, about 17½ francs. Everything is included in this charge, except wine; there is no extra charge of any sort. For that, they give you an excellent room, and feed you to repletion. The cooking may not be exactly according to your taste; but the food of all kinds is of the very best quality. More than this, you have all the luxuries and comforts peculiar to American hotels. If I want a drawing-room, I have a magnificent apartment given me, thoroughly well warmed, and lit (alas!) with six gas-burners, day and night, for five dollars. In London, Paris, or Vienna, it would cost twice as much. Miners, and people who have no pretension to elegance, find excellent board and lodging for half a dollar a day. This will give you, without exaggeration, the average of the prices of the necessaries of life. Another thing which struck me very much was the rapid strides that have been made in every kind of scientific appliance. In the public buildings, in the counting-houses of the merchants, in private houses, in public schools, in workshops, in factories, everywhere, in fact, they have introduced the very last and best results of physical and mechanical

science. Ventilation, for instance, which is in its infancy among us, is admirable here. The methods of lighting, and warming, and laying on water, and all other domestic arrangements, leave nothing to be desired. Compare the great Pacific steamers with those of the Atlantic, and you will see that in point of comfort and luxury these last are terribly behind-hand. New York and London are evidently distanced by San Francisco. This fact would be astounding, even where a desert on the one hand and an ocean on the other did not completely isolate a town from the rest of the civilized world. But the explanation lies in this: that here everything has to be created from the very beginning. There is no bad system of the past to be set aside or put up with for a time. The past! Why, there is none! That is the secret of Californian life. Add to this, that money is always at hand for everything. That is, one has it or not, as the case may be; but if at this moment your exchequer is empty, to-morrow it will be full. So it comes to the same thing; for everyone has credit. They do not, therefore, draw back before any question of expense. On the contrary, they take advantage of every new invention which has sprung out of the speculative heads of the Old World or of the States.[1] They appropriate them at once, and introduce them on the largest scale.

The climate also has its charms. It is a continual spring, especially during the winter, which knows neither ice nor snow. In summer, it is true, cold

[1] It is thus that Californians call New England, and, in general, all the Eastern States.

fogs prevail, but that is only in the town. During this season, delicate persons always leave it. To escape the rigours of the months of July and August, they have only to cross the gulf and take refuge at Oaklands. The journey occupies less than an hour. Here they find the most deliciously warm temperature without any great heat, as this favoured spot is situated between the foggy region of the Golden Gate and the burning plains of the interior.

And here we must not forget to mention the immense abundance of fish, flowers, and fruit at San Francisco. They are within the reach of everybody. The very sight of these treasures of nature piled up in the public market-places, and on all sides, rejoices one's heart. Oranges, too, are sold in immense quantities. They are imported, however, from far; from the Southern States, or from Los Angeles and San Diego; but the greater portion are brought by sailing ships, which take twenty or thirty days to come, from Tahiti and the South Sea Islands. At every step you take in the streets you are reminded of the great distance which separates you from the Old World. The extreme east and west meet here. At San Francisco, one begins to understand that the earth is round, and that extremes meet. I am taking a quiet stroll through Montgomery Street. Some servants, German cooks, are returning from market. The Germans are very numerous here. Sometimes one hears nothing but German talked round one. A few steps further on, the inexplicable sounds of the children of the celestial empire fall upon my ear. Two of them, livid with anger, are, I suppose, abusing one

another. They don't fight with fists, for that in China is a mark of respect, but with their heads, which they shake furiously. Their comrades, making a ring round them, are laughing heartily. What a hideous lot they are! At the corner of the street, I come upon a group of Irish men and Irish women, unmistakable from their dialect and peculiar characteristics. The women are all tall, with black mantillas. The Mexicans have not disappeared altogether: they live in a separate quarter of the upper town. They are of mixed blood; but the Andalusian, that is, the Andalusian type, prevails. The genuine Americans, by which I mean the Yankees, are numerically small. In the beginning, they were more or less the masters. They are still at the head of every movement; they originate ideas; they guide commerce; but they are no longer masters of the position. Other elements have come in to dispute their ground; first the mass of stranger emigrants—Irish, Germans, and Chinese; then an ever-increasing proportion of English capitalists. France is represented by certain respectable commercial houses of the second order. She furnishes besides to San Francisco, as to all other parts of the globe, dressmakers, hairdressers, cooks, and sometimes actors. But French people, as a rule, do not like emigration. They prefer making smaller fortunes and stopping at home. The little Austrian colony is composed almost exclusively of Dalmatians. Some amongst them have set up in business and done very well. Others are pedlars, fruitsellers, or whitesmiths. These good Austrians are a brave and peaceable race, generally respected, never having any rows amongst

each other, and rarely with men of other nationalities; and they give little or no trouble to our excellent consul. Ah! Monsieur Mücke, I am afraid you can't say the same of me! I know how I have abused your patience, your kindness, and your time. But what pleasant moments do I not owe you! and what agreeable reminiscences I shall carry away!

Germany sends an important contingent to this cosmopolitan population, important by their numbers, but still more by the qualities which in all latitudes distinguish her sons. They are laborious, sober, and economical. They possess two virtues which are wanting to the Anglo-American: they know how to wait, and they content themselves with small profits. They also work for a cheaper rate of remuneration, and live for half the sum.

From a social point of view, they are superior to their fellow-countrymen in the States. Their children know and speak habitually their parents' native language, and remain Germans while still becoming Californians. I went one evening to a play acted by a German company. The theatre, which was about the size of the one at Leipsic, was crammed full. In the States, as I mentioned before, the second generation *Americanize* themselves;[1] but here, only walk into a counting-house in Montgomery Street, and you would swear you were in Bremen or Hamburg. Become acquainted with any one of these families, which is easy enough, for the German of San Francisco is most hospitable; a member will be charmed to take you home with him, provided it be towards the end of

[1] See p. 60.

the day, after he has shut up his counting-house. The way is long, for we are going to the upper town ; but there is the tramway, or else one goes on foot, which is a capital constitutional. If it be still light, you go through the Chinese quarter, which, it must be owned, is not very safe after nightfall. By scrambling up an endless succession of steps you reach the upper regions ; and if you are exposed to all the winds of heaven, at any rate you enjoy a glorious view. In this part of the town, the Germans and Mexicans prefer to live. You clamber up the last staircase, which is a perfect ladder (having previously climbed up a steep street like a trench), and then find yourself in the porch of a house, where you can fancy yourself at once in Germany. The mistress of the house, whilst doing the honours, never takes her eye off the two neat, clean, young German girls who are waiting at dinner. The meal is excellent ; we have all the dishes of the "Vaterland" admirably cooked. Whilst one devours a Frankfort sausage, or a Westphalian ham, emptying at the same time a bottle of Liebfrauenmilch, one thinks of one's absent brethren, and a tear glistens in the eye of more than one of the guests. Wherever and whenever he may be, a German is always sentimental. It seems to me that the men take to the ways of the New World more than the women. These remain essentially German ; they are excellent managers, good musicians, and their souls are full of poetic dreams—*häuslich, poetisch, musikalisch.* They manage the house, care for and educate their children, are not above putting their hands to culinary occupation, and, notwithstanding all these

employments, they still have moments to give to Goethe and Schiller. In the evening they always make time for a little music—a symphony of Beethoven's, played with more feeling, perhaps, than brilliancy, or a *lied* of Schubert's, sung by one of those round silvery voices which seem to be the special property of German throats. The arrangement of the rooms, the graceful vases of flowers in the drawing-rooms, the choice pictures or engravings on the walls, all bear the stamp of honest and honourable lives; maintained by labour, it is true, but ennobled and embellished by a serious education and a taste for and cultivation of the fine arts.

One night, rather late, I was going away from one of these houses, where I had passed a most agreeable evening, and being, as I thought, sure of my way home, I refused the escort of my host. "Turn round the Chinese quarter," was said to me on all sides, and off I started. But the night was dark; a damp, penetrating fog added to the obscurity; and in San Francisco, from Germany to China is but a step. All of a sudden, I find myself in a narrow, dirty street, evidently inhabited by the yellow race. I hurry my steps, but in the wrong direction, and here I am in the very midst of the Chinese quarter. As far as the thick darkness will allow me to judge, the streets are completely deserted. The lower houses are wrapped in sombre shadow. Here and there red paper lanterns swing from balconies equally painted red, coloured lights glimmer on the wooden pavement, shine through the chinks of the beams, and finally disappear. At every step I stumble against the signboards, long

narrow strips of wood, suspended perpendicularly on iron triangles, and blown about by the wind. The sinister creaking of their hinges is mingled with dull, confused noises of various kinds. Inside the houses, I hear whispering, as the signboards have betrayed the presence of an intruder. I descend as fast as I can. In some places the darkness is complete, and I can only go on by feeling. In others, momentary and vivid lights, coming from God knows where, creep along the wood-work of the gilt shop shutters and light up some grotesque monster, or the cabalistic red and black letters on one of the signboards. Further on, by the pale red glare of a solitary gas-burner, I begin to guess, rather than perceive, the distance I have yet to go in this infernal place. The wind increases in violence; driven by the gusts, the clouds and fog sweep down into the street and hide even the stones. Seen through this misty veil, the monster signs take the form of horrible-looking human beings, ranged in double rows, furiously agitated or driven against each other, and performing I know not what satanic dance. I pass by an open door, a feeble light streams from it; I hear the sound of voices and dice; it is a gambling house. A man placed as sentinel is glued to the wall. On perceiving me he rushes in to give the alarm; he took me for a police inspector. I hurry on as quickly as I dare on the slippery steps. I begin to see at my feet one of the broad cross streets of the lower town. Already my ear is rejoicing at the sound of a carriage or some belated omnibus; a hundred steps further and I shall be once more in a civilized country! At this very moment, at the

corner of a blind alley, I am attacked by a band of women. These harpies hang on to my clothes, seize me with their horrid bony fingers, and nails like birds' claws, and peer at me with faces besmeared with white, red, and yellow paint, and with that peculiar odour of the children of the celestial empire which is certainly not a perfume. Fighting my way as best I can, and digging with my elbows right and left, I at last manage to rid myself of them, and followed by their screams and imprecations—luckily, their mutilated feet prevent their running after me—I reach, at last, the exit from this hell, my face streaming with perspiration; and after half an hour more I arrive safely at the hospitable door of my hotel.

The Chinese quarter, neglected and badly looked after by the police, who, however, know well how to keep order in the other parts of the town, is the theatre of all the worst crimes committed in San Francisco; but the guilty are generally white men, fresh from the mines, who go there to keep their Saturnalia, gamble away their doubloons, "eat" a yellow man, and rob the passers-by without distinction of colour. They are the last survivors of that race of malefactors whom the Vigilance Committee exterminated with so little ceremony.

This disagreeable nocturnal promenade was followed by several others, made, however, during the day time, and in company with persons who have relations with the great Chinese merchants. There are between eighteen and a hundred thousand Chinese emigrants in California, of whom fifteen or twenty thousand reside at San Francisco. Some of them

have founded large and important commercial houses here, and bear an excellent reputation. People praise their honesty, their intelligence, and the facility with which they at once seize and adopt the ways of American and European commerce. They import silk, tea, and objects of curiosity. One of the most eminent is Fang-Tang. Settled here ever since the first immigration of his fellow-countrymen (in 1852), he has succeeded in amassing a large fortune, and that by honest means. His two wives and the younger children remain at Canton. From time to time, he crosses the Pacific to pay them a visit. The Chinese emigrants very rarely allow their families to accompany them; so that one only sees the least respectable of their fair sex in America. However, since last year, a good many of the residents have sent for their wives. Fang-Tang also is disposed to bring his two better-halves over, "in order," as he told me, "to set a good example." The arrival of a few respectable women will raise the moral tone of the Chinese colony and remove its provisional character. Families will then remain in the country, will increase and multiply, and finally form an integral portion of the population of the Pacific States. This would bring about a revolution rich in consequences, of which we can hardly as yet measure the result.

Until now, the Chinese have been nothing but birds of passage. Not one of them ever dreamt of settling himself in America for life. They all come from the south of the Celestial Empire, from the provinces of Kwang-tung and Kwang-si; and are of a superior class to the coolies exported from Macao to Chili and

Havanna. They are for the most part peasants in easy circumstances. Some of them have a certain amount of education; others are artisans. A great many bring with them a certain amount of capital; all, vigorous arms and willing hands, minds ready to embrace every chance of success, and a firm determination to make a little fortune. All of them leave their native land with the hope and intention of returning there. They make provision for their remains, in case of death, that they may be transported to the village where they were born. To have their bodies sent home is one of the first conditions of the contracts entered into by them with the government, or the companies, or the individuals who wish to employ them. Also, every steamer and every sailing ship bound for Hong Kong or Canton carries back a large cargo of corpses. These emigrants are divided into companies, of whom the presidents or heads reside at San Francisco; and these men, according to what Fang-Tang tells me, have great influence over their fellow-countrymen. They receive them on their arrival, provide for their wants, arrange any little disputes or quarrels among themselves so as to prevent their being summoned before the American courts, and exercise, with the consent of the contending parties, a certain judicial power, even in criminal cases. They give relief to the sick, facilitate the emigration of the living and the return of the dead; try, in a word, to soften the somewhat hard lives of their countrymen. Without their constant and paternal intervention, the too well justified animosity of the Chinese against the whites would break out in acts of open violence,

and would probably endanger the very existence of the colony. I cannot find terms severe enough with which to reprobate the conduct of the Californians towards the Chinese. These last are virtually put out of the pale of the law. Before the courts, their evidence is refused. Those who work at the mines are taxed to the extent of four dollars a month per head. At the gold diggings, the most bloody scenes periodically recur. The white miners chase away the Chinese, expel them from the claim they have legally acquired, and kill them if they attempt to resist or defend their just rights. Without the least provocation on their part, the Chinese are constantly beaten and robbed. But this is not the worst; no notice is taken of these iniquities. There is not an instance of any verdict of any jury being given in their favour or of any punishment being inflicted on the guilty. Besides, how prove the fact? No white man will give evidence against one of his own colour, when it is in favour of a Chinaman; and the Chinese themselves are not allowed as witnesses. That rough men, given to excesses of all sorts and stimulated by jealousy and the thirst for gain, should allow themselves to behave in this way towards a weaker race, and think every atrocity permissible, is not to be wondered at. But how is it possible to justify the conduct of members of the legislature, judges, juries, composed of well-educated men, who, perfectly aware of the important services rendered by the Chinese, and which they themselves are the first to profit by, are not ashamed to pander in this way to the bad passions of the

multitude? But, alas! it is one of the running sores of this great republic, especially since the introduction of universal suffrage. Very often justice and morality yield to mob law, and the weakest goes to the wall. Fang-Tang has very often spoken to me of the sad position of his people, but always with a sober reserve worthy of a diplomatist of the old school. "The Americans do not consider us as men," he said to me one day. "This is not right, *not good.* They would like to exterminate us, like rats or any other vermin that is very bad. But," he hastened to add, "there are some Americans who think and speak differently, only they do not dare act as they feel."

The origin of this extraordinary hatred is a question of dollars and cents. The white miner receives, besides his food, three, three and a half, or four dollars a day. The Chinaman is not fed, and is content with seventy-five cents, or one dollar, or at most a dollar and a half. It is the same with every other branch of industry. In the towns, the Chinese act as domestic servants, and are excellent cooks and washermen; in the country they excel as gardeners. The beautiful terraces which are now being made, and the earth-works in different parts of the Sierra Nevada, are all the result of Chinese labour. The fact is they are the best workmen possible. Without their concurrence, the Pacific line of railway would never have been completed in so short a time. On board the steamers of all the great companies, the sailors (bad ones, I must own) and all the waiters and stewards for the passenger service are Chinese. In

the factories likewise, they replace the white men more and more. Everywhere, in fact, their competition makes itself felt. The masters, and all those who are in want of hands, very naturally employ them; for they are even better workmen than the whites, and work for half (or less than half) the wages. And as they are very numerous, and as the immigration goes on increasing, their competition weighs in the labour-market and begins to lower the price of the white workman. This is their only crime. They are forced to expiate it by being the victims of acts of brutality, which arrive even at murder; of legal enactments, which are the shame and disgrace of American legislators; and of decisions of juries, which are as contrary to justice as to common sense. And yet they hold on—nothing seems to discourage them. Each of the great steamers which plies monthly between San Francisco and Hong Kong, brings between eight and twelve hundred Chinese passengers. A far smaller number return home in the same ships. These are emigrants who have served their time. They carry away in their trunks the fruit of their long and patient toil; in their minds, a sovereign contempt for our civilization;[1] and in their hearts the bitterest hatred of the Christian.

The Irish, who are more numerous than either Germans or Chinese, are valuable from their physical strength and the multiplicity of occupations to which they can turn their hands. The lowest trade is not

[1] I know that this assertion will be contested by many European residents in China. But on this subject I think they are the victims of illusion.

despised by the vigorous sons of Erin; but you meet them in every sphere of life. The Occidental Hotel presents a very fair picture of their social position in California. The proprietors,—men who are respected and looked up to by every one for their high character and the large fortunes they owe to their industry,—the clerks, and every one employed about the place as waiters or servants, are one and all Irish. They fill every grade in this vast establishment, and fill it well.

The Anglo-American population belong, in a great measure, to the Episcopal Church. This fact, which is difficult to explain, deserves to be mentioned from the contrast which California presents in this respect to the rest of the States, where Presbyterians, Methodists, and Unitarians form the majority of those who are not Catholics. The Germans are mostly Protestant rationalists. There are also many Jews among them; but few Catholics.

The Catholic population numbers upwards of fifty thousand. All the Irish and Mexicans, and a large number of the Anglo-Americans, belong to this communion. If these statistics be correct, they form the third of the San Francisco population. The priests are almost all European, either Irish or the sons of Irishmen, and Italians. The clergy is mainly recruited from Europe, and in a small proportion from Canada. America, absorbed by the pursuit of this world's goods, has few vocations. It is the same with the nuns. The mother superior of the great monastery of Notre Dame de Namur at San José, told me that, to fill up the vacancies caused by death or sickness in the ranks of

her saintly daughters, she is obliged to have recourse to the houses of their order in Belgium, or else to go herself and fetch fresh novices from France, Germany, or England.

The Jesuits have two large colleges—St. Ignatius in San Francisco itself, and Sta. Clara in the town of that name, which is situated forty miles to the south of the capital. At St. Ignatius they board and lodge a hundred boys, and have five hundred and fifty in their day-school. At Sta. Clara the number of boarders is much larger. In both houses the fathers are Italians. The studies embrace the usual university classes. Latin and Greek are not neglected; but the greatest attention is given to the study of the exact sciences, especially mathematics, chemistry, and mechanics. The pupils have much more liberty and take the initiative more than is allowed in similar establishments in Europe. These are the only concessions made to the American spirit. In all other respects they have preserved the doctrines, practices, and habits of European colleges. One fancies oneself once more in Europe, in fact, when one has crossed the threshold of one of these great and flourishing seminaries. And curiously enough, it is mainly to this circumstance that they owe their great and increasing popularity. A rich American merchant, a Protestant, said to me: "I have placed my sons there, in the first place, because the course of studies is better than in any other college; and, in the second, because the young men there learn to obey and have good and gentlemanly manners. When they leave it, you would fancy they had come back from a voyage to Europe!"

This opinion is confirmed by universal testimony,[1] and by the fact that the Jesuit college in California, and that of George Town, near Washington, reckon among their scholars a large number of Protestants, and even Jews. The prejudice so widely spread in Europe against the members of the Society of Jesus is utterly unknown in America.

If the Irish form here the principal Catholic element, and if the Germans, representing the Reformed or Protestant rationalist doctrines, are the natural-born enemies of the Celts, the antagonism between the two races, proverbial throughout the States, is here mitigated by the intense mutual hatred of the Chinese. But Irish, Germans, and Chinese seem destined to grow in Californian soil, to spread and multiply, and perhaps eventually to contest the actual superiority of the Anglo-American race. San Francisco, consequently, bears the stamp of a thoroughly cosmopolitan city. The houses, streets, and public buildings may still remind you of America, but the greater portion of the inhabitants are born in far-distant lands. They have brought with them other ideas and other customs. Germans, Celts, and Mongols in presence of each other! Surely, since the great emigration of the fifth century, no such contrasts were ever seen in this world! What kind of people will come out of the contact of races so different in origin, religion, and civilization? How far will they amalgamate? What

[1] "Modern convents and colleges holding up the Cross. . . . now offering perhaps the best education of the coast to the children of our Puritan emigrants."—"Across the Continent," by Samuel Bowles, p. 277.

will be the influence, real though as yet unexplained, of this rich and virgin soil on those who reclaim it and bring it under cultivation? What moral and religious atmosphere will be formed around these future generations? These, and such as these, are the secrets of Providence. I shall not attempt to strive to divine them.

At New York, on the very first day of his arrival, a stranger is taken to the Central Park; at Washington, to the Capitol; at Chicago, to the Granaries; at San Francisco, to Cliff House. These are the respective great "lions" of these famous cities. For my part, I give the palm to Cliff House. It is impossible to see anything more strange or more attractive. Saving a little *café*, of which the terrace serves as an observatory, nature itself has undertaken the details of the picture. The hand of man has had little or nothing to do with it. M. Mücke took me there in his gig, drawn by a "trotter" such as America alone can produce. He tears along the macadamized road in a straight line past the waving heights of the Coast Chain. We have left behind us the last houses in the town—now the cemeteries transformed into gardens. Further on, the country bears the aspect of a succession of downs deprived of all vegetation. Not a tree was in sight; a low curtain of black clouds hung over the sandy shore and prevented our seeing the ocean. But we heard its roar. The noble animal, which made the six miles in I don't know how many minutes, stopped at the door of a house. We went in, and passing through

the building, came out into a veranda and found ourselves face to face with the infinite.

The sea breaks against the natural terrace which supports the house; to the right, towards the north, stretch the rugged mountains of the Coast Range; to the left, is the shore—before us, the great Pacific. At a short distance three great rocks rise out of the sea. The middle one is covered with sea-birds, black and immovable like the stones on which they are perched, and of which they seem to form part. On the two other rocks are grouped some colossal monsters. One is asleep—the others appear to be at play. Some of them are frightened and barking furiously. These are the celebrated seals. They abound on the innumerable reefs of the Californian coast; but the privileged inhabitants of these three rocky islands enjoy the special protection of the State. A law has been passed to leave them undisturbed. Swimming round and about the rocks are heaps of these beasts, apparently sporting, pushing one another and scrambling up the rock or falling down heavily into the water. When wet, their coats are a dark grey; but when dried in the air, they have the tawny, light brown shade of a lion. It is altogether a strange, wild, fantastic scene! Above the coast is a line of fixed clouds; towards the ocean an ever-shifting curtain of fog hides the line of the horizon. But your imagination pierces through this veil. You contemplate in thought the vast Pacific, which alone divides you from the extreme East and rolls its waves from one pole to the other. To complete the magic effect of this panorama another

sea monster, a huge whale, suddenly appears on the scene, although he keeps himself at a prudent distance. At this moment my meditations are cut short. I hear a great noise, and turning round, perceive a quantity of beautifully-dressed ladies and smart men, all armed with telescopes, who, coming out of the "kiosk," rush towards the balustrade to see the new-comer. Through the open doors I distinguish tables loaded with good things and all the *paraphernalia* of greediness. My dreams are dispelled. I find myself in presence of all the littlenesses of civilization and no longer alone face to face with the savage grandeur of nature.

CHAPTER XI.

YOSEMITE.—FROM THE 13TH TO THE 22ND OF JUNE.

Way of Travelling.—Modesto.—Mariposa.—The Virgin Forest.—The Big Trees.—The Valley of Yosemite.—The Falls.—Coulterville.

AN excursion to the *Big Trees* of Mariposa and the Yosemite Valley is not an easy thing. Nevertheless it has become the fashion with the inhabitants of "Frisco." Any man who pretends to be "somebody" either has made this expedition, or announces to his friends that he is about to do so. I have not met many people who have visited these inaccessible regions: but every one tells me he is going—next year. As to roads, there are only tracks; but the railroad which is in process of construction, and which is to unite the mining districts with the main lines, will soon make them superfluous. In the meantime there is a public conveyance, always full of miners, which comes and goes regularly.

For the comfort of tourists, everything has to be created. One gets on as one can. Two rival companies have been formed to encourage the country

propensities of the plutocrats of Montgomery Street, and the roving instincts of the foreigners whom the Yokohama steamers and the Pacific Railroad bring to San Francisco. Their agents go from house to house, and from hotel to hotel, to expatiate on the charms of this expedition, to promise you every comfort and facility, and finally to take down your name. When a sufficient number of excursionists have been secured, say twenty or thirty, you pay your fare: relays of horses are sent on to certain *ranchos;* and on a certain day you start. The distance, going and returning, is 440 miles. The price of the tickets, partly by rail, partly in a carriage, and partly on horseback, is 80 gold dollars, or 480 francs. Of all ways of travelling I think it is the least agreeable. One gives up one's liberty and passes ten days in the most intimate relations with perfect strangers. But here you have no choice. It is the only way of reaching that part of the Sierra Nevada, or to travel at all with any kind of comfort or safety.

June 13.—We left San Francisco at four o'clock in the afternoon. After shivering all day, we found spring at Oakland and summer at the next stage. At Lathrop we left the main line of the Central Railway, and went by a side one called *Visalia,* because it is to end at this town, which is situated in the south of California, between Los Angeles and San Diego. Visalia will some day be the flourishing capital of the county of Tulare, which will become, they say, the richest granary in the south. At this moment it is a great uncultivated tract of waste land, covered with forests and marshes. But here people

always talk in the future. At this moment the new railway, which crosses the valley of St. Joachim in all its length, stops at Modesto, twenty miles from Lathrop. The hotel at this little town, and the company one meets there, amused me by its local colouring. It is purely Mexican: you might be at a thousand miles from San Francisco. Men in *sombreros* and Andalusian gaiters are talking and smoking on the steps. Miners in blouses are indulging in potations at the bar. Everyone is armed to the teeth. The agent who directs our little caravan has the greatest difficulty in finding places for us at the *table d'hôte*. Then everyone seeks his little den for the night. But the thin boards neither keep out the noise nor the smell of tobacco and absinthe which infects the air. Soon, however, the house is converted into one great dormitory. To the noisy voices of the first part of the evening succeed the heavy breathing and deep snoring of the energetic civilizers of the West. The distance from San Francisco to Modesto is 101 miles.

June 14.—We are called before daylight to start in two *char-à-bancs* named diligences; at five o'clock we are off. Our road leads straight towards the mountains. The ground—a vast plain covered with wild flowers and wheat scorched and browned by the sun—looks like an immense dust-coloured carpet, and gives to our carriages a motion like a ship at anchor in a roughish sea. The fat old gentleman in front of me becomes violently sea-sick. The other passengers turn pale. The heat and the dust add to our discomfort. I do not see a trace of a road. Our four

horses drag us across the fields, and woe to us when they take it into their heads to trot! What an idea of a party of pleasure! Nevertheless there is some fun in it. There are three or four grave and silent Yankees, with their wives; but there is a large family party from Omaha, who form the noisy element;—a young lady, the very type of the "fast girl" of the period, with a lot of young men, her brother and his friends, all "swells" of the Far West. There is also a father and mother, but they are only accessories. I cannot take as much part in their lively conversation as they seem to wish, being absorbed in the care of my unhappy *vis-à-vis*, always prostrate with sea-sickness. At Hormitas, where we stop and dine, the young lady obtains the first place in the dining-room. I watch her as she installs herself comfortably in her chair while her parents are in vain seeking for places elsewhere. On leaving the town, one sees, through a golden, glittering mist, the bluish outlines of the Sierra Nevada. Very soon after, the road—for here there really is one—winds through a little valley, on each side of which rise the out-works of the great mountains. Beautiful groups of oak-trees relieve the eye, weary of the dust and glare. Everywhere we come upon the devastation consequent on the hydraulic process used by the miners. Further on, we enter a thick wood. At six o'clock in the evening, we arrive at Mariposa. This is one of the principal head-quarters of the mining districts. Hard by is the famous Fremont Concession. Here gigantic fortunes have been made and lost. To-day, however, the tide is low, and the look of the people is the same. Our

carriage stops at a little inn kept by Germans. As a fellow-countryman, the innkeeper and his better half receive me with open arms. In the dining-room, a group of miners and men of sinister looks seated round a table are fighting for their supper with the flies. The air is stifling and impregnated with horrible smells. Fortunately, at seven o'clock they make us continue our journey; but this time in little carriages adapted to the mountain routes. I take advantage of the fact to change my companion, and luckily I fall on my legs. An old gentleman with European manners, who, at our different halting-places has often watched me with a kind of compassion, takes me under his protection. He is a great proprietor of factories at Pittsburg in Pennsylvania. He has often been in Europe. "In an evil hour," he says, "he had the unhappy fancy to try the New Pacific Railway: and, still greater folly! to go and see the *Big Trees* of Mariposa." His companions are a general of the Virginian militia (a Southerner and a good-looking, gentlemanly man), his son, and another young man. Admitted into this pleasant circle, and no longer obliged to watch over my fat New Hampshire friend, or to parry the shafts of my *fast* young lady from Omaha, I breathed more freely, and was at liberty to enjoy the fresh evening and the beautiful scenery at my ease. The road passes through a narrow gorge covered with magnificent fir-trees, and then plunges into the forest. From time to time the great yellow Californian plain peeps out through a clearing or between the branches of the trees, whose tops are now brilliantly coloured

by the setting sun. But very soon the fast-gathering night adds to the darkness of the forest. At last, at nine o'clock, some feeble rays of light and the furious barking of a lot of big dogs tell us that we have arrived at our destination.

We are in the heart of a virgin forest at the *rancho* of Messrs. White & Hatches, planters in easy circumstances, who are good-natured enough to receive the tourists. The house has the look of a cottage; all the rooms open on the veranda. A soft lamp lit up the little drawing-room, which was prettily and tastefully furnished. The supper was quite excellent. It is fair to add, that we were too hungry to be particular. What delighted me most of all, however, was the lady of the house. It was impossible to be more amiable or more ladylike. She had the kindness to give me up her own bedroom, which was a perfect model of cleanliness and elegance. The bed was hung with snowy-white curtains. The furniture consisted of a bureau and an arm-chair; on a console table was a guitar and some music and an open volume of Tennyson. The walls of this dainty little chamber were composed of rough planks: above the door, a Venetian blind, for want of shutters and glass, (for glass is a precious article in these parts,) which remains open day and night; the whole a germ of civilization with a rough outside husk. From Modesto to the *rancho* of Messrs. White & Hatches they reckon eighty-four miles.

June 15.—The song of the birds, whose concert seems to come down straight from heaven, and the

freshness of the early dawn penetrating through the Venetian blind, woke us early. At half-past six we were in the carriage. The road rises rapidly, and the passengers get out and walk along the little paths which have been water-courses in the rainy season. The forest gets more and more dense. Hardly a ray of daylight can pierce through this Gothic dome supported by thousands of tall, red, slender columns, which, running to a prodigious height, hide their capitals under a mass of foliage. The thicket swarms with animal life. The eye loses itself in the black depths of the gorges. Here and there, flickering lights throw an uncertain gleam on the flowering shrubs, on the purple, pink and white azalea blossoms, on the white graceful bells of the mahogany flower and on the shining leaves of the arbutus, with its velvety cups of flowers. A few steps further on, the twilight yields again to the night. But all of a sudden, by an invisible opening, the sun sheds its dazzling light over the whole scene. Then the forest bursts upon you in all its beauty under a very shower of golden dust. What are these trees which, by their size, impose upon the eye and charm it by their endless variety? I recognise our European oaks, our maples, our larches, and many others belonging to our hemisphere: but the varieties of firs peculiar to California predominate. As to the mountains, we are in the midst of them, but we cannot see them. Arrived at a ridge,[1] an accidental dip in the ground enables us to cast a last look on the plain, which by an

[1] Five thousand three hundred feet above the sea.

optical illusion, seems to rise on the horizon like a straw mat hung against a wall. A blue line marks the middle chain of hills, and another, towards the north-west, the Coast Range. The air is full of a kind of transparent haze, by which both earth and sky are mingled into one. Towards the east, at our feet, and on the side of the Sierra Nevada, of which we have climbed the first spurs, are masses of tree tops: above us, red trunks crowned with thick verdure. There is no trace of rocks except some low and rare blocks of black granite. Here, as in the north, where it is crossed by the rail-road, the Sierra Nevada, with its rounded summits, resembles the Jura more than the Alps.

At ten o'clock we descend into a little, flat, circular valley, carpeted with velvety green. The trees have been cleared, saving here and there, where a magnificent fir has been left. Mr. Clark's *rancho* is the last civilized spot in these regions. Here also ends the carriage road, so-called. Nothing was more striking than the little house of our host compared with the giants of the forest which shaded it. From this planter's farm to the *Big Trees* is only a couple of miles. But we have to wait for the arrival of the people whom this morning we were lucky enough to leave behind; the "big fellow," as the guide irreverently calls him, with his party; and the Omaha set, the young lady with her adorers, brother, and parents. At last all the party are assembled, and we start, well mounted on some little Indian horses (*moustangs*), harnessed and saddled in Mexican fashion.

The *Big Trees* of Mariposa[1] well deserve their world-spread reputation. A law lately passed, and voted unanimously by the legislature, shelters them both from speculation and from the devastation of the mining companies. Unfortunately, however, it cannot protect them from the incendiary fires of the Indians. But none of these trees can be cut down. There are more than four hundred, which, thanks to their diameter of more than 30 feet, their circumference of upwards of 90 feet, and their height of more than 300 feet, are honoured with the appellation of the *Big Trees.* Some of them have lost their crown and been in part destroyed by fire, that scourge of Californian forests. Others, overthrown by tempests, are lying prostrate on the soil, and are already covered with those parasitic creeping plants which are ever ready to crop up round these giant corpses. One of these huge hollow trunks makes a natural tunnel. We rode through it in all its length on horseback without lowering our heads. Another, still standing and green, enables a horseman to enter it, turn round, and go out of it by the same opening. These two trees form the great attraction of the tourists. Like the Russian pilgrims in Palestine who have bathed in the Jordan, the tourists, after having passed on horseback through the tunnelly trunk of one of these trees and the interior of the other, strong in the consciousness of having done their duty, think of nothing but instant departure. The greater part of

[1] Discovered in 1855. They have been so often described of late years that I should be afraid of wearying my readers by repeating what has been so often said before.

these trees are marked by the inscriptions of different celebrated persons. One of them bears the name of Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Situated at 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, the ground on which it has pleased nature to create these giants is a deep hollow of the mountains covered with a thick virgin forest. Each generation presses upon the heels of the other, from the little shoot which has hardly sprung into life, up to the venerable patriarchs to whom popular opinion attributes thousands of years. Death and infirmities spare no created thing. In the same way, here, side by side with vigorous life, are marks of decay and destruction. In some of these trees life has evidently died out gradually and naturally. But there are also younger saplings which have perished from unknown causes; others which thunder, the fire of the Red Skins, or the tornado, has destroyed before their time. But the living form the great majority.

The *Big Trees*, with their smooth, dead-red trunks and short, horizontal branches, are of a coniferous race, well known in Europe. One sees specimens in all our botanical gardens and in most of the "pinetums" of private persons. The first discoverer, an Englishman, gave them the name, which has stuck to them in Europe, of "*Wellingtonia.*" This name, which was offensive to the Americans, was changed by them into "*Sequoia Gigantea,*" after an Indian chief of Pennsylvania, who distinguished himself by his kindness to the whites and by his civilized habits. These "*Sequoias*" would have a far grander effect to the eye if they were isolated, instead of

being crowded with other trees, many of which have attained to almost the same size. Without the help of a guide, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish them from one another. The great indefinable charm of this spot lies in the poetic beauty of the site and the extraordinary fecundity of nature.

But after poetry comes prose. Mr. Clark's little house is full to overflowing. A party of excursionists, who have made the journey in the contrary sense, are just arrived from the Yosemite Valley, and must share with us the few tiny rooms. The little parlour and the steps of the veranda swarm with people. No one cares to lie on the grass, which, in the forest, is very unlike the lawn of civilized regions. To walk in it, you must have boots *ad hoc*, not reckoning the serpents, which are not boa-constrictors certainly, but which one prefers to avoid if possible. The ladies sit on the benches, the men on the floor, or leaning against the beams. The "fast" young lady has already taken possession of the new arrivals. By glances and signs, by seductive attitudes and noisy laughter, or, if necessary, by smart repartees or sarcastic speeches, she knows not only how to allure, but how to keep her admirers round her. It is a perfect study of village coquetry and a nice specimen of the gallantry of the Far West. "You are shocked," says my Pittsburg friend to me; "but don't be alarmed. That young lady is perfectly aware of what she is about; and her father, who makes believe to be asleep, has probably already chosen his victim, and is only waiting for the moment when he shall

pounce down on the young man he has selected and demand his intentions."

The distance from White & Hatches' *rancho* to that of Clark is twenty-four miles; to the *Big Trees* and back twelve miles.

June 16.—On horseback by seven o'clock in the morning. A special guide, whom we have been lucky enough to secure, enables us to leave the rest of the caravan behind. From San Francisco our route had been always in a south-easterly direction. Now we turn towards the north. The road, a narrow, steep and mossy path without stones, leads up by a precipitous incline to the high ridge which separates us from the Yosemite Valley. All round us the forest, as thick and vigorous as the one we passed yesterday, spreads far and wide its resinous perfume. Here and there columns of smoke mount straight up to heaven. Beautiful trees, half burnt by incendiary fires which a heavy rain alone could quench, lean groaning against immense trunks lying amidst the underwood already partly calcined by the flames. Everywhere there is the same diversity of age and size. In these virgin forests you are born, grow, live, decay and die in one huge family party. At eleven o'clock we have arrived at 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. In this solitary spot is a poor little hut or *châlet* inhabitated by a planter and his family. It is called "Half-Way-House," because it is half-way between Clark's *rancho* and the entrance to the celebrated valley. The heat is quite overpowering.

After a short halt, followed by a three hours' march,

always in the forest, and inclining constantly towards the north, we arrive at the edge of a precipice. 2,000 feet above us, out of the depths of the mountains, a silvery white thread winds its way downwards. This river, or rather torrent, is La Merced. That dark gorge beyond, deep, jagged, and precipitous, filled with big oaks and firs, which are not far behind the *Big Trees* of Mariposa, is the Yosemite Valley, the object of our journey. The culminating point from which we look down on this strange, wild scene, as from an observatory, is called the *Peak of Inspiration.*

In front of us, on the opposite side of the Yosemite, one single immense block of square granite, with a flattened summit and perpendicular flanks, rises out of the valley beneath. The Mexicans gave it the name of *El Capitan.* Further on, towards the north-east, on both sides of the abyss, rise smooth vertical walls of rock, diversified here and there by peaks and domes, with narrow aërial terraces, out of which spring giant firs. The horizon is bounded by a complete wall of granite, higher than the mountains which surround the valley; and of which the top appears perfectly straight. This is the highest ridge of the Sierra Nevada. We make our way down by a narrow, stony, steep, but not dizzy path. It skirts the *Peak of Inspiration,* and winds through the forest. From time to time, through the trees, we see the boiling waters of the cascades, the noise of which follows us all the way. One of these, called the "*Bridal Fall,*" falls in one single column of water the height of 900 feet. We took two hours to arrive on the

banks of the La Merced, and one hour more to gain our halting-place. From Clark's *rancho* to Yosemite there are twenty-four miles.

June 17.—The Californian legislature has had the happy inspiration to buy this wonderful Yosemite Valley and so to exclude the miners. To preserve untouched the beauties of this spot, they have given up the treasures which are buried in its soil.

Three emigrants have been authorized to settle in the valley. To the cultivation of their fields they add the few dollars which the tourists (who, as yet, are not numerous) leave in their hands. Thanks to these men, one finds in this out-of-the-way spot both shelter and wholesome though plain food. During the hottest hours of the day one remains sitting in the veranda, unless one prefers the shade of the forest, which adjoins the houses. A few rustic arm-chairs are placed for the convenience of travellers. Just before you, the Yosemite dashes down from the top of a rock 2,600 feet high. This celebrated water-fall is one of the largest, I think, in the world, and is the glory of the valley. It is divided into three cascades, of which the highest is 1,600 feet. The compression of the atmosphere caused by the water-fall, and the action of the current of air due to the vertical configuration of the rock, slacken the fall of the foaming liquid and give it the appearance of innumerable rockets from a parachute. In calm weather, a noise as of thunder tempered by distance mingles with the rustling of the trees. At the foot of the rock the rounded blocks of granite form a kind of circus. It is upon them that this mass of water

dashes itself into atoms, which in their rebound fill the gorge with a luminous gauzy steam. Seated in the veranda, it looks like a white cloud hung just above the tops of the trees.

A tourist who has come from a long distance to enjoy the solitude of a virgin forest is soon weary of the commonplace conversation of a set of strangers, and still more of the noisy jokes of uneducated youth. Ever since the morning our whole caravan has been here. Divided into parties, mounted on little moustangs and guided by their owners, my travelling companions have started off to see what they call the lions of Yosemite —the different water-falls, the *Mirror Lake*, and the rocks of the *Cathedral*. For myself I intend to see only what interests me, and to see it alone, without even a guide. The proprietor of the house pleases me by his patriarchal manner. Except on the subject of dollars, I feel great confidence in him; so I ask his advice. "The valley," he says, "is full of serpents, bears, and Indians; but the Indians are friendly, and the serpents and bears won't do you any harm unless you attack them. Avoid the thick tufts of grass and moss, so as not to walk on the reptiles, and go in peace."

A rough bridge is thrown over the Merced. The green and transparent waters of this torrent, full of trout, remind me of the *Grŭndtraŭn:* the *Captain* of the *Bachenstein:* the high ridge of the Sierra Nevada, of the *Todtengebirge* seen from Aussee. It is just like the Styrian Valley, only seen through a magnifying glass. Aussee, it is true, has no water-falls, and Yosemite no lake; yet the resemblance is

striking. It is the same crystal water, the same contrast between the smiling vegetation of the valley and the severe nakedness of the rocks which surmount it. Only, here, everything is colossal. In the Swiss Alps there is far less resemblance. There, above the sharp rocks which inclose the torrents, smiling terraces and green pastures are seen, although they may be afterwards in their turn surmounted by glaciers. Here there are no intermediate stages—there are neither green pastures nor icy peaks. The huge rocks rise all in one piece from the depths of the gorge up to the sky, which they cut in an almost straight line. Any peaks or inequalities in their outline are rare, and as they do not attain to the height of the great wall on the ridge, they are not so striking. The scene, therefore, is less varied. The classic simplicity of their shapes contrasts with their enormous size. The people say that in order to appreciate the grandeur of the nave and cupola of St. Peter's at Rome, you must see them many times. Here the traveller feels just the same. Nature, as a first-rate architect and gardener, has chosen to put such harmony in the proportions of this landscape, that it is only by calculating heights and distances that the eye can take in the marvel. But having done so, one is filled with astonishment, admiration and respect for the powerful Hand which, in modelling these rocks, has stamped upon them the impress of His own grandeur.

I crossed a smooth greensward, and found myself in a thicket, where I already felt the fine rain which the evening breeze brought from the neighbouring

cataract. Some half-naked Indians were watering their moustangs in the river. Another group surrounded a man who was distinguished by a more careful toilet. He wore a pair of trousers and a police cap: only he had forgotten his shirt. This was "Captain John," the chief of one of the most miserable tribes in America. He was holding a pistol in his hand and aiming at a huge bird, which was sitting quietly at a little distance off on the branch of a fir-tree. The captain fired and missed. He was evidently put out. His subordinates looked at one another and laughed in their sleeves. Human nature is the same all over the world.

The approach to the Yosemite Falls is not an easy one. It was only by jumping from block to block, by scrambling on the slippery moss, and by crawling painfully through the fissures of the bare rock that I found myself at last, soaked through with spray, on the edge of an abyss hollowed out by the action of the water and hidden from view through a thick cloud of foam. There was nothing new, perhaps, in the sight. But the profound solitude and the savage grandeur of the scenery give to this spot a character peculiarly its own. From where I was standing one only saw the lowest fall and the upper part of the highest: the middle one was hidden by its rocky basin. To get up there would be impossible. No one but a chamois could attempt it.

The soft shadows which for the last hour had shrouded the valley, began to creep along the crenellated wall which bounds the horizon before I could tear myself away from the contemplation of a

spectacle so monotonous and yet so varied at the same time. Bright zig-zag lines of water, sparkling on a sheet of dark green, would stop, as if hesitating, in the air, and then dash down the abyss, to be instantly replaced by other columns, following the same impulse, obeying the same laws, meeting with the same obstacles, and sharing the same fate—like a silver ribbon of fine tissue on which the same design is ever produced—and yet each of these separate streams had its individuality. I watched millions of them tearing along down the steep rock—no two were absolutely alike.

My descent from the waterfall was accomplished without accident. Followed by the dull roar of the cataract I again came to the thicket. But it was now pitch dark. How shall I ever find my way? There are plenty of paths; but they all lead to a river clear as crystal—too wide to jump across—too deep to be forded. No signs of any other way out. The night wears on and I make up my mind to sleep out of doors. But what is that sinister whistling? Is it a serpent? I listen breathlessly. There is a strange rustling among the leaves. Some heavy object is drawing near me through the overhanging branches. Great God! Can it be a bear? My only weapon is a parasol. At this moment, bursts of laughter and a ringing voice which is familiar to me break upon the silence. I follow the direction of the sounds, and making my way through the bushes, fall into the path, leave the thicket, and find myself face to face with the *fast young lady* and her joyous escort.

June 18.—The Sunday rest makes itself felt even

in the heart of the Sierra Nevada. There is no church certainly; but the master of the house, the mulatto he has engaged as waiter, the farm servants, and some Indian "helps" have all put on their Sunday clothes, and are lounging on the arm-chairs of the veranda. The guests manage as best they can, sitting on the ground or stretched on the hard beds of their cells. In spite of the heat—24° Réaumur, and not a breath of air—I follow the course of La Merced. The valley gradually narrows. A fresh gorge, which is like a succession of little terraces, opens out to the south-east. It is by these steps that from cascade to cascade a powerful torrent falls into the valley. One of these falls, known under the name of the *Nerval Fall,* is the object of my walk—four hours going and returning. The character of the country is always the same: great blocks of shining granite, reddened in parts by the moss, and shaded everywhere by gigantic trees. The grass is carpeted with flowers: but these minor details are lost in the magnificent and grand scenery around. The eye travels beyond them, or rather cannot be seduced by minor beauties. Involuntarily it rises to the tapering domes of the forest and, looking beyond and above them, stops half terrified before the grandiose aspect of those mountain Titans, who seem with one bound to reach up to heaven. There is little or no variety in the elements of the scenery, which are continually repeating themselves without ever becoming monotonous. The beauty lies in the simplicity of the outlines and in their supernatural grandeur. As to colours, the artist would only need

three or four for his palette. Blue, for the Californian sky, that is, a tint of deep blue powdered with gold; light grey for the rocks, with coldish tones bordering on yellow. Sometimes shades of light blue flickering over the shining cliffs in vertical lines. These are the reflections of the sky on the polished surface of the granite. The vegetation of an intense green, and of every imaginable shade. There is neither the clear transparency of the higher levels of America, nor the vaporous tints which make the beauty of our Southern skies beyond the seas. One would fancy that the Master who created this wonderful picture had forgotten or disdained to put in the last touches.

June 19.—In the night a heavy storm cooled the air, which is very rare at this time of year. This morning, however, it is again very hot. Gusts of wind from time to time come tearing down the valley, driving before them the clouds of spray, and bowing the heads of the giants of the forest. The roaring of the wind mingles with the sighing of the oak and maple trees and the whistling of the pines and cedars. The clouds chase one another across the sky with marvellous rapidity. Sometimes there is a lull like that in the pulse of a fever patient. The great Yosemite cataract is really sublime. The wind has filled the vertical trench it has hollowed out of the rock, and so dislodged this column of water 1,600 feet high, which, flying from the storm, spreads itself into space like the gauze dress of a ballet-dancer. At five o'clock in the evening, the storm has sufficiently abated to enable us to take a ride. It was delicious to feel the soft showers on one's face from the branches of the trees,

and to breathe the resinous air of the forest. Nature, regenerated by the rain after a long drought, seemed to have just come out of her bath; everything was joyous and fresh. Our little moustangs canter gaily across the prairies which skirt the right bank of La Merced. Then we turn into a narrow path which winds round the edge of the abyss, and requires steady heads and sure-footed steeds. The Virginian general and I, who are both used to such roads, get on without any difficulty, but the rest of the party and the guide (the latter not without certain maledictions on the "old fellow" who retarded our march) remained behind to help our Pittsburg friend over the most perilous places.

Nothing could be more beautiful or picturesque than La Merced, at our feet, surmounted by the Peak of Inspiration. Two distinct roads lead into the Yosemite Valley: one, to the south, by which we first came, and which at this moment we can follow with the eye from the edge of the great precipice down to the spot where it enters the forest; the other, in which we now find ourselves, escalades the valley towards the north The ascent took two hours. A little hut in the heart of the forest served as a resting-place. This spot is called *Crean's Flat*, after the hardy colonist who has made it his home. The elevation is 6,500 feet above the sea. The cold was intense. Night was coming on, and the largest portion of our party had not yet made their appearance. Has some accident happened? We begin to get anxious. The storm bursts forth afresh amidst torrents of rain. At last, about midnight, our luck-

less excursionists turn up, the ladies more dead than alive, exhausted with fatigue, soaked to the skin, and cursing the weather, the place, and the whole human race.

June 20.—Although we are only going to make a very short day's journey, the signal of departure is given at four o'clock in the morning. "Why?" I ask our guide. "Because Mr. Coulter will have it so," was the reply. Now Mr. Coulter is the arranger of all these excursions, one of the Californian pioneers, the founder of the town where we are to pass the following night, and which on the map is marked "Coulterville." Like his foundation, this great man has had his ups and downs. To-day both are at their lowest ebb. The town is falling into ruins, and Mr. Coulter, as a last resource, keeps horses to let out to the tourists whom, from time to time, he can pick up at San Francisco. A carriage sent by him is waiting for us a few miles from *Crean's Flat*, at the spot where the road becomes possible for a carriage. We are on one of the great spurs of the Sierra Nevada. The road, by following the sinuosities of the ridge, gives the coachman, whose seat I share, an opportunity of showing off his powers of driving. With him, boldness, not to say rashness, is greater than skill, and in spite of the nature of the ground, we go like the wind. At every moment I expect to roll into the ravine. The works on this road (which is being made up to the Yosemite Valley) are executed by Chinese labourers. We came upon

several groups of them who were doing their business admirably. These children of the Celestial Empire had good, intelligent countenances, and the appearance of men above their condition in life.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at our destination, that is, at a little dirty inn kept by a German couple. What have become of the great hotels which once were the glory of Coulterville? Deserted streets full of filth and mud, houses half fallen down and abandoned, such is the picture presented by this once flourishing city and such are the alternations in a miner's life. One solitary building struck me by its look of prosperity. This was the counting-house of Wells, Fargo, & Co. The agent gave me a brief history of the town. He is a Yankee by birth. His statements are clear and to the point. He takes a practical view of everything, but only looks to the exigencies of the day. He does not go to the bottom of things: and in this respect is a very fair specimen of the ordinary Anglo-American mind.

I continue my walk through the town, always pursued by Mr. Coulter's agents. Two steps from the inn is a church; a little further on a cemetery, divided according to the faith of each section. To judge by the extent of this necropolis, one must allow that Coulterville has more dead than living inhabitants. The Catholic cemetery is distinguished by its crosses. There are about a dozen tombs of Italians, containing their remains and those of their wives and children. On some of these sepulchres verses are engraved. A husband weeps for the loss of his young wife in a

sonnet worthy of Petrarch. The rhymes might be improved, but the feeling is there all the same. I met several Italians also in the town. Some are engaged at the mines, others keep a shop, but all are dying of hunger, and cursing the day when they left their homes in Piedmont and Lombardy to come to this place. I go and visit one of these mines, but the fearful heat drives me back to the shade of my hotel, for all about the town they have cut down the trees.

The wife of the inn-keeper, a Bavarian miner, and a perfect plague of flies keep me company. Complaints and maledictions alternate with short bursts of gaiety inspired by a hope of a return of good fortune. The woman said: "We live upon the miners who dine here every day; when they can't pay us, we must still feed them. If we didn't, it would make them furious (and it's not a wise thing to enrage a miner); and besides, if they were to die of hunger or go away, we should be ruined just the same." "How are we to pay you," the miner says, "when we haven't got our wages? My companions and I are all in the same boat. The owners of the claim engaged to give us three dollars a day besides our food: for six weeks we've not had a farthing. If we give up working, they will be ruined themselves, and we shall lose all the money they owe us." So it goes on. Everyone here is over head and ears in debt, tossed about between despair and illusion; and condemned all his life to the fate of a gambler.

In the dining-room, the father of the landlord, with the authority which great age gives in our German villages, is talking to a group of men, who, covered

with sweat and dirt, are just returned from the diggings. They will sup with us in precisely the same state. They take up all the chairs and benches which run round the room. The excursionists remain humbly standing. These strange manners, so incomprehensible to new-comers, have ceased to shock me. One gets accustomed to everything. What every one seems to take as a matter of course, one ends by submitting to, without even thinking of resistance. In these savage regions, those who are by way of representing civilization do not generally shine in point of education. They have only brought with them into the forest or to the mines strong arms, (often) remarkable intelligence, courage, perseverance, and above all, a thirst for equality. To prove this, more than to satisfy it, they pretend to be your superiors. Those who depend upon them follow their example, and have a like pretension towards their masters. What is the result? How are men to be happy living in a narrow circle and constantly goaded on by the wish to be the equals of all the world? Their whole lives are a series of bitter deceptions and aspirations which can never be realized. The consequence is that they all look out of humour and sad. You see things which simply would be thought impossible if you had not witnessed them yourself. For instance, the general rule in the Sierra Nevada is that your grooms, your coachmen, your bullock-drivers, your servants all dine first. They have precisely the same food as the travellers, and are served at the same table. Their masters stand patiently behind them till their servants' dinner is over. Everywhere these men affect the most absurd

superiority. Their insolence would be really insupportable if there were not a comic side to it. Sometimes, however, this pride is but a mask. It does not resist the temptation of a dollar adroitly slipped into the hand of one of these "gentlemen." Having done this, not only do their countenances relax and they vouchsafe an agreeable smile, but they will push affability so far as to bring you some water to your room, brush your coat, and blacken your boots. During this expedition, the travellers were obliged to make their ablutions in public, and in the open air, passing one after another under a cock placed at the side of a rustic well; and if they wanted either their clothes or their shoes cleaned they had to do it for themselves. I asked my Pittsburg friend why he didn't do like me. In reply, he merely coloured and looked at the tyrants of the place in silence. What strikes me most, certainly, is less the insolence of the miners and servants than the respectful, humble attitude of my companions. Amongst them are men who, by social position as well as education, belong, in the Eastern States, from whence they come, and certainly in Europe, to the upper classes of society. When we are alone or only amongst ourselves, they talk openly enough of the infamous treatment to which we are subjected. But in presence of the sovereign of the *rancho* and his vassals, prudence prevails over impatience or natural indignation. Not only do they hold their tongues, but they do so with a gracious smile. They are more than loyal subjects; they are devout courtiers of the powers that be. If I notice this curious fact, it is certainly not from a

wish to find fault, nor to add to the number of criticisms, often both stupid and unjust, which one reads upon America and American life. Each of us, camped in any little town of the Sierra Nevada, or in no matter what other forest of the Far West, would do the same. I give these examples to prove that, in America as elsewhere, unlimited individual liberty and social equality are a chimera; and that in the way of submission and etiquette, a petty village king is more exacting than the greatest monarch of old Europe. From Yosemite to Coulterville there are forty-seven miles.

June 21.—We are called again at four o'clock. The farm-servants and our coachmen breakfast first, as usual. Behind the chair of each of the servants a traveller is patiently standing; he is watching for the moment when the place will be free and he can take possession of it. After the servants have finished their breakfast quite at their ease—and they take their time about it—one of the coachmen gets up and turning round to us, says, brutally: "Now, eat fast." Another adds: "We'll give you ten minutes. Those who are not ready then will be left behind."

Mr. Coulter settles where each of us is to sit. I have my place assigned to me next to the coachman. He is the grandson of a German, and can speak the language of his ancestors. Whilst his horses are trotting along at the rate of eight miles an hour, he tells me his history. He is the proprietor of two pairs of horses and gains a hundred dollars a month. To live, with a wife and two children, costs him, he says, six or seven hundred dollars a year.

Twenty miles from Coulterville we come down into the plain, scorched, yellow and desolate as before, saving a few fine evergreen oaks scattered here and there. For several hours we follow the course of the Tolomini; the vegetation on its banks is luxurious. This river is called the Tagus between Abrantes and Santarem. Looking back we saw the last of the Sierra Nevada range, the grand, imposing rounded masses of rock, wooded at the base, reminding me of the western flanks of the Lebanon.

The sun is merciless, and I begin to ask myself how I can possibly bear the heat of its rays much longer. Fortunately, at each stage, a good Samaritan, for half a dollar, condescends to throw some cold water on my head. Thanks to this preventive treatment, I arrive in the evening at Modesto station alive and even in good condition, and an hour after, by the railroad, at Lathrop, where we spent the night in an excellent hotel. To-morrow, by twelve o'clock, we hope to have once more returned to San Francisco. The distance from Coulterville to Modesto is forty-eight miles; from Modesto to San Francisco, 101 miles.

Thus ended my excursion in the Virgin Forests of the Sierra Nevada. Although full of charm, novelty, and interest, this little journey, in consequence of the provisional nature of the present arrangements (which soon, however, will be brought to perfection), presupposes both good health and great patience. If you listen to your San Francisco friends, it is simply a pleasant walk, which every one advises you to take —especially those who have not tried it.

CHAPTER XII.

SAN FRANCISCO TO YOKOHAMA.—FROM THE 1ST TO THE 25TH OF JULY.

Departure from the Golden Gate.—Dismal appearance of San Francisco from the Sea.—The Pacific Mail Company.—The *China*.—Monotony of the Passage.—Reflections on the United States.—Landing at Yokohama.

July 1.—At twelve o'clock precisely, the *China* leaves the pier of the Pacific Mail Company. The departing friends wring the hands of those they love for the last time, and then hurry on board. At one o'clock we have crossed the Golden Gate. Seen from the sea, San Francisco offers the strangest and least attractive aspect possible:—sandy hills divided into straight lines by large unpaved streets, both streets and hills seeming to rise perpendicularly from the sea, brown wooden houses, yellow sand, and a pale blue sky bordering on grey, with flakes of mist giving the look of a torn gauze veil over the whole. The rocky galleries of the coast extend to the north and south. But even here brown and yellow tints prevail. Thick heavy clouds shroud the tops of the

mountains as with a baldachino. Cliff House with its three rocks (the sporting-place of the seals and birds) is the last peep of land visible from the deck of the *China*. Beyond and around us the Pacific spreads its green billows, over which dark shadows are creeping. The sea line and the Farallone Islands are invisible. The fog which awaits us has already hidden them from sight. One or two more turns of the wheel and we are surrounded by it. Nothing could be sadder or more lugubrious than our departure.

July 2.—Weather splendid; wind north-east. The crisp waves intensely blue, with darker purplish shades. Gigantic gulls follow the wake of the ship, and flutter above the deck. In the deep clear sea, great flat fish are swarming, called by the sailors "Portuguese men-of-war." This name probably dates from the time when Great Britain usurped the supremacy of the seas. The ships of Vasco da Gama and his companions were not models of construction, but they had heroes on board. That which was then a term of derision reminds navigators of to-day of the fallen greatness of a once chivalrous nation.

July 3.—The line of steamers which runs between San Francisco and Hong Kong, touching at Yokohama, is of recent creation. If a three years' experience allows one to form a deliberate judgment, then the problem, so long considered chimerical, as to whether they would be able to go across the vast

Pacific with paddle-wheel steamers, seems to have been successfully solved by the American company. But there is only one departure a month; and thirty-six or forty passages (going and returning) are not enough, perhaps, to give a positive result. However it may be, as yet they have had no accident whatever. The boats start and arrive with as much regularity as a railway train. It is with a certainty which makes one shudder, that, on the 1st of each month, at the moment of quitting the Californian shores, the officers on board say to the passengers: "On the 24th, at nine o'clock in the morning, you will land at Yokohama." One of their steamers, it is true, only five days after leaving San Francisco, had something the matter with her machinery, and could only go with one wheel. Nevertheless, the captain had the rashness to go on and the good luck to arrive at the port of Yokohama after only nine days' delay, having used up all his coal and being terribly straitened as to provisions. Another steamer was on the eve of perishing on the Japanese coast in a typhoon. The question is, are there really sufficient guarantees given by the company for the safety of the passengers and merchandise embarked in these vessels? On this point opinions differ. English and French naval and military officers and commercial men of San Francisco whom I have heard discussing the question, positively affirm the contrary. American sailors, however, on the other hand, pretend that no navigation can be attended with less danger, and that no ships are better calculated to brave any which may exist.

The objectors advance the following reasons: the

Pacific Mail Steamship Company receives an annual subsidy from the Washington Government of five hundred thousand dollars (more than two millions and a half of francs). This subsidy is insufficient, because compared to the expenses the traffic and the number of first-class passengers are small. To cover the outgoings, which are enormous, the company, which is compelled to despatch a steamer on the 1st of every month from San Francisco, and on the 12th from Hong Kong, is obliged to reduce the number of officers and men to the minimum of what is strictly necessary. The companies of the Transatlantic European lines and the French Messageries employ at least double the number. As to the boats and material, the difference is in the same proportion. The American company does the whole service with only four boats, each of which, going and coming, must traverse the enormous distance of fourteen thousand four hundred miles (60 to a degree). The result is, that these boats wear out very quickly; and that when in harbour, the very short time during which they are at anchor does not allow of a proper inspection of the machinery, or even of indispensable repairs; so that in this respect, there is always great risk. More than this, to reduce the expense, the whole crew, saving the officers and engineers, are Chinamen. Well, the Chinese are second-rate sailors: in bad weather they lose their heads, and in cases of real danger they are wanting in both courage and discipline. The servants on board are equally Chinamen. To which must be added the large number of passengers of

this nation, especially in the vessels coming from Hong Kong. The white passengers are comparatively few. In certain eventualities this state of things might give rise to grave difficulties. From San Francisco to Yokohama the run is 5000 miles without a break, or any possibility of putting in to a port in case of accidents or running short of provisions. They are therefore compelled to lay in an enormous quantity of coal in case of any delay in the passage arising either from accident or bad weather. The consequence is that these boats for the first few days are terribly overloaded and unwieldy. They lack buoyancy, an essential quality in the gales which in certain seasons prevail on the Californian coast, and which blow during almost the whole year off the shores of Japan. But there are still graver considerations worthy of the serious attention of the central government and of the company. They refer to the construction of these ships. They are all paddle-wheel boats of 5000 tons, which can only go by steam. Their masts are small and weak, and they are obliged to be so, for the solution has not yet been found of the problem of how to proportion sailing to steam power, in steamers of that size bound for such enormous distances. It is true, that steamers run directly from England to Australia. But they are, in reality, sailing ships, which take advantage of the trade winds and currents; and only when those fail, or in a dead calm, have recourse to steam. The screw is but an auxiliary: the sails are the essential. These passages then are accomplished under the most favourable

auspices. But these conditions are entirely wanting in the Pacific boats. First, from the fault of construction which I have already pointed out. But this is not all. The Pacific has none of the advantages of which the skippers know how to avail themselves in the Australian waters. In the North Pacific there are neither trade winds nor regular currents. In these waters, the winds generally blow in a circle on the line invariably followed by these steamers in summer (the 36th degree), because it is the straightest and shortest; the east wind prevails; while 80 or 100 miles further north, the wind blows furiously from the west. The sailing vessels which trade between the Pacific states in Asia, and, in exchange for tea, carry to Japan corn and flour and wood for building purposes from the Californian and Oregon forests, always take a northern course to escape the calms further south. This accounts for the fact that you never see a sail from the deck of any of the company's steamers.

To sum up all—the means at the disposal of the company are insufficient for their task; the disproportion between the white and Chinese element is a grave inconvenience; and lastly, and this is the main point, to carry on this service regularly, by steam power alone, you must have enormous boats overloaded with coal; for in case of accident to the machinery, or a falling short of fuel, their sails would be utterly useless. Looking at the nature of the boats at the disposal of the company, however good they may be as mere steamers, it would be infinitely wiser to divide the passage in half and put in at Honolulu. The

voyage would certainly be a little longer, but the risks run would be reduced to a minimum. To compel these steamers to cross the whole Pacific in one run, is to ignore the rules of prudence and court disaster.

To this the Americans answer: the means of the company are amply sufficient. Their boats are allowed by every one to be models of perfection. They wear out less quickly than the steamers of the Atlantic companies because they go slower, their regulation speed being only 240 miles in the twenty-four hours, while the boats of the Cunard and other companies make 300. There is sufficient time allowed at the two ends for the necessary inspection, cleaning, and repairs. On all the waters of the globe you will not find ships better kept or better appointed. The service is not reduced to a minimum. There are no superfluous hands, it is true, no mass of waste paper, or red tapism, or distinctions of rank or etiquette beyond what is absolutely necessary. The captain does not fancy himself an admiral or a commodore. After having given his instructions to his chief officer, he is not above visiting himself three or four times a day (according to his instructions) the machinery, the kitchens, the cabins of the passengers, everything, in fact, down to the hold. Compared to your European lines, it is true, every officer does double work; but then he is paid double. Our system has all the advantages of simplicity; and in case of danger, offers greater security than yours; for every one of our agents has a sense of responsibility, and does not think himself too fine a gentleman to do things

himself, nor leave everything to his subordinates; for the very simple reason that he has not as many at his disposal. The crew is composed of Chinese; and it is true that a Chinese sailor is not worth a white one. But in point of discipline, we prefer them infinitely to the American or European sailors who hang about the Pacific ports. These belong, as everyone knows, to the very dregs of the population. They are mostly quarrellers and drunkards, who, the moment we cast anchor, break their engagement and make off. The Chinese sailors, on the contrary, are noted for their gentleness, submission, and obedience. We have never had an instance with them of any row or insubordination. As to the passengers of this nation, the arrangement of their cabins is such that in case of a mutiny, we could put them at once under lock and key. They are not armed; and the captain, in case of need, has always plenty of revolvers to distribute among his white passengers, who, on setting foot on deck, promise to place themselves under his orders, if necessary. Besides, for the reasons we have before mentioned, the ships of all the great English houses at Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Calcutta are manned with Chinese or Malays. The pretended danger, therefore, caused by the preponderance of the Chinese element, is a chimera.

But now to come to your great objection—the construction of our ships. It is true that steam is the essential element, and it necessarily must be so when it is a question of traversing such immense spaces with the regularity of a clock. It is also true that with us the sails are but accessories, and it would be

better if we could make more use of them; but, as it is, in case of any derangement of the machinery, they are invaluable. Our small masts are then replaced by bigger ones. Each boat is furnished with a double supply. You may see them lying on the deck. Therefore even supposing that it were impossible to work the ship even with one wheel, one would always have the chance of reaching either Yokohama or San Francisco, or at any rate of keeping afloat in our usual course long enough to be helped or picked up by one of our own boats. For remember, our service is done with such regularity and such nautical precision, that, unless in very rare instances, caused by thick fogs, the steamers from San Francisco and Japan, meet regularly at a certain point in the ocean on a day and hour calculated and known beforehand. As to provisions, they are always amply supplied. And as to coal, it is not correct to state that our boats are overloaded on leaving the port. They are always, on the contrary, carefully organized in this respect. At sea one must always contend with the uncertainties of the elements—it is the case with every species of navigation. But, in reality, there is only one enemy we really fear, and that is, fire. The most minute and ingenious precautions are taken to guard against it, which we recommend to other companies. You might well take a leaf out of our book! But what is better than all our arguments is the experience of more than forty voyages; that is, eighty times crossing the Pacific, with all the dangers of the Chinese and Japanese waters. In the last three years, our boats have made more than six hundred thousand miles.

They have all come back safely to the Golden Gate without the loss of one man or one case."[1]

There is the for and against. Who is right? It is not for the ignorant to decide. Well, we'll persevere, come what may. And, as we are fairly off, let us persuade ourselves that the Company is right, and that

[1] This proud appeal to a short but brilliant past has since been cruelly contradicted. On the 24th of August, 1872, between 11 and 12 o'clock at night, in the roadstead of Yokohama, the *America*, the glory of the Company, just after having accomplished her eleventh voyage, was burnt to the water's edge. The *China* brought the sad news to San Francisco. The enquiry into the cause of the disaster threw no light on the subject. By the testimony of eye-witnesses, it appears that in less than seven minutes after the first flames were perceived, the whole ship, from prow to poop, was one sheet of flame. At the last moment, the captain, terribly burnt, threw himself into the sea and was saved by the commander of the *Costarica*, one of the steamers of the same Company. Three European passengers and more than sixty Chinese, all bound for Hong Kong, were burnt or drowned. The Chinese, determined not to lose their savings, dawdled a little, and then threw themselves altogether on a ladder, which broke with their weight. The gold found upon their corpses proved that not one was returning poor to his own country. The *Bien Ville*, hired by the Company to serve the New York and Aspinwall Line, also took fire on the 15th of August near the Bahama Isles. Scarcely had the crew left the ship than she blew up and foundered. Out of 127 persons on board, 40 were killed.

Another steamer, bearing the name of *America*, was also burnt a few hours after leaving the port of Nagasaki. The same summer, another great steamer (of which I forget the name) was wrecked in the Japanese inland sea on her way from Yokohama to Shanghai. These two ships did not, however, belong to the "Pacific Company," which has lately increased its staff and the number of its boats, as well as of its voyages, which have become bi-monthly. Altogether, it is in a very flourishing condition.

there is no safer way of crossing the Pacific than in one of their boats. Certainly, nothing can be pleasanter so long as the ocean answers to its name, and I suppose that is the rule in this season and in this latitude. During the winter months the steamers follow a more southerly course. The distance is then increased by 200 miles. In fact, during all the year one may reckon on a calm sea and a clear sky, always excepting a narrow zone of 300 miles on the Californian coast and another of 500 or 600 on the Japanese. Between the two, nature smiles on us—smiles, I must say, which rather resemble yawns. Above, below, around us, everywhere, everyone sleeps —men, air, and sea.

July 4.—The sky is pearly grey. The vessel is all painted white, masts, deck-cabins, deck, tarpauling, benches—all are white. This deck, from poop to prow, is all in one piece, and makes a famous walk. Almost all the morning I am alone there. The first-class passengers get up very late; the second-class, that is, the Chinese, not at all. They go to bed at San Francisco and never leave their berths till they reach their destination. You never see one of them on deck. The sailors, having done their duty, disappear likewise. And how easy that duty is in such weather! On leaving the Golden Gate, the sails were hoisted and have remained untouched ever since. The breeze is just strong enough to fill them and to keep us steady. The result is a complete calm. The smoke ascends up to heaven in a straight line. So the sailors have a fine time of it. They sleep, play, or smoke downstairs

with their companions. The two men at the helm—these two are Americans—are equally invisible, for a watch-tower hides them from sight, as well as the rudder and the officer of the watch. I have thus got the deck of this immense ship entirely to myself. I pace it from one end to the other: four hundred feet backwards and forwards. The only impediment is a transverse bar of iron, as high as one's head, which binds in the middle the two sides of the ship. It is painted white like all the rest, and is difficult to see. In every position in life, there is always the worm in the bud, a thorn in the flesh, or, at any rate, some dark spot. On board the *China* the dark spot for me is that detestable white bar. Not only am I perpetually knocking my head against it, but it reminds me unpleasantly of the frailty of human things. It is very thin, and yet, if I am to believe the engineer, it is this bar alone which, in very bad weather, prevents the enormous shell of the boat from breaking in half. There are moments when one's life hangs on a thread: here it hangs on an iron bar. That is better, perhaps, but it is not enough.

July 5.—Yesterday evening the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence by the United States was celebrated. The Americans spoke with ease and freedom, mingling little touches of somewhat commonplace eloquence with sallies of wit, in which they are rarely at a loss. Everyone seemed suddenly to wake up from the state of drowsiness in which we had been plunged.

This morning the weather is more beautiful than

ever. Everything is blue and gold. The sea reflects the same wonderful shades of purple and blue which struck me so much the second day of our passage. The pendulum of the machine rises and falls with slow regularity. The waves swell and break gently, like the breast of a sleeper. Around me, save the murmur of the wheels, and now and then the flapping of the wings of the sea-gulls, which have followed us ever since we left San Francisco, the silence is profound. Down below it is the same. From time to time I hear the sound of a guitar: it comes out of the barber's shop. The artist is a mulatto. At the other end of the saloon cabin, the purser is whiling away the hours with a similar instrument. The passengers, shut up in their cabins, or stretched on armchairs in the saloon, are reading or sleeping. They only appear on deck very late in the day. We are not many first-class passengers; only twenty-two in all:—two English tourists, very agreeable young men of good family; two merchants of the same nation, established at Yokohama, one accompanied by his wife; some Americans, one a rich Boston merchant, another a young doctor, who, after having practised in the Sandwich Islands, is going to seek his fortune in Japan; two Italian silkworm seekers; and two Spaniards trafficking in human flesh, who are established at Macao, and pack off coolies to Chili and Havanna. During my long residence in Lisbon I always found a peculiar character in the faces of those men who had become rich by the slave-trade, and a certain particular expression which was the reverse of pleasing. I found this same look in one of these Spaniards even before I knew his

trade. Involuntarily, the passengers, though so few, divided themselves into two coteries, the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin. There is also a young coloured woman, a widow, with the head and face of a Madonna. She is going to join her future husband, who is a hair-dresser at Yokohama. She has a little girl, deaf and dumb, who makes the most horrible and inarticulate sounds possible. But the tenderness and indefatigable care of her mother are so touching that everyone bears willingly with the presence of this afflicted little creature. It is maternal love which works this marvel. And then people disbelieve in miracles!

The yellow race is represented by my friend, Fang Tang, and by two other Japanese, dressed up in European costume, in which they look horrible. The one, a former governor of a province, only speaks Japanese; the other, a young student, and the son of a daimio, it is said, seems not to have profited much as a linguist by his stay in England; however, he managed to get out the words: "*England all good, Japan all bad!*" This is the total result of his European education. It promises him, certainly, unmixed happiness in his own country.

The most interesting person amongst us, without a doubt, is the old Parsee merchant of Bombay. A baker by trade, but a princely baker, he produces the very best bread for the European residents at Yokohama, Shanghai, and Hong Kong. Before the steamers were established, his ships coasted in all the Chinese and Japanese waters. He is a considerable personage. His fine head, his venerable white beard, his dignified manner, his extreme politeness, even the sober but

picturesque dress he wears, harmonise with the bent of his mind, his vast experience, and his high, social position. Everyone knows that, in Mussulman society, merchants are the first class. Our conversations are long and easy, for he speaks English perfectly. He told me that he wished to see something of European civilization, and for that reason went to America. He has only visited San Francisco. That was quite enough. After having convinced himself that I was not an American, he owned that he could not find terms severe enough to speak of what he had seen. "What scandals in the streets! The women—and what women! And the men: what a lack of dignity! It is not so in my country. An Oriental loves his neighbour; he is good, obliging, decent. Never in the streets of our towns will you be shocked by the sight of drunkards and bad women. The American thinks of nothing but himself: he is vulgar and rude to the last degree, and gives himself up publicly to every kind of excess." It was with positive impatience that he waited for the departure of the return boat, which was to enable him to escape for ever from so antipathetic a spot.

Our captain, Captain Cobb, born in the Eastern States, like all the other officers, is an excellent seaman, polished in manner, and most attentive and kind to the passengers. More or less, he gives the like tone to his subordinates.

Mr. O., the chief engineer, of an old and good Spanish family, a native of the Canary Islands, and brought up at Havanna, forms a singular contrast to his Anglo-American companions. He is a mixture of

a caballero and an ascetic Castilian. One has only to look at him to see that he is a man in a thousand. This first impression is confirmed by his conversation. Still young, he owes his place entirely to his merits. His leisure moments are devoted to serious studies. His cabin, which opens on one side to the deck, and on the other to the machinery, is a very fair indication of his turn of mind and the higher aspirations of his soul. A well-chosen little library, where theological and scientific works stand side by side with classical authors and the writings of Donoso Cortès; two pots of plants, which his wife gave him before his departure, and which, by dint of care, he has been able to keep alive in spite of the deleterious effect of the sea air; and the portrait of this young lady. Can you conceive anything like the poetic sadness and solitariness of this abnormal existence? He loves his profession, it is true, and lives on good terms with his comrades. But, a fervent Catholic, he passes his life with men whose last thought is religion; passionately in love with his young and beautiful wife, he sees her once in three months for eighteen days; devoted to speculative studies, he finds himself compelled, almost the whole day, to watch a machine and count its revolutions.

The doctor on board, a Southerner, and a man of a certain age, is a philosopher. He looks at everything on the worst side. His speciality is to examine the reverse of the medal. His great originality and a kind of caustic wit, redeemed by a fund of good humour and immense experience, gives a peculiar charm to his conversation. In general, the great attraction of

foreign travel is to meet men of a totally different stamp from yourself. Birth, education, ways of seeing and acting, experience of life, everything in them is different. The doctor is, likewise, the librarian. Every day, at a certain hour, he distributes the books you ask for. There is a good collection of classical English authors, and what is very useful to me, the best and most recent works on China and Japan.

Do not let us forget the purser, the man who holds the purse strings, an important personage for the passengers, and placed in a higher position in the American boats than the stewards of European vessels. He is a smiling, agreeable gentleman, who neither expects nor will accept any "tip," and who, from time to time, shakes hands with you affectionately. I like ours very much, but I should like him better if he would play the guitar a little less.

The head-waiter is a native of Hamburg. He and his white comrade lead an easy life. They confine their labours to overlooking the Chinese men and pass the rest of their time in flirting with the ladies'-maids. These are the only two idlers in the service. Thirty-two Chinamen do the duty of waiters, on the passengers and at table. Although short, they look well enough with their black caps, their equally black pig-tails, which go down to their heels, their dark blue tunics, their large wide trousers, their gaiters or white stockings, and their black felt shoes with strong white soles. They form themselves into symmetrical groups and do everything with method. Fancy a huge cabin in which the small table of twenty-two guests is lost, with all these little Chinamen fluttering

round them and serving them in the most respectful fashion, without making any noise. The Hamburg chief, idly leaning against a console, with one hand in his trousers-pocket, directs, with the forefinger of the other, the evolutions of his docile squadron.

July 6.—Every day, at 11 o'clock in the morning and at 8 o'clock in the evening, the captain, followed by the purser, makes the rounds of the ship. In that of the morning, all the cabin doors are opened, only excepting those of the ladies. But the moment these have gone out, the eye of Providence—that is, of the captain—visits them with equal care. If any allumettes are discovered, they are pitilessly confiscated. This morning, the captain invited me to accompany him, and I could convince myself with my own eyes of the perfect order and discipline which reign everywhere. Nothing was more tempting than that department which one generally avoids, the kitchens. The head cook and his assistants, all Germans, did the honours of their domain. Every man was at his post, and only anxious to show the visitors the most secret corners of his department. It was like an examination of conscience carefully made. The provision and store-rooms were admirable. Everything was of the first and best quality; everything was in abundance; everything was classed and ticketed like the drugs in a chemist shop. The Chinese quarter is on the lower deck. We have about 800 on board. They are all in their berths, smoking and talking and enjoying the rare pleasure in their lives of being able to spend five weeks in complete idleness. In spite of the great

number of men penned into so comparatively small a space, the ventilation is so well managed that there is neither closeness nor bad smells. The captain inspects every hole and corner—literally everything,—and everywhere we found the same extraordinary cleanliness. One small space is reserved for the opium-eaters or smokers, and we saw these victims of a fatal habit, some eagerly inhaling the poison, others already feeling its effects. Lying on their backs and fast asleep, their deadly pale features gave them the look of corpses.

July 7.—Contrary to our usual sleepy habits, we are all to-day in a state of excitement and agitation. The *China* is to come to the point where it ought to meet the *America*, which was to leave Hong Kong five-and-twenty days ago. Our topsails are filled with little Chinamen, whose eager eyes are fixed on the horizon. The captain and officers are standing close to the bowsprit, their telescopes pointed in the same direction. Even my Spanish friend has left his engine, his flower-pots, and his wife's portrait to gaze at the blue sea slightly rippled, but, as usual, without a speck of a sail. No *America!* The captain's heart is in his shoes; he consults his charts, his instruments, his officers, all in vain. The day passes without the steamer being signalled. The dinner is silent and sad. Everyone seems preoccupied, and the captain is evidently anxious. It seems that the directors of the Company make a point of their two boats meeting. It is to them a proof that their captains have followed the straight course, and that the San Francisco boat has crossed, without any accident, a third of the Pacific.

The passengers gladly avail themselves of this precious opportunity to write to their friends. For the captains themselves, it is a question of honour. They like to show their skill in this way, and their cleverness in being able, despite the variable and imperfectly understood currents of the Pacific, to make a straight course across this enormous sheet of water.

July 8.—At five o'clock in the morning the second officer rushes into my cabin: "The *America* is in sight!" I throw on my clothes and tumble on deck. The morning is beautiful, and this colossal steamer, the largest after the *Great Eastern*, draws near majestically. The usual salutes are exchanged, and the *America's* gig brings us an extract from their log, the list of the passengers, the newspapers from Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Yokohama; and, which is essential, takes charge of our letters for America and Europe. A few moments after she resumes her course. What a grand and imposing sight! At six o'clock she has already disappeared behind the horizon. At the moment of meeting, we had run exactly 1,500 miles—that is half the distance between England and New York.

The Chinese and Japanese papers are very interesting. They complain sadly of the stagnation of trade, and are full of alarm at the state of things in Japan, where the old feudal constitution has been virtually abolished. From hence great discontent among the great daimios who are making preparations for war. One of them has re-established a court ceremony which had fallen into disuse—that of trampling the cross under their feet.

These are, for me, so many problems. But the solution will be in the next number, that is, in Japan itself, if I can only find people willing and able to give me the desired information.

July 19.—The list of passengers on board the *America* is just posted up: it made me reflect. There are upwards of fifty Japanese of noble family. The Reformed Government of the day sends them for a year, at the cost of the State, to America and Europe. They are to acquire the rudiments of every kind of knowledge and civilization, which they are to bring back into their own country; just as the Italian silk-growers go every year to Japan to procure fresh silkworms. To judge by our two young Japanese who have just returned from Europe, I should venture to doubt the success of the plan. The old Parsee, who seems to know the "Empire of the Rising Sun" better than most European residents, says to me: "The Japanese are perfect children. Good children, but, old or young, they are still children. Those who go to Europe take with them a quantity of money; they fall into the hands of rogues and thieves, who lead them into every kind of mischief, and then rob them. The poor dupes come home crestfallen, with empty purses, and as ignorant as they went. Look at those two young men we have on board: they have learned nothing, and have spent a fabulous sum. One of them, the governor, owned to me that he was ruined." This fact was confirmed by my friend, Fang-Tang, who is an intimate friend of the functionary who has paid so dearly for his thirst for knowledge. The Chinese and

Japanese languages, although sprung from the same Mongol root, have little or no affinity. But in Japan they have adopted, for centuries, the Chinese characters. Persons of the two nations can thus correspond without knowing each other's language. My two travelling companions make use of this method. Seated side by side, they spend hours in writing to each other, and exchanging notes. What on earth can they have to say to each other?

July 10.—To-day we have passed the 164th degree of longitude (Greenwich). It corresponds to the meridian of Vienna. In our cabin we have 21 degrees Réaumur. On deck, even under the awning, it is still hotter. It is horribly damp besides. The wind blows always from the east. Since we left San Francisco the sails have not been touched.

July 11.—I had a long talk to-day with a Southerner. His country was, of course, the subject. They were like the lamentations of the Prophets in the Old Testament. I have not yet met one of his countrymen who did not talk to me in the same strain, but rarely have I heard the sorrow of a patriot expressed in language more touching or more high-minded. After having described, in vivid colours, what the South was before the war, he drew a picture of what it had become since—one great open wound. A stranger who has not studied the question on the spot itself ought naturally to suspend his judgment; but seeing the unanimity of the complaints, one asks oneself whether men with the best will in the world, even

with the help of time, which heals so many wounds, will ever be able to remedy evils which are considered incurable (under the present Government), even by the sufferers themselves. I own that the reasons adduced by the Northerners, who naturally do not look upon things in so gloomy a light, do not reassure me at all. They reckon on community of interests: but it is precisely the divergence of their interests which produced the secession: on the influence of time, which will modify the feelings of future generations; but on what are these hopes founded? Are they not chimerical? History shows few examples of a nation, which, rightly or wrongly, think themselves oppressed, being sincerely reconciled to their oppressors. She may accept her fate with resignation; but hopes and hatreds remain; hostile aspirations and a thirst for vengeance are transmitted from generation to generation. To this they reply: "First, that the Southerners are not a separate nation; then, although the territory of the Southern States is very large, the white population is comparatively small. The immigration increases. The new arrivals are the born antagonists of the ancient proprietors of the soil, that is, of our enemies. They will evict them. By and by, they will form the majority. The day will come when they will be masters. The original white population will have disappeared; anyhow it will not count. Therefore there is some sense in our saying that time will act in our favour."

I admit this argument. It is a solution which time alone can bring, and, saving separation, it seems to me the only alternative. But for the Southerners

themselves it is destruction. They would perish little by little, like the first inhabitants of the soil, the Indians. As long as they live, they will resist the existing state of things, which seems to them unendurable. It will either be smouldering hostility or a declaration of open war. That being the case, I seek in vain for the elements of reconciliation.

July 12.—Towards the middle of last night we were just half-way between San Francisco and Yokohama. This morning, as usual, we counted our friends, the gulls. The greater number have deserted us. They went home in the wake of the *America*. Six have remained faithful. These are intending to go right across the Pacific, flying during the day round and round the boat, skimming across the sea, or dipping the tips of their wings in the rising waves, on which they float and seem to sleep at night, only to join us afresh on the morrow.

July 13.—This evening we shall pass the 180th degree of longitude. That is the moment for navigators to settle their reckoning with earth and sun. Friday the 14th is to be suppressed, and we are to pass straight on to Saturday the 15th. For the boats coming in the contrary sense, from west to east, it is the reverse; they then repeat the day of the week and month. On board to-day this is the great topic of conversation. Few understand it, and no one can explain it clearly. A good many of the passengers seriously regret having left one day at the bottom of the Pacific.

July 15.—The fine weather, which has been so faithful to us hitherto, has deserted us. During the whole day a hot, fine rain fell without intermission. In the cabins and everywhere the air is like that at the mouth of a stove. The passengers begin to weary of the passage and to reckon how many more days they will have to spend on board. The dinners are not looked upon with so much favour. There are a quantity of dishes, certainly, but they are all very much the same. There is a monotony in their very variety. The water used in the kitchen, like that which you drink, is sea-water distilled, which palls upon the taste and disagrees with the stomach. The damp, heat, and the loss of the sun are both causes of complaint. On all sides I hear grumbling. The Asiatics alone preserve their serenity. Towards evening the thermometer falls rapidly, and the captain foretells wind. Happily we are not yet in the zone of the typhoons.

July 19.—The bad weather continues. Last night the rolling banished sleep. To-day the monsoon blew violently. It seemed to blow out of the mouth of a furnace. After breakfast the captain takes me into his cabin and explains our position to me—that is, tells me what is our best and worst chance. "The monsoon is become a gale; but it is not that he fears. There are signs of a typhoon to the north-west. What course shall he take? That is the question. Perhaps we are already in its periphery. Perhaps not. Very soon we shall know. In the meantime, there is no imminent danger." The navigation of the Chinese and Japanese seas is a lottery. Only the bad numbers

are rare. Captain Cobb talks with the calmness of a physician who, on leaving his patient, only tells him a portion of his malady. While following his lucid explanation I forgot that we were the sick man!

At this moment the ocean was really magnificent. In the boiling sea, the foam was driven horizontally towards the east. The water was positively inky, with here and there whitish gleams of light. The sky was iron grey; to the west a curtain of the same colour, but darker. The thermometer was still falling rapidly. In the air above the waves I suddenly saw a cloud of white flakes. They were little bits of Joss-paper which the Chinese were throwing into the sea to appease their gods. I passed before the open cabin door of the engineer; he was watering his plants. The passengers were all gathered together in the saloon. Some of them were moved almost to tears. At twelve o'clock the sky cleared a little and the faces brightened considerably. I have often remarked that people when in danger, whether real or imaginary, are like children. The slightest thing will make them laugh or cry. The Bombay master baker, the Chinese merchant, and the two Japanese struck me by their imperturbability. The first whispered in my ear: "The Company is very unwise to have a Chinese crew; the Malays are much better. Chinese sailors are scared at the least danger, and would be the first to make off in the life-boats." Fang-Tang has an equally bad opinion of his fellow-countrymen. He says to me: "Chinese good men—very good. Bad sailors. Very bad!" I reply: "If we go to the bottom, what will happen

to Fang-Tang?" He answers, "If good, place above; if bad, *below stairs*, punished."

July 20.—In the middle of the night the ocean suddenly calmed. The *China* has got out of the region of the cyclone. The weather is delicious—the sea like glass. But at four o'clock in the afternoon we suddenly find ourselves amidst colossal waves; and yet there is not a breath of wind. They tell us that this was probably, yesterday, the centre of the typhoon. It has exhausted itself or gone elsewhere; but the sea which it lashed into fury is still agitated, like the pulse of a fever patient after the fit is over.

July 22.—The days follow one another with wonderful uniformity. Except the short episode of the storm, these three weeks leave on my mind the impression of a charming dream, of a fairy tale, or of an imaginary walk across a great hall, all filled with gold and lapis lazuli—not a moment of weariness or impatience. If you wish to shorten the tediousness of a long voyage, divide your time properly and keep to the rule you have laid down for yourself. It is the only way to become accustomed to this kind of life, and even to enjoy it.

In the morning, after your bath, take an hour's solitary exercise on the vast deck. Then read for an hour or two in your cabin. Afterwards, if you fancy it, take part in the hoop game. This is a very popular amusement on board the American steamers. The players try to throw some rings, formed of ends of cord, into certain numbered squares which have been

traced on the floor with chalk. It is much more difficult than one fancies. The two young Englishmen beat all the rest. At five o'clock dinner, is served in the great cabin. On board the *China* all is abundant, and even copious. After the meal, the Anglo-Saxons and Latins meet in the smoking-saloon. It is the only place where they talk freely. The Spaniard from Macao, the dealer in coolies, has taken a philanthropic turn. He sheds tears of tenderness at any moment. He pretends not to be able to listen without shuddering to the stories of his neighbour, one of the Italian silk merchants, a Garibaldian hero, and, if we are to believe him, a ferocious assassin of the Bourbons. But in the way of marvellous tales, no one can beat our young American doctor, who comes from the Sandwich Islands and is going to Japan. His adventures in the midst of the savages, and the massacres in which he has shared, are belied by the gentleness of his face and the modesty of his manner, but certainly reflect credit on the fertility of his imagination. All this is amusing enough during the smoking of one's cigar. But the most enchanting part of the twenty-four hours is the night. Never have I seen stars shine with such brilliancy. The Milky Way unrols its luminous ribbon across the sky, and is reflected in the waves. Our peasants say it leads to Rome. Here it leads to the Ocean Archipelago, that terrestial paradise, the ideal of philosophers of the last century. Feeding on their descriptions, we imagine the natives luxuriating under the shade of the cocoa-nut trees, and revelling in all the most beautiful products of nature; while chaste Naiads plunge in

the crystalline waters and weave *riva-riva* wreaths for their hair. But then rise up the spectres of Queen Pomare and the Rev. Pritchard! which dispel our poetical dreams and bring us back to the realities of life. During the first part of the night I am sure to meet the chief engineer, or else he stops me as I pass the door of his cabin to exchange a few words. I always see Fang-Tang closeted with the Japanese functionary. Both are looking at the stars, however; for the growing darkness has put an end to their talk upon paper. The Parsee, too, is still up, and delays seeking his berth. Sitting on his heels, he is thinking and stroking his fine white beard. I take up a place by his side and he gives me his ideas on every kind of question—from the white bread which he furnishes to the English merchant-princes, down to the tortuous policy of the Tsungli-Yamen and the reform of Japan. Often we do not separate till the curfew bell warns us of the putting out of the lights.

This is the way we have crossed the Pacific.

July 23.—To-day everything is changed: the sky, the climate, the feelings of the passengers, who already are counting the minutes till they can land; for only a few miles now separate us from our port of disembarkation. The atmosphere, charged with vapoury mists, wears no longer the same aspect. The sun is paler, the sky less blue. The westerly wind brings with it fantastic-shaped clouds, which still preserve the outlines of the mountains from which they have detached themselves. These are the first messengers sent us from land. Towards twelve o'clock the fitful gusts

bring us others—a whole cloud of dragon-flies. These graceful little insects, with their slender bodies and gauzy wings, seem half stunned. The storm has driven them from their flowery bushes and chased them across the ocean. They alight on the deck, on the cordage, on the masts—everywhere. But they are welcome; no one touches or harms them. The *China* is going to bring them back to their own land again. These are not the only shipwrecked passengers whom we shall bring home. On the last voyage, in the middle of the Pacific, some hundreds of miles from the Niphon coast, a Japanese junk, without her masts, had been sighted. A boat was sent, and they found by the side of five or six decomposed bodies two men who still breathed. Their cockle-shell of a barque, on the way from Hiogo to Yokohama, had been caught in a gale which drove them out to sea, and there they had been tossing about on the Pacific for nearly six months. The two survivors were saved and brought to San Francisco. A collection was made on board, which turned out to be very large. Now the *China* is bringing them home. They are on board with us. They are two fine youths, and quite beside themselves with joy. In a few days they will return to the parental roof in the dress of English sailors, with their pockets full of dollars. They will be the rich men of their village. What a turn in the wheel of Fortune!

To sum up all in a word, we have had a glorious passage. The east wind, helped by steam, has brought us quickly to the haven where we would be. In fact, we might have landed at Yokohama yesterday or to-day. But for the last forty-eight hours we have

slackened speed, for the orders are severe. A captain who should arrive before his time, even if it were only by a few hours, would be dismissed the service. I hear everyone around me blaming these restrictions. I own I think them wise and prudent. The following are the reasons assigned: the consumption of coal increases with the increase of speed, and that in a very large proportion: without counting the expense, therefore, the boats would have to be overloaded at starting. If the time of the passage had not been fixed, the captains of the four boats would rival one another in speed, to the detriment of the vessel and the machinery. "Don't forget," they added, "that we are Americans, and wish for nothing better than to go ahead." Besides this, the merchants of Yokohama and Hong Kong depend on receiving and expediting their correspondence on a certain day, and that is only possible by giving such a margin to the boats as shall make allowance for the insuperable delays which now and then must arise from bad weather or contrary winds. On their side, the Company is anxious that the steamers coming from San Francisco and Hong Kong should not meet at Yokohama, because they would then have to be laden and unladen at the same time, and so they would need to double the requisite staff of officials and coólies. Now this coincidence would often happen if the Californian boat were less than two-and-twenty days on the passage. Add to this that the Government of Washington, which has a right to interfere, as it pays the subvention, hearing that the boats might shorten the run by two days, would perhaps be tempted to force the Company to do so, and

thus reduce the time originally allowed by the contract.

Towards evening, a three-master hove in sight. She had all her sails spread and was making for the north-east. Except the *America*, this is the one and only ship we have seen since we left San Francisco. The voyage is drawing to a close. To-morrow, in leaving the *China*, we shall say good-bye to America. Let us look back for a moment and give a summary of our impressions.

Yes, it is a great and glorious country. Yes, you have reason to be proud of her and to give your blood, if necessary, to preserve her independence. Composed of such varied races, and with a soil hardly yet reclaimed from savage nature, you already possess the quality which is the first condition of the growth, prosperity, and glory of a great people—I mean patriotism. The civil war, which I deplore, has proved it. I am not now asking if it might not have been avoided: if you, Northerners, are using your victory with moderation: if you, Southerners, should not take the hand of your brothers, provided it be offered sincerely: if it would not be worth while for the one side to renounce a portion of the advantages it has gained by force of arms, and for the other, the powerless hatred called forth by the remembrance of irreparable wrongs: if, on both sides, you should not, above all, strive for a reconciliation, if it were possible to realise it. All these questions, especially the last, which touches the vital interests, not only of the South, but of the great republic of which it threatens the very existence, I set aside. You have too recently emerged

from this fratricidal struggle to be disposed to listen to such counsels. Even were they addressed to you by a voice of far higher authority than mine, you would repudiate them. I take no count either of the distinction of parties. I do not understand them. For me there are neither Democrats nor Republicans, only Americans. I affirm that on both sides during this terrible civil war, you have displayed the same virtues, the same courage, the same perseverance, the same self-abnegation. On this head there are neither conquerors nor conquered. You all are members of one family, worthy of one another—a nation full of life, youth, and strength, and, unless through grave errors, with a glorious future before you. These same virtues bear you up in another and more profitable struggle, in the struggle with savage nature. With the sweat of your brow you have, in less than a century, fertilised more than half a great continent. Thanks to the boldness of your conceptions and the vigour of your arms, you have worked wonders. The world sees the fruit of your labours, and the world is filled with surprise and admiration.

If we, children of old Europe, we, who without shutting the door on the progress which is to modify our future, cling to the present, and to the logical, natural continuation of the past, to our old recollections, traditions and habits; if we do homage to your success, obtained under the shield of institutions which, on all essential points, are contrary to ours, this is a proof of our impartiality; and our praises are therefore the more flattering. For do not let us deceive ourselves—America is the born antagonist of

Europe. I speak of the America of the United States, and of Europe such as she exists, such as she has been formed by the moulding of centuries; and not such as visionaries would like to fashion her, either after your image or after a model of their own invention. The first arrivals, the precursors of your actual greatness, those who sowed the seed, were discontented men. Intestine divisions and religious persecutions had torn them from their homes and thrown them on your shores. They brought with them and implanted in the soil of their new country the principle for which they had suffered and fought—the authority of the individual. He who possesses it is free in the fullest acceptation of the term. And, as in that sense, you are all free, each of you is the equal of the other. Your country, then, is the classic soil of liberty and equality, and it has become so from the fact of being peopled by the men whom Europe had expelled from its bosom. That is why you, in conformity with your recent origin, and we, by a totally different genesis which is lost in the night of time, are antagonistic. This antagonism is more apparent than real. Amongst yourselves you are neither so free nor so equal as we imagine in Europe; and the old society is not so hampered or divided into castes as you seem to think. But do not let us discuss this question. It would lead us too far; and as to our reciprocal convictions, they would go for nothing. I will content myself by saying that the more I travel and the older I grow, the more I am convinced that human beings and things everywhere resemble one another at bottom: and that the diverg-

encies are principally on the surface. I see everywhere the same passions, the same aspirations, the same deceptions, and the same weaknesses. It is only the form which varies.

But you offer liberty and equality to everyone. It is to the magic charm of these two words, more than to your gold-fields, that you owe the influx of your emigrants, and the enormous and ever-growing increase of your population. Russia and Hungary have still miles of uncultivated lands. Algeria only needs and clamours for hands. But no one goes there. The English emigrate to Australia, because it is another England, and especially an England far more like you than the mother country. The great mass of emigrants, therefore, turn their steps to North America. Why? First, to find bread, an article which in our over-populated Europe it is no longer easy to procure; next, to obtain liberty and equality. I am not quite so sure whether you are able to offer them the latter, in proportion to their dreams of those two great blessings, which human nature, from its cradle, has so eagerly coveted. But you certainly offer them space. It is space which makes your fortune and which will make theirs; because you are endowed with all the qualities necessary to work it, and the Celtic and German races possess the same and develop them through your teaching and example. For other countries do not lack space. The Pampas, for instance, and all those uncultivated regions of the republics of South America, are only waiting for men to develop their riches. But even without the obstacle of climate, the inhabitants are

not up to the rugged struggle with nature, and although they too have inscribed on their banner the words "Liberty and Equality," the world is not thereby taken in. Soldiers of fortune, periodically defeated and replaced by rivals, equally hold in their hands this pretended liberty: and equality consists in submission to the will and caprices of these ephemeral masters. The emigrants, therefore, go to you. They seek, as I said before, for bread, individual liberty and social equality: and they find space, that is liberty to work, and equality of success, if they bring with them the necessary qualifications.

I said that all the world admired you. But all the world does not love you. Those amongst us who judge of you from an exclusively European point of view, see in you nothing but the enemies of the fundamental principles of society. The more they appreciate your works—and unless they are blind, they cannot do otherwise than appreciate them—the more, in fact, they admire, the less they like you. I should add, that they fear you. They dread your success as a dangerous example to Europe, and they try to stop, as far as they can, the invasion of your ideas. But they form the minority. Your friends are more numerous. These see in you the prototype and the last fruits of civilization. You have all their sympathy: and they have the greatest wish, if not politically, which they do not always like to own, at least socially, which they openly proclaim, to transform themselves after your example. There is a third class, those who are resigned: their opinion is the widest spread. Although they do not like you, they

are willing to submit to you: to submit to your principles, your habits, your institutions. Fatally but inevitably, they believe that Europe will become Americanised.

As for me, I share neither these hopes nor these fears. I do not believe in this pretended fatality, and these are the reasons for my scepticism.

First, I maintain that these fears, these hopes, this blind faith in imaginary decrees of Providence are founded on an imperfect knowledge of America. In vain do we devour whole libraries and read every book which has ever been written or published by eminent men on the United States. No sooner does one set foot on your soil, than one is struck by the fundamental difference existing between the reality and one's preconceived ideas, arising from what one had read. Everything is totally different from what one expects. Such is the first impression of all Europeans who come to your country, whether as simple visitors or as residents. They come with prejudices against you in one way, and for you in another; and hardly have they disembarked before they find themselves involuntarily compelled to modify both. European democrats are invariably disappointed. The luxury and social inequalities of New York scare them. To those who are not democrats the same sight causes a pleasant surprise. The Germans, socially and politically the most advanced of all the immigrants, arrive in America as ardent republicans, but they very soon perceive that your republic is very far from coming up to their ideal. They also have found things quite different from what they imagined they would be. I might

multiply examples of this sort. Diversity of taste also enters a good deal into their judgment, and there is no arguing upon differences of taste. Therefore let us not dwell upon them any longer. All I wish to say is, that America seen through the magnifying spectacles of books, and America seen on her own soil, are two different and distinct things, and that to found such important calculations (as they regard the entire transformation of Europe) on the idea which each man has formed in his own mind of America and the Americans, without personal observation or knowledge, is to give oneself up to illusions, to more or less clever joking, but not to lead to any serious results.

Compared to Europe, your country is as a sheet of white paper. Everything has to be begun; everything is new. In Europe one rebuilds, or restores, or modifies, or adds (if one has space, which is more and more rare) a wing to one's house. But unless you demolish what exists, you don't rebuild the foundations; for what abounds in America is what we need most—space. To become American would be to presuppose the entire destruction of Europe. I have too high an opinion of the practical spirit of our children and of the generation which will succeed them to believe in so radical an overthrow. I also note with pleasure that if some Europeans have taken you for a model, there are very few Americans, and I have never met one, who has the pretension to put himself forward as an example. What would you say, gentlemen of Boston or New York, if we were to propose to you to do like the Californian pioneers, and cut down the fine oaks in your parks as they level the trees of the

virgin forests round their *ranchos?* You would naturally reply: "That was what our ancestors did, but we have got beyond that: everything in its proper place and in its proper time."

There is another reason why, in spite of the admiration you excite, you cannot serve as a model. How choose as a model a thing which is incomplete? which is modified day by day by the hand of Time, that indefatigable artist, and with the help which Europe, and for the last twenty years, Asia, never ceases to furnish? In traversing your enormous territory, one finds everywhere (except in the south, which is sick) the same strength, the same health, the same exuberance of power; only the degrees of development vary in each locality. Taken all in all, nothing is complete. You are at the growing age; you are not yet fully formed.

What will you be when you have come to maturity? You do not know and no one can predict, for history offers no example of such a genesis. The nations of the globe and those of Europe in particular, be they little or great, have a common origin, and the same blood flows through the veins of each one of its members. They have various nationalities; but these races live side by side, each preserving his particular character. They have in common a sovereign, a central power, a fixed legislation, territorial divisions of provinces, and a host of minor interests; but they have kept their own respective languages and customs, often their religious and historic rights, and are not physically amalgamated. Where such an amalgamation has taken place, it has only been by slow degrees,

the result of a process which has lasted for centuries. As a general rule each nation had its religion. In these days, in the greater portion of the European states there is no state religion. Almost everywhere the principle of liberty of conscience has been proclaimed, and an attempt is being made to introduce it into their laws. But this great revolution is not yet practically accomplished and we cannot yet judge of its effects.

This is a picture of Europe considered with reference to the origin of the nations which inhabit it, and to the different races of which it is composed.

But North America offers a totally different spectacle. In the beginning, it is true, there was a certain analogy. The Anglo-Saxon element predominated. The majority of the immigrants were English. The Dutch, who hardly counted numerically, and the French in Canada and Louisiana, were not in a position to dispute the land. The Indians retired into their forests as wild beasts fly before cultivated districts. The English then were masters of the sea-coast, and the name of "New England" was appropriately chosen and is even still, in some senses, true. The descendants of the first English colonists, from their numbers, could easily absorb and incorporate among themselves this small number of heterogeneous elements, and so form a nation in the ordinary sense of the term. In the limited space they then occupied, it was easy for the English to impart the language, habits, and ideas of the mother country, with only the modifications resulting from political separation, and from the republican form of government which they

had chosen as most suited to the soil. But in these last thirty years, this state of things has been considerably modified. The English immigrants, if you exclude the Irish, who are of another and an antagonistic race, no longer form the majority. The Germans have invaded the Western states, and increase day by day towards the Pacific. Then the Chinese! Is it likely, if this influx of anti-English elements continues, that the Anglo-Saxon race can, in the Far West, maintain the political and social preponderance which it enjoys on the borders of the Atlantic? Would it be possible for its influence to prevail on the Pacific shores, and successfully oppose the ever-growing importance of the Irish, German, and Chinese elements? This is problematical, to say the least of it. But who will replace the Anglo-American? What new race will spring from this mixture of Celts, Germans, and Mongols? We cannot tell—no one can—we only know that great changes will be the result. Have I not a right to say, then, that you are not yet fully grown?

There remains the unsolved problem as to liberty of conscience, the right of each one to adore the Supreme Being according to his own fashion. Until now, this system, which seems to me the only possible one under existing circumstances, works well. The Catholic priests whom I have seen praise the liberty they enjoy. They say they would not change places with the clergy of any other country in Europe. I suppose the Protestant ministers think the same. But that proves nothing. Life is easy here for everybody, for everyone has space. To prevent a disagreeable meeting, one has only to

walk the other side of the street. It is wide enough for everybody. On this great question of space, looked upon from a religious point of view, there is no better example than the history of the Mormons. They give offence in New York State; they are ill-treated, and pass on to Ohio. They are not more popular there; and, rather than be expelled by force, they go and establish themselves in Illinois, on the borders of the Mississippi. The same fate attends them. This time they are chased by artillery. They would all have been killed if they had not taken flight. Fortunately, there was room for everybody. They could, without disturbing anyone, carry their *penates* elsewhere. In Utah, too, the situation is becoming critical, and already they talk of a fourth exodus to Arizona. This proves two things: first, that in America there is room for everyone; and next that liberty of conscience is only true for the one who is the strongest, and who drives away the weakest with blows or fire-arms. But the day will come, although it is now far off, when this illimitable space will be narrowed, and when it will be difficult, by flight, to escape the pursuit of those who do not share your religious convictions. Therefore, even in your country (let it be said in passing), the question of liberty of conscience has not yet been definitively settled.

To sum up all I have before said: you have the great advantage of space, which is wanting in Europe; and you are at the growing age. One never can tell if the man will justify the hopes entertained of the youth. But such as you are I love you, and I will tell you why.

North America offers an unlimited field of liberty to the individual. It does not only give him the opportunity: it forces him to employ all the faculties with which God has endowed him. The arena is open—as soon as he enters it he must fight, and fight to the death. In Europe it is just the contrary. Everyone finds himself hemmed in by the narrow sphere in which he is born. To get out of this groove, a man must be able to rise above his equals, to make extraordinary efforts, and to have both abilities and qualities above the average. What with you is the rule, with us is the exception. In Europe, if a man has fulfilled the duties of his state, which are always more or less limited by circumstances, and has obtained the ordinary reward for his labour (which reward is also limited by circumstances), he thinks he has amply answered to the requirements of his position. Why go out of the ordinary path? Why struggle for extraordinary objects when success is uncertain and the recompense small? Looking at the enormous competition, it is quite enough for him if he can gain a respectable livelihood. I don't say there are not some ambitious and restless spirits who make a noise in the world; but they are few compared to the masses of whom I am speaking. Let us give an example. I know a great country where manufactures would be capable of immense development. But if I were to exhort the principal manufacturers to augment their production, to introduce this or that machinery, so as to compete in the market with other countries, they would reply: "What would be the use? We have a sufficient market at home." They are content

with small profits: small, I mean, in comparison with the immense gains they might make with a little more exertion. It is less trouble and less risk to go on in the old way. From this point of view, perhaps they are right; but the commerce of the nation remains below that of its neighbours.

Now in America, in every sphere of human activity, superhuman efforts are made. Competition, which is rather a hindrance than a stimulant, is far less; but emulation is more keen, for the results are far greater and far more easy to obtain. In Europe a man works to live, or, at most, to arrive at comparative ease; here he works to become rich. Everyone does not attain to this, but everyone tries for it. Such supreme efforts on all sides lead to extraordinary success. On the shores of the Atlantic, we see towns rivalling our greatest capitals in luxury, cultivation of mind, and (whatever may be said by facetious travellers,) in the taste and refined habits of the upper classes: in the interior, prairies and virgin forests have become in a few years, thanks to the energy of a handful of men, the most abundant granaries on the face of the globe; from north to south, from one ocean to the other, magnificent lines of railway have been constructed;[1] on the rivers, steamboats like floating palaces; even in the most remote corners of this immense continent you find pioneers at work, clearing the ground and paving the way for fresh conquests. And if you compare these wonders with the numbers of heads and arms which have achieved them, your astonishment will be still

[1] In 1861 the United States had 30,000 miles of railroad; in 1871 more than 60,000 miles.

greater, so marvellous is the disproportion between the one and the other. Hardly have the emigrants left our crowded Old World and set foot on the soil of the great American Republic, than, from the atoms they were, they have become individuals, each called in his measure to participate in the common work.

This miraculous transformation, leaving out other causes, which I set aside, is evidently due in a large measure to the political institutions which govern your great nation. To convince oneself of that fact, you have only to look at Canada. Except the old colony of Louis XIV., which has remained almost stationary in its happy, peaceful, bucolic isolation, the immigrants in Canada are almost exclusively English. The climate and the soil are analogous with those of the states on the Atlantic shore. One might fancy, therefore, that the results obtained would be the same as other English emigrants have accomplished in New England. But no. There is less energy and less progress in Canada. I do not say it as a reproach. Perhaps its inhabitants are all the happier for it; but taking things altogether, and in a material point of view, there is an incontestable inferiority in the British colony, however flourishing it may be in other ways.

I could cite many other advantages and good qualities which you possess; but I will content myself with bearing witness to the absence of prejudice which distinguishes you, except when the passions of the day fetter your usual freedom and clearness of judgment; and to the largeness of your views, which corresponds with the greatness of your territory. There is nothing small, or mean, or petty about you. This

is, to me, one of the greatest charms of America and the Americans. People who know you better and have known you longer than I, tell me that you have learned a great deal in the last few years, especially in the bitter school of suffering and trial entailed by the Civil War; that you have ripened; that you are less petulant, less confident in yourselves, and appreciate better the things which are good and wise in Europe; in a word, that your mind has spread, and has become capable of embracing more vast horizons. For my part, I can only be grateful for the welcome that I have received everywhere, and I believe there is no one that will not do homage to your kind and generous hospitality.

So much that is brilliant must have its dark shadow. Every mortal man is afflicted with the faults inseparable from his good qualities. And you are not exempt from this infirmity.

You have obtained, and are obtaining every day, enormous results; but it is at the cost of excessive labour, of a permanent tension of mind and an equally permanent drain of your physical strength. This excess of toil, of which I have already explained the reason, seems to me the source of serious evils. It must produce exhaustion, lassitude, and premature old age; it deprives those who give themselves up to it first, of time, and then of the power of enjoying the result of their labours. It makes gain—money, the principal object in life; excludes gaiety; entails a sadness which is the natural consequence of over-fatigue; and destroys the family tie and home joys To observations such as these the same answer is invariably given. "Yes, it is true; but time will modify

all this. We are at the working stage. We are making our fortunes—later on, will come the time of enjoyment and repose." I do not admit the truth of this reasoning. A sad and premature old age awaits men who have abused their strength. It is the same with individuals as with nations.

Another cause of your greatness is the unlimited expansion of individual liberty. But the liberty of the individual must necessarily be limited by the liberty of all represented by the State. From the balance of the two results their mutual guarantees. In the greater part of the countries of the Old World, the State claims too much and the individual obtains too little. With you, the fault is just the contrary. It is the conviction of most of your eminent men that you grant too much to the individual and too little to the State. The greater portion of the scandals and abuses which we see in your country arise from that source. The control of the organs of public opinion is insufficient. What is wanting, is the control of an admitted authority recognized by all the world. The complaints one hears on all sides are founded on facts of sad notoriety. I cannot do better than quote on this subject a passage from a book which has just come out and whose authors are your fellow-citizens:—

"All commentary would weaken the value of this story, which brings with it its own lesson. The facts reveal to the observer the corruption of our social system. No part of our organization appears healthy when put to the test. The Stock Exchange is a hell. The offices of our great companies are secret dens where the directors plot the ruin of their shareholders.

The law is simply an engine of war for the use of the bad; party spirit is hidden under the ermine of the judge; the house of legislature is a market where justice and right are put up to auction, while public opinion is silent and powerless." [1]

Are these grave accusations exaggerated? I do not know. All I can affirm is that I have heard similar complaints from everyone's mouth. The cry for reform is universal. But what kind of reform? On what basis? With what limits? That is the difficulty. The great reform by which you modified the constitution left you by Washington and your first legislators, has not been a success. By abolishing the census which they had the wisdom to establish, and adopting universal suffrage, you have more or less given up your great towns to mob influence, or at any rate, to the most restless, most ignorant and least respectable portion of the community. You see its effects. They are less sensibly felt in the West, because there everyone becomes a landed proprietor and consequently, to a certain degree, a Conservative. But in the towns the evil is great. The corruption and venality of which you complain, are, to a great extent, the result of this reform. Sooner or later you will strive to mend matters. You will try and retrace your steps, but this is always difficult and often dangerous. But outside these social questions there is the great political one

[1] Chapters on Erie, and other essays, by Ch. and H. Adams. Boston, 1872. See article entitled "Les Chemins-de-fer aux Etats Unis," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1 Avril, 1872.

N.B.—[The translator has been unable to reproduce the exact words of the text, not having access to the American original.]

which calls for your most serious attention. From the St. Lawrence to the Potomac, from the Atlantic to the Missouri, there is not a man, I believe, who would not give his life to maintain the integrity of the Union. But to effect this, the moral conquest of the South, which will not be an easy matter, must succeed to the material one which has been accomplished.

The Far West, that is, the Pacific States, also call for your earnest consideration. Great progress but also great changes are being made there, and still greater ones are preparing. There is an enormous influx of strange elements, which, as I said before, will diminish more and more the Anglo-American character of the population. You cannot then reckon on community of blood, for it hardly exists, and besides, two facts in the history of your country disprove its power—first, your separation from the mother-country, and next, the insurrection in the South. Community of blood ceases to be a guarantee when there is not also a community of interests. You must aim, then, at creating that common interest. You must make the lives of your countrymen on the shores of the Pacific easy, and convince them of the great and permanent advantages they owe to the Union.

This great question of maintaining the Republic in all its extent is linked with another problem, which is still more difficult to solve. As it is necessary to secure to the individual, and to the State, that is to the totality of individuals which compose it, the just amount of liberty which belong to each, it is also necessary to balance the autonomy of the States with the legislative power of the central government. As

a counterpoise to the autonomy of the States, Washington does not even represent the central link between the different members of the Republic. Seeing the powers conferred on the President by the constitution, and the influence he exercises, an influence rendered all the more easy by the legion of functionaries and agents whom he nominates or dismisses, and who disappear with him at the end of four, or at the most, eight years; seeing also the means of action and of resistance which he has at his disposal *vis-à-vis* the central legislature, Washington represents the principle of personal government. Reforms are eagerly demanded and they will be granted; but these reforms will probably be more extensive than those who now clamour for them either wish or expect. It will probably happen to them as it often does to an architect employed in the restoration of a house. A party wall between two rooms has to be rebuilt; or an archway to be propped up. Nothing more; but in proportion as the work advances, unexpected damages are discovered; and sometimes he is obliged to strengthen or renew the very foundations of the building.

Public opinion cries out against abuses. But one must go to the bottom of the evil, and that perhaps will lead you further than you intend. In undertaking this arduous and delicate task, which, in your patriotism, you will be sure to accomplish, your difficulty will be not to sacrifice the central personal power to the autonomy of the States, nor the autonomy of the States to the central power. In the first case, you would compromise the integrity of the Republic;

in the second, you risk denaturalising the very essence of your institutions and opening the doors to a Cæsarism, which is the very worst form of government, saving anarchy, which is not a government at all. As to the dream indulged in by some superficial minds, not in your own country, but in Europe, that you will end by establishing a monarchy, it does not deserve even a passing mention. You do not possess any of the necessary elements. Kings cannot be extemporised. Thrones are like the giants of your forests; they want a distinct soil and are the growth of centuries.

July 24.—It is hardly day-light, but already the passengers are gathered on the deck. Right and left, land is in sight: wooded shores, grassy slopes, and rich fields of a green worthy of Ireland; while the outlines of the mountains are hidden by clouds of white vapour which seem to have come out of a stove. Above this moving curtain is a colossal cone. Its summit is shrouded in fresh clouds. It is the Fuji-yama, an extinct volcano, which lifts its crater fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. On nearing the shore, the eye perceives numberless little creeks, shaded with fine trees, and bordered with smiling villas, while multitudes of junks, some at anchor, some propelled with large oars, or with gigantic sails, reminding one of the galleys of the ancients, pass close to the *China*. Standing on the deck, men, stark naked, save for a little strip of linen round their loins, ply their oars, and accompany each stroke with a low and measured chaunt. These supple

bodies with their bronzed, shiny, tattooed skins, develop in their athletic poses a symmetrical beauty worthy of the chisel of a sculptor.

A little before eight o'clock we are in front of the Bluffs of Yokohama. The steamer slowly rounds the wooded promontories crowned by magnificent firs, and by the flags of the British Legation and of other foreign missions. A few minutes later, and we steam into the harbour. It is full of sailing vessels and steamers of all nations. Native junks, great and small, come and go. Further on, the graceful and imposing outlines of several English, French, and American men-of-war stand out against the sky. Before us, a long and handsome line of buildings, mingled with fine trees, stretches the whole length of the quay. This is the "Bund."

At eight o'clock precisely the *China* casts anchor. A little after nine o'clock, exactly as we had been promised at San Francisco, we step on the mysterious shores of the "Empire of the Rising Sun."

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART II.

JAPAN.

CHAPTER I.

YOKOHAMA.—FROM THE 24TH TO THE 26TH; AND FROM THE 28TH OF JULY TO THE 3RD OF AUGUST; FROM THE 14TH TO THE 18TH OF AUGUST; AND FROM THE 18TH TO THE 19TH OF SEPTEMBER.[1]

First Impressions of a New Arrival.—The Look of the Town.—Commercial Movements.—Europeans at Yokohama.

THE impressions on arriving in Japan have been described, in the last dozen years, a thousand times over. The French, English, and German newspapers and reviews have all painted them in more or less vivid colours. There is not a commissioner nor a naval cadet stationed in the harbour, who has not sent a notice or an article on the subject to the head of his department. There are also more serious works, like that of Sir Rutherford Alcock, the official founder of Yokohama, and other books, both amusing and instructive, like the clever report of Mr. Oliphant, and the charming "Voyage autour du Japon" of M.

[1] I have adopted the English orthography for the Japanese and Chinese names, as being the best known, the only one consecrated by use, and the least offensive to the eye.

Richard Lindau. But all they have said is less than what one feels on being suddenly transported to a country where everything is absolutely new. One cannot believe one's eyes. At every step one asks oneself if it be not all a dream, a fairy tale, a story of the Thousand and One Nights; and the vision is so beautiful a one that one fears every moment lest it should disappear.

I will not attempt a useless description. Everyone, in these days, knows that the Japanese people are gentle, amiable, civil, gay, good-natured, and childish; that the men of the lower classes have skins bronzed by the sun, and often tattooed red and blue like the designs on the lacquer-work of their country; that men of all classes have their heads shaved, saving a little tail which is agreeably balanced above the occiput; that, in summer, they leave off their narrow trousers, and content themselves with a simple tunic of silk or cotton, according to the rank of the individual, and when they are at home, with the *Fundashi*. From the Mikado down to the lowest coolie, this waistband or sash forms the principal part of the toilet of every respectable Japanese. Everyone except the merchants, who are the lowest in the social scale, belong to some one, not as a serf or slave, but as a member of a clan, which, divided into a great many different castes, forms only one great family, of which the prince or daimio is the chief. He has his counsellors, his vassals, his samurais, or knights with two swords (the others having only one), his men of war, and servants of all grades. Each one wears on his back and on the sleeves of his tunic, the coat of arms of the prince

or the corporation whom he serves, a flower or certain letters inscribed in a circle. The sabres of the gentlemen, their inkstands, their pipes, their purses fastened to their waistbands,—all this is well known. One knows also, on the word of Sir Rutherford, that it is not prudent, and that there is even peril of death, in meeting one of these *samuraïs* when they are acting as escort to their prince, or when they are coming out of a house of entertainment heated by a few bumpers of *saki*. It is less generally known that the present government is striving to put down these feudal institutions. But the external appearance of the country is, as yet, but little altered. As to the women, all authors speak of them with delight. They are not exactly beautiful, for they are wanting in regularity of feature. Their cheek-bones are too prominent. Their beautiful, large, brown eyes are too decidedly of an almond shape, and their thick lips are wanting in delicacy; but that does not spoil them. What does almost destroy their beauty is the habit of the young girls, just before their marriage, of tearing out their eyebrows and blackening their teeth. They take these precautions as a safeguard against themselves. By sacrificing their beauty and rendering themselves less attractive, and consequently less exposed to seduction, they give their husbands a pledge of fidelity. But they are gay, simple, and gracious, full of natural distinction, and, if we are to believe the young authors who have made their studies of manners in the tea-shops of Yokohama, extremely easy to live with. Their head-dress consists of two or three smooth bands of ebony black hair, gracefully twisted and

confined by two large pins—only bad women wear more. Their toilet consists of a petticoat and a jacket, with a broad sash tied in a large bow behind. Their shoes are boards, adroitly fastened round the great toe by a thin little leather strap; but all this is well known through innumerable descriptions and photographs, and even by the paintings on those Japanese fans so common now in Europe.

But what no pen or pencil can ever truly render is the sight of the streets, with their busy, picturesque crowd of men and women smiling courteously at one another, and bowing profoundly to each other; or, if it be a question of some great personage, prostrating themselves on the ground; but with an agility and a dignity which takes off what might appear humiliating in the action, and only gives it the appearance of an excess of politeness and deference. Whilst you are walking down a street, of which the extreme cleanliness is the first thing that strikes you, and looking right and left, only regretting that you have not a hundred eyes wherewith to take in all these enchanting scenes, you hear the measured cry or chaunt of the coolies, bearing great cases hung on long bamboos, resting on their athletic shoulders. The perspiration is streaming down their tattooed limbs: except the linen waistband, they are entirely naked at this season of the year. They also are smiling. During their short halts to take breath, they chatter away and exchange compliments with each other. And then the houses! You know them well. They have been represented hundreds of times, and many of you saw in the Paris Exhibition a real Japanese

house. But believe me when I say that all this does not give you in the least the idea of the reality. You should see these houses in Japan itself, inhabited by the natives themselves. You must look at the interior, which is easy enough, for the house is entirely open towards the street. You should see the light and shade flickering in these habitations, without furniture, it is true, but with beautiful mattings, and a view beyond of the little garden, with its dwarf trees, resembling, in spite of their stunted size, the giants of the forest, like children whom one has dressed up and disguised as old men. Here am I, after my protest and against my will, allowing myself to be tempted into giving descriptions, although I have declared them to be powerless even by far cleverer pens than mine! A thousand little problems of daily life are solved before one's eyes by a people of evident refinement, who feel the same wants as ourselves, but who satisfy them by totally different means. It is impossible not to admire a picture so charming in design and colouring: but when one comes to examine it closer, one finds that it is an undecipherable puzzle.

We must not forget the Europeans. Yokohama is the creation of the first English merchants, who arrived in 1858 after the signing of the treaties, to seek their fortunes in the Empire of the Rising Sun, which until then had been hermetically sealed to them. Whilst the minister of Queen Victoria, Sir Rutherford Alcock, was negotiating with the Siogun about the territory to be conceded to the Europeans, these latter, of their own authority, chose a desert

shore on which to erect their houses and factories, close to a fishing village called "Yokohama," or "Across the Sea-Shore." This spot had the advantage over that proposed by Sir Rutherford, of being more accessible to ships than any other port in the Gulf of Yedo. The Japanese ministers were in favour of the selection, because, hemmed in by the sea on one side and a marsh on the other, as well as by a river and a canal, this locality seemed to them to combine all the requisite conditions for being converted into a second "Detsima" or prison, when a favourable opportunity presented itself of ridding themselves of the strangers. This after-thought did not escape Sir Rutherford; but he was compelled, at last, to yield to the wish of his countrymen, and to the force of circumstances. In general, the opinion is, that the security of the moment will never be troubled, and people laugh at the sinister previsions of the late English minister. Because, in these last few years, no English resident has been murdered, they feel themselves as safe as if living in the Strand or in Charing Cross. I suppose that this is in human nature. When it has been fine for a month, a good many people will not believe in bad weather. At the close of the long and happy epoch of peace which divided the reigns of the two Napoleons, many serious-minded, reflecting men no longer believed in the possibility of war. It was, they said, incompatible with that degree of civilization to which human nature had attained. If you doubted it, you were looked upon as a visionary and even a dangerous man. It is in these dispositions that I have found the English residents of Yokohama. I can only fer-

vently hope that future events will justify these optimists, and prove that the prudent Sir Rutherford was in the wrong.

Hardly was the new town built than it was almost entirely destroyed by fire. This was on the 20th November, 1866. No trace now remains of this disaster. It is built in the shape of a parallelogram, crossed from west to east by three great arteries, out of which lead streets of minor importance. Along the sea-shore, parallel to the large thoroughfare, stretches the *Bund*, which is a row of fine houses, each with its little garden, either before or behind. To the east is the native quarter, which spreads itself out towards the north. At the entrance is the palace of the Japanese governor, situated at the corner of *Curio Street*, which is a prolongation of *Main Street*, and contains shops where every kind of bronze and lacquer-work, China vases, and other curiosities are sold. At the end, a gateway and bridge, carefully guarded by native troops, lead to the country beyond, and to the village which gave its name to the town. The road winds up a steep hill and descends on a plain on the other side. A double row of houses skirts this road, which at a little distance joins the Tokaido, or the great royal highway of Yedo. To see a perpetually moving stream of human beings of all ages and conditions, one has only to take a walk between Kanagawa and Kawasaki. Formerly, to do this would have been an act of bravery, if not of temerity; but to-day there is no danger. This part of the Tokaido will soon lose its peculiar character, however, for a railroad, of which the works are already

far advanced, will unite the capital with Yokohama.[1] To the west of the European town, beyond the little river, are the celebrated "bluffs," or heights, which, detaching themselves from the neighbouring hills, advance towards the sea: in the few last years they have been covered with a number of pretty villas. There is the (at this moment unoccupied) residence of the English Legation, the house of the English judge, and of most of the English and American residents, and the legations of other foreign Governments. The greater part of these buildings are surrounded with magnificent trees, and enjoy a glorious view; towards the north, above the hills on that side, the great volcano, Fujiyama; towards the west and south, the Pacific; towards the east, the long, wooded promontory, and the white line formed by the houses of Kanagawa. At the foot of these bluffs is the French barrack; and on the summit, the barrack of the English troops. One knows that on the occasion of some troubles in the interior, the governor of the town, having declared to the diplomatic agents that he could no longer answer for the safety of the Europeans, the French admiral, Jaurès, disembarked his marines, and that a regiment of the line was sent for from Hong Kong. This military occupation still continues, although with certain modifications; and I own that, whatever people may say, I think it is a wise precaution.

[1] One portion of this railroad was opened with great pomp on the 12th June, 1872. No unlucky accident marred the solemnity, except that the principal personage, the Prime Minister Sanjo, was forgotten in the waiting-room!

The commerce of the place is centered in the lower town. There are the great banks, the counting-houses of the principal firms, the offices of the three Steam Packet Companies, the factories and shops, (more or less abundantly furnished,) and a large number of public-houses.

All these establishments prove the partly successful efforts that have been made to convert the newly-created factory into one of the great emporiums of the East. Nevertheless, symptoms of disquiet are evident. It is more difficult to point out the cause. It is evident that here, as in China, one is far off from the golden age of sudden and fabulous profits. The influx of European and American merchants, the establishment of new houses, and even the competition, which is every day more sensibly felt, of the Chinese themselves, to a certain degree explain this fact. There are also the fluctuations inherent in all commercial operations, the consequence of the late events in Europe. Nevertheless, the foreign trade is decidedly on the increase, though, during the last two years, the English have not done so well. I hear a great many complaints, and they are easily to be understood. People do not exile themselves to the antipodes and run the chance of the climate to work hard and gain little. In that case they had better have remained at home. They were attracted by the brilliant prospect of great fortunes rapidly made. These illusions have been dispelled, and hence the discontent.

I do not, of course, venture on an opinion upon a matter which I have been unable to study deeply. But I fear that the calculations and hopes of some of

the foreign merchants are founded on suppositions which a more accurate knowledge of the resources of the country would scarcely justify. The Japanese people are happy and contented with the conditions in which they are placed, or rather in which they have been placed until now. Misery is unknown amongst them, but so also is luxury. The simplicity of their habits, an extreme frugality, and the absence of those wants which Europe could and would satisfy, are, it appears to me, so many obstacles to a vast exchange of European products with those of Japan. The tea of this country is not popular with us: and since the best silkworms' eggs were exported to Lombardy, the Japanese silks have diminished in value. Their mines remain, which perhaps conceal untold riches. But in the present state of things, neither the people nor the country are rich. Excepting English cottons, the inhabitants have no need of European articles; and even if they had, they would have no money wherewith to buy them. All this, it is true, may be changed, only it will not be to-day or to-morrow. Generations will come and go before these dreams can be realised. The existing governments are tending towards this end and advancing with giant strides. But even if the nation should wish to follow, has it the power? That seems to me doubtful. The European merchants hope for it, because they wish for it. They pat the reformers on the back, hoping to profit by the change. But men who are well versed in such matters, and have no pre-conceived views or interests, fear, on the contrary, that these expensive innovations will become a source of impoverishment rather than of riches to the country;

and that foreign trade has already attained the extreme limit possible under the given circumstances.

The official documents for the year 1870, compared with the preceding year, prove a notable increase in foreign trade. In round numbers, the value of the imports in the five ports permitted by the treaty represent upwards of thirty-one millions of dollars;[1] the exports more than fifteen millions; total, forty-six millions two hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars. The imports of English cottons alone amount to the enormous sum of seven millions of dollars; woollen stuffs to two millions. But the sum-total of the imports of European and American merchandise is only about thirteen millions; whilst, owing to the bad harvests of the two last years, more than eighteen millions of dollars' worth of food were imported from China in the shape of grain, rice, peas, sugar, and oil. Japan paid twelve millions of dollars for rice alone. Hence arose the diminution of demand for European goods.

The exports are less satisfactory. The principal product, which is silk, was unusually dull. The war between France and Germany and the deterioration of the Japanese silk explain the stagnation of this branch of trade. The export of tea, on the other hand, made by private houses for American consumption rose from two millions to three millions eight hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars—that is, about double. These transactions involve a debt of sixteen millions of dollars, which the country will have to pay in

[1] The dollar, at par, is worth 4 francs 50 centimes in French money; and about 3*s.* 9*d.* in English.

specie. Since the new era, gold and silver have completely disappeared from circulation, and nothing is seen but paper-money.

An analysis of official returns proves a notable diminution in English trade and a slight increase in the transactions with France. Whilst in the same year the number of foreign ships has increased, the English navigation has diminished. This diminution is entirely in the coasting trade, which is now carried on exclusively by the steamers of the P.M.S.S. Company. These ships in themselves represent three-quarters of the navigation of America in the North Pacific.

We have seen how large a share in these transactions falls to the Chinese. All retail business is now beginning to pass through their hands. Lately, the *Costa Rica*, one of the steamers of the Pacific Company, carried from Shanghai to Yokohama 1,800 tons of European and Chinese merchandise, of which 300 only were consigned to European and American merchants at Yokohama and 1,500 to Chinese houses established in that port and at Nagasaki. There are a good many German houses here, but they trade chiefly with English capital.

As to the navigation, this is the order of the different flags according to the number of their tonnage: English, American, German, French and Dutch. The Germans carry Swiss and English goods in preference to the productions of their own country. They rarely come from a German port, but they do almost all the coasting trade between Yokohama, Hiogo, Nagasaki, and Shanghai. Their flag waves in almost every

port, even in the most out-of-the-way harbours of China and Japan. On land and sea, German activity makes itself more and more felt. They, with the Chinese, are the most formidable rivals to English commerce. The French ships are far less numerous, and generally come straight to and from France. Their cargo is almost invariably French. In all commercial transactions, however, the London and Liverpool markets lay down the law. Among other things they regulate the price of silks. A considerable portion of the Japanese silks destined for the French weavers is sent to Marseilles by the "Messageries Maritimes," then across France, and so to London and Liverpool, where they are bought by the Lyons manufacturers. Japan will only take Birmingham and Manchester goods. The Americans import flour and building materials from Oregon and California. In exchange they export tea, of which there is an enormous consumption in the Pacific States.

In external appearance, the commercial quarter of Yokohama does not certainly resemble in any way the great industrial centres of Europe or America. No chimneys vomiting clouds of black smoke; no throng of cabs or omnibuses; no press of business-men jostling against one another. Houses and passers-by have all a quiet, respectable, and somewhat rural look. The buildings, though adapted to the climate, have a decidedly British stamp upon them. The principal ornament of the streets are the fine trees, of which the heads appear above the roofs. For two or three hours in the morning and before sunset, there is a slight stir in the streets from the merchants going to

or returning from their counting-houses. The rest of the day, all is quiet and still, save that about twelve o'clock everyone goes to breakfast, and the shops and offices are shut. As in India and China, the "tiffin" is the principal meal; the dinner is but a ceremony. The only really busy days are those of the arrival and departure of the mails. On ordinary occasions, people think they have done quite enough by four o'clock, and that it is then time to amuse themselves. The young men leave their pens and rush off—some to take a ride, others to go boating. The fashion is for each gentleman to carry his own canoe (which is long and narrow), through the streets and launch it himself in the water. Then, like all Englishmen, trained from boys to every kind of athletic sport, they seize their oars and start off, like an arrow from a bow. It is a struggle of courage, skill, and strength. At that hour the Bund begins to fill with gigs or little light carriages built at Hong Kong, drawn by little Australian or Philippine horses, and filled with young couples —for here everybody is young—who drive rapidly towards the bluffs. They trot up the steep ascent, pass the racecourse (which is never wanting in any English settlement), and finally get into the "New Road," as it is called, which, by wooded hills and through green rice-fields and groves of bamboos, leads down to the bay of Mississippi. Everywhere you meet gentlemen on horseback, either mounted on the ponies of the country, or bestriding some huge English charger, a veteran of the last Chinese war;—English officers, French sailors, or gentlemen in white clothes, with solar topees on their heads, fresh from India. What adds

to the charm of the scene is the smiling look of the country and the intense beauty, at this season, of the setting sun. The sky is positively crimson, with great clouds of Sèvres blue; the long promontory of Thanagawa is inundated with mother-of-pearl; and on the purple and violet sea, the pale shadows of the ships and junks stand out against the sky, the one rocked by the swell, the others gliding across the water like phantoms.

Englishmen form the great majority of the residents; then come the Americans, Germans and French. Italy is represented by silk-growers: they arrive in summer and return in November. The ladies are few. Last year Sir Harry and Lady Parkes were able to get about thirty together at a ball given on the Bluffs; but that was an event which is still talked of. A *fête* at the English club given to some English officers of one of the regiments which was ordered home, enabled me to admire the elegance, freshness and beautiful toilets of some of these young ladies, who had courage enough to dance with the thermometer at 30 degrees of Réaumur.

The natives whom one meets with in the European quarter are either servants or clerks. The place of *comprador*, which is such an important one in the European houses and banks, is invariably held by Chinese. From year to year these men play a more important part in this country. As servants they are much preferred to the natives. "The Japanese have adopted the civilization, religion and even the handwriting of the Chinese;" this was told me by a man who has long been resident here. Now they are

trying to imitate Europeans. They cannot help copying others; it is in their nature. Only compare a Japanese and Chinese servant. The former will watch the minutest habit of his master, and conform himself to it with the most wonderful facility; only he must not act by his own inspiration, for he has no head. The Chinese remain always Chinese. They observe and copy less, but they do better when they are left to follow their own imaginations.

The Japanese, provided you keep them in their place and make them observe the etiquette of their own country, are gentle, merry, and very affectionate towards their master. If he beats them, they are not the less attached; besides, the bamboo brings with it no dishonour. They are only children whom a father has chastised. But if you treat them as you would a European servant, they become familiar, rude, and positively insupportable. The Chinaman, on the other hand, can never be made to love the master he serves. He is proud, vindictive, and very susceptible; but always of an exquisite politeness. At the slightest observation you make to him, he leaves your service, either under the pretext of the illness of his mother, or telling you, very respectfully, and with the peculiar smile of his race when announcing disagreeable intelligence, that there is between you and him an incompatibility of character. Having said this, nothing stops him, and he leaves you.

In one of the wide streets, behind a little wall and surmounted with a cross, a fine church rises at the bottom of a court; and before the porch, the statue of the Blessed Virgin. On one side is a low house, the

humble domicile of the apostolic delegate, Mgr. Petitjean and his vicars, all belonging to the Paris Foreign Missionary College. Apostolic zeal and love have led them to these distant shores. The laws of the country, the jealous vigilance of the Japanese authorities, the hatred of Christianity (which has survived the transformations operated or meditated by the innovators), and the prudent counsels of the foreign envoys, have hitherto placed insurmountable obstacles in the way of their ministry. They are pastors without flocks, save such Catholic residents as have time to remember that they are Christians, and the Irish and French soldiers and sailors, who never forget it. Thousands of native Christians, cruelly persecuted at this very moment, vainly demand the religious consolations which these good fathers are forbidden to bring to them. There is nothing, therefore, to be done, but to pray, to wait, to hope, and to perfect themselves in the knowledge of the language, manners, and history of the country; they trust that this new revision of the treaties will bring about good results; and cherish the hope, which perhaps is not altogether a chimerical one, that the day is at hand when Japan, open to European commerce, will be equally so to the propagation of the faith.

To sum up all I have said, Yokohama is an important place. A great deal of work is done here, but not too much. There is a good deal of activity: but not that exaggerated, feverish activity which characterises the great centres of industry and commerce in America. There is time left for rest, for rational amusements, and also for the regret which everyone

seems to feel for their birthplace. A new arrival has not been twenty-four hours at Yokohama without finding out that all the world is home-sick. They work and play, it is true, each one according to his own taste and means. Below the rank of gentleman there is the rowdy; for this element, though not so developed as in the Far West, is not altogether wanting—witness the drinking-shops and billiard-rooms, which are constantly filled with these noisy adventurers. But all sigh for "home." Talk to them of Old England and a cloud at once passes over their faces. Man is thus constituted. He is always looking for some happiness in the future instead of seizing what is granted to him in the present. Life in these distant countries fosters this disposition. Living between the regret of what they have left behind and the hope of what they will get, their years are passed in suspense and agitation. Those who have become really rich (and they are the exceptions) leave with joy the exile where they have passed the best years of their lives. They decide to go home—they are *homeward bound.* What music in those two words!—magic words, which call forth the sighs of all those who hear them. But I fancy the happiest moment for these favoured mortals is the passage. It is the time of illusions. Hardly have they arrived in their own country, with its leaden-grey sky and murky fogs, than they begin to regret the bright Japanese sun, the beautiful cedars which shaded their house, the quantities of servants, the work, the animation—in fact, all the surroundings of their Yokohama existence. There, at any rate they were *somebody;*

they were at least better than a *chi-fu-chi*. In England they find themselves—*nobody!* In Japan they had the *mal du pays*—they were home-sick; in England, they long, at heart, to return to Japan.

"Man never is, but always to be blest!"

If they had to begin life over again, would they go and seek their fortunes at the Antipodes?[1]

[1] Here is the census of the European residents in Japan from the report of Sir Harry Parkes, April 29th, 1871:—782 English; 229 Americans; 164 Germans; 158 French; 87 Dutch; and 166 Europeans of all other countries. Total, 1,586.

CHAPTER II.

YOSHIDA.—FROM THE 3RD TO THE 14TH OF AUGUST.

Japan, saving the Trade Ports and the Towns of Yedo and Osaka, always closed to Strangers.—Way of Travelling in the Interior. —Passage of the Odawara River.—The Baths of Miyanôshita. —The Pilgrims of Fujiyama.—The Temple of Yoshida.—The defile of Torisawa.—Hachôji.—Return to Yokohama.

TREATIES have not yet opened Japan. They have only given European residents the liberty to reside and to trade in the five ports called "of the treaties:" namely, Yokohama, Hiogo (Kobe), Nagasaki, Niigata, and Hakodaté; and in the great towns of Yedo and Osaka. All the rest, that is, the whole territory of the empire, saving these seven points, is hermetically sealed. Around each "treaty port" there are a few square miles accessible to strangers. Posts on which are painted in English and Japanese characters, "Frontiers of the Treaty," mark the boundaries. Beyond is forbidden ground. Only the heads of legations and consuls-general are, by virtue of conventions, permitted to travel into the interior. The prohibition for everyone else is strictly maintained. However, on the demand of the envoys, permission

is sometimes given to visit the hot springs of Miyanôshita and of Atami, and to make the ascent of Fujiyama. In these cases, an armed guard, whom the Europeans call, I am told wrongly, *yakunins* (as this appellation belongs to officers of a superior rank) accompany the tourist, less with the object of protecting than of watching him. The most distant points granted by these permits are Subashiri, at the foot of the Fujiyama to the north-east, at about fifty miles from Yokohama; and Atami, on the sea-coast, to the south-west, at about sixty miles. Whenever they proceed with the revision of the treaties,[1] this question of the closing of Japan will form one of the most important in the negotiations. Until now, no foreign legation has approached the subject officially: but when sounding the views and intentions of the Mikado's councillors, the answer has always been the same, namely, that "As long as the samurais (military men) remain armed, the shutting-up of the country must be maintained, even in the interests of the strangers themselves. To permit these last to travel in the interior would be to expose their persons and even their lives to the greatest dangers." When you answer to this: "Well, why not disarm the samurais?" the reply is: "This is a serious business; a question of interior policy which we are not allowed to discuss with the representatives of foreign powers." In this way they elude the discussion. "To disarm the samurais would involve a revolution. To allow strangers to travel in the interior before they were disarmed, would only be to multiply assassinations

[1] This was done in 1873.

These have all been committed in the open territory; judge what they would be if we were to authorise strangers to travel in the interior!" This argument is unanswerable.[1]

Is there any great danger at present in travelling in the interior? On this point, opinions are divided.[2] In diplomatic circles, the fashion is to look upon everything and everybody in Japan on the bright side. A liberal ministry, which assumes friendly relations with strangers, is in power. They must be coaxed, encouraged, helped, as far as possible, to carry out their benevolent, civilised, and enlightened views. Certainly, the list of murdered foreigners is large, and comparing the number of victims with the residents, it is even startling. But for some months, there have been no similar attacks. If two samurais, helped by a third, whom chance had brought upon the scene of action, *did* cut to pieces two Englishmen in the service of the Japanese government last January, why, those fools had only themselves to thank for it, for they had sent away their guards, and showed themselves at night in the streets of the capital with one of the women of the country. Certainly, Sir Rutherford had reason to say in his book that it was not safe to meet daimios travelling in the interior with their escort of two-sworded knights; that even he ran the chance of a sudden and violent death. But then, you do not meet daimios as often as you did formerly, for the

[1] By the last advices from Japan it appears that the disarming of the samurais has been effected in various parts of the empire.

[2] If the last accounts are to be believed there is a notable amelioration in this respect.

reason that they generally travel in steamboats and not on land. The samurais, besides, are not so hostile as they used to be. They begin to yield to the influences of civilisation.

"But the terrible attack of those two fanatics in the streets of Kiyôto on Sir Harry Parkes, at the very moment when, surrounded by his soldiers and staff, he was solemnly going to pay a visit to the Mikado in his own palace?" "Oh, that was three years ago. Things have changed very much since then." In fact, to believe the official talk of the legations, all danger has disappeared.

The residents in Yokohama are equally confident. Nevertheless, some amongst them have owned to me their complete ignorance on this head. The Catholic missionaries, whose information is so valuable in other parts of the East, and especially in China, were not able to give me any precise indications. On one point alone everyone is agreed, that the people are good, amiable, and benevolent. As for the two-sworded gentlemen, why one had better avoid them as much as one can. The rest is unknown. Many things are, in this country! A thick curtain is still drawn over it. The legations of the great powers have just lifted up a little corner of it; but their means of information are limited, and, saving the English minister, who is at Yedo, they are all settled at Yokohama. Besides, circumstances impose great reserve on the heads of departments. If they were to insist too much on the dangers that might be run by their fellow-countrymen who wish to penetrate into the interior, they would cause a panic in the Yokohama factory, and wound the susceptibilities

of the native authorities. If, on the other hand, they were to enlarge on the security which Europeans now enjoy in consequence of the treaty, they would indirectly encourage that spirit of adventure which is one of the attributes of the Anglo-Saxon, and would assume the responsibility of the murders which might be the result. They therefore keep silence. But as I have said, confidence prevails at this moment in all circles, official, diplomatic, and consular.

August 3.—M. Van der Hœven, the Netherlands minister, has proposed to me to join an excursion which he is about to make to Fujiyama. I hope to profit by this opportunity to explore the country which is hitherto so little known to the north and north-east of this extinct volcano. Our party consists of six ; and amongst these we have the good fortune to bring with us M. Kempermann, a distinguished Japanese scholar, and the interpreter of the North-German Legation. Our preparations are at last made, and the government orders duly conveyed by couriers to the local authorities. The cook, in a cango, with provisions, plate, and beds, loaded on coolie shoulders, precede us : and this morning by five o'clock, in magnificent weather, which, however, threatens intense heat, we get into our *char-à-banc.* It will carry us by the Tokaido or royal carriage road, which begins a league from hence, down to the banks of the river Odawara. From thence we shall go on horseback, on foot, or in a cango. A band of yakunins,[1] our guardian angels and also our watchers, mounted

[1] Spelt *yaconin* by Sir R. Alcock. (Translator's Note.)

on little screws of horses, surround the *char-à-banc.* Hardly had we got into this primitively-constructed vehicle, than everyone, except I, who never carry any, begins to examine his fire-arms. My young neighbour pulls out of his pocket a formidable revolver. The way in which he handles it makes me, for the first time in my wanderings, tremble in my shoes.

The Tokaido is, as usual, very animated. Travellers on foot, or in cangos or norimons, men, women and children, warriors with two swords, and priests with shaven heads, follow one another without intermission. From time to time we meet a messenger. Like the greater part of the men we see, he has no clothes, save the piece of linen called a *pagne.* He is covered with a great round flat hat, miraculously balanced on the top of his head, and carries on his shoulder a long, thin bamboo stick. At one end is a little parcel containing his despatches, at the other his slender baggage. His little feet are shod with straw sandals. He runs with marvellous grace and agility: hardly does he touch the ground. This Mercury is only a poor coolie in the pay of some daimio, or of the government, or of the post-office: for there is a post-office for letters, the service of which is very well done. Our yakunins are fine fellows. Under their black, lacquered, flat, paper hats, with wide borders, and in their ample, flowing, silk robes they look very well. On both sides of the road there are houses, shops, and trees. The villages meet. The largest is called Totska. At half-past eight we arrived at Fujisawa, a town celebrated for

its temple. The country is beautiful. Wooded hills alternate with little valleys, which, closed towards the mountains, open out to the road. Mountains, valleys, gorges, all are of a brilliant green. Rice-fields cover the plains: the flanks of the mountains are cultivated in little terraces, stage upon stage, as well as the clefts of the hills, which are shaded by magnificent trees, pines, cryptomerias, Japanese laurels, and here and there tufts of bamboos.

We breakfast in a great tea-house. The *né-sans*—the young ladies, that is to say, the servants of the inn, so frequently mentioned in travels in this country, cluster round us. Although they are accustomed to see strangers here, there is still a great crowd of curious folks. At half-past nine we start again. An hour later we cross the treaty frontier, and passing through the suburb of Oitso, arrive at about one o'clock on the banks of the river, face to face with the feudal town of Odawara.

Here we left our carriage and each of us was stretched on a plank, passing our fingers through little holes bored for that purpose. Then four naked men lifted us up, placed us on their shoulders, and dashed with us into the river. It is a most strange, exciting scene and a little nervous besides. In the middle of the torrent, the water rose up nearly to the shoulders of the bearers. Forced to yield to the violence of the current, they let themselves drift, fortunately without losing their footing. The shores fly past us as if we were in a boat. Soon the sound of the surf breaking on the sea-shore mingles with the measured chant of the coolies, who while struggling

with the waves, look at us from time to time and laugh. Tossed about on these planks, we hold on with all our might. At last we reach the shore and are deposited on the sand. A few steps more and we are in the principal street of Odawara. At the entrance of the town, the mayor and his adjuncts, all in official costume, receive us with due honours and make a great "kow-tow:" then they lead us solemnly to a large tea-house, where our servants, whom we had sent on the day before, had prepared the "tiffin." For the last two or three years, Odawara has been visited by Yokohama residents; but the arrival of white faces is still an event. A number of the inhabitants of both sexes, and innumerable children, ran to see us eat. After our meal was over, a man appeared holding a beautiful lacquered box divided into four compartments, containing red, blue, black, and white sand. Throwing it on the floor, as a farmer would throw his seed, he contrived to draw and paint at the same time strange ornaments, flowers and birds; and at last, amidst the loud laughter of the company, erotic subjects worthy of the secret chamber of Pompeii. The enjoyment of the young girls and women gave one a singular idea of the morality of the Japanese people. But the correctness of the design, and the harmony of colour of these sand pictures, executed in so strange a fashion before our eyes in a few seconds, were not the less admirable. To me, it was a ray of light: I seemed to understand all at once Japanese art.

At four o'clock we again started, but this time on horseback. Until now we had gone to the west; now

our march was to be directed towards the north. The road follows the right bank of the torrent, allows us a glimpse of the great *château* of one of the daimios, shaded by magnificent trees, and then, becoming more and more steep, winds through the mountains, which are everywhere covered with an exuberant vegetation.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the little village of Yumoto, situated at the foot of a gorge. Here we left the Tokaido, which goes on to Kiyôto; and then, by narrow paths, on fragile bridges, between rocks covered with lichens and always rising higher and higher, we arrived at seven o'clock in the evening at the baths of Miyanôshita.

The distance from Yokohama is fourteen *ris*, or thirty-five English miles.

August 4 *and* 5.—Miyanôshita, which means "above the temple," consists of a temple ("Miya") and a group of houses placed one above the other, their foundations resting partly on the sides of the rock, partly on a narrow gorge which opens out towards the north. In that direction, the eye catches the eastern slopes of a fine chain of hills. All around, are mountains covered with cryptomerias and every kind of coniferous tree, mingled with oak and maple. Everything is green save the grey roofs of the houses supported by red pillars and showing, here and there, moveable partitions papered white. Steps cut in the granite rock serve as streets. Round the houses little gardens are laid out in terraces, while limpid streams form miniature cascades. Tiny oaks, tiny firs, tiny cedars, dwarfed and twisted into various shapes accord-

ing to the taste of the country, shade them. Little bridges formed of one single rock are thrown over small artificial torrents. All this is in questionable and somewhat infantine taste, and yet the proportions are harmonious and a good deal of imagination has been shown in the design. If, from your balcony, you look out into the garden, you may fancy for a moment you are in a fine park. But see—there is a young girl passing, and she is taller than the oldest cedar. It is all a plaything; but we must own, a very charming one.

The mayor has lodged us in the finest apartment of the finest hotel in the place, but to do so, has turned out one of the native families. I detest these arbitrary acts of authority, but the mischief having been done, I profit by it like my neighbours. I am bound to say that the dispossessed party smile at us most agreeably. Our hotel is composed of several separate sets of apartments, united by a long corridor. While walking in it, one may study the home life of the Japanese. All the world is come for the water-cure. At the end of the corridor is the bath-room, where everyone meets and is covered by turns with hot water or cold; then each one goes back to his room, which is more or less open on all sides. There you are rubbed by blind men, or, if you have a wife, she undertakes the task. I saw a fat gentleman stretched on a mat, smoking and reading, while his wife, crouched at his side, spent whole hours passing her delicate hands backwards and forwards over the shoulders of her lord and master. Their daughter, a pretty girl, with her hair beautifully dressed, played an instrument rather like a lute.

From time to time their servants crawled in on hands and knees to serve fresh tea and fresh tobacco to the father of the family, who was an official personage in Yedo.

In another room, our yakunins, squatted in a circle round some young girls, are singing and drinking *saki*. The kitchen swarms with women, cooking the dinner, watching the saucepans, and cutting up into pieces wretched fishes still alive. They are extremely clean, and go about their work most methodically. There is nothing to shock the eye. All the world laughs and talks. Everyone is merry, careless and easy-going. As the rooms adjoin one another, and are only divided by paper partitions the greater part of which are left ajar, you may peep into everything. Heads gracefully dressed, and finely-moulded, with naked arms and busts are seen through the half-lighted apartments. Here and there a ray of sunshine darts through a chink, and a golden shower of dust pierces athwart the darkness. Further on, you see daylight, and in the background trees, waterfalls, and here and there a few pedestrians ascending and descending the steep steps cut in the rock, and then disappearing in the green woods or in the little houses above.

August 6.—Our party was under way by six o'clock in the morning. If one could only unscrew one's legs, nothing would be pleasanter than a journey in a cango. This kind of litter, which belongs especially to the country, is an open basket, three feet long by two feet high: one must deduct the thickness of the big bamboo to which it is suspended. The roof is a poor

protection from the sun; and the whole thing is so low that you are obliged to lie on your back, while the vicinity of the bearer before you obliges you to double up your legs under you. But one makes up one's mind to everything in this world, or else one must certainly not come to Japan, where everything is different from what it is anywhere else.

On leaving Miyanôshita, you cross the gorge, and travelling constantly towards the north, traverse a fine forest. After a march of two hours and a half, we made a halt at the village of Sen-goku-no-hara. At half-past nine we started again; we have left the shade of the wood, and it is under the burning rays of a pitiless sun that we ascend the last spur of the mountain chain which separates us from Fujiyama. The grass, which is as high as a man, is white on one side and green on the other, which makes the mountains look now pale grey, now bright green, according to which way the wind blows. The path becomes steeper and steeper. Behind us, a little to the west, stretches a sheet of dark water between low solitary banks: this is the northern extremity of Lake Hakoné. At eleven o'clock, emerging from the defile, we come to the crest of the mountain, which is only a few feet wide, with a precipitous descent towards an undulating and fertile plain covered with meadows, plantations, hamlets, and villages. The light, soft green of the thick Alpine grass, contrasted pleasantly with the green of the foliage above our heads, which was dark in the shade and silvered in the sun. On the other side of the plain, towards the north-west, about four or five miles off, rises, in one sheer rock, 14,000 feet above

the sea, that giant of volcanos, the holy mountain of the empire, Fujiyama. It reminds one of Etna seen from Taormina: only its flanks are less torn, its outlines less broken: and the exceptional heat of this summer has melted the snow which covers it half-way during the greater part of the year.

We travellers let ourselves glide along the grass. In a few minutes we are in the plain. Here we find all the sweet smells of spring and the fresh elastic air of the Alps.

At one o'clock we arrive at the village of Gotemba and halt at a picturesque tea-house. Then follows a charming walk across an English park, where shade and water abound. By degrees the trees disappear. We have come to the steppe which encircles the base of the volcano. In this lava region stands Subashiri, the village where we are to pass the night. We arrive there at half-past six. The distance from Miyanôshita is seven *ris*, or seventeen miles and a half.

All this day's journey has been delicious. When one travels in a cango, one shaves, as it were, the very soil. During the morning, when crossing the meadows, the grass, moss, and flower-stems tickled my face. My eyes pierced through those mysterious regions which the pedestrian treads under foot, but which escape his sight. It was to me like a revelation. The sun sparkled amidst the shadows cast by the broad leaves. I watched the bees, the butterflies, and millions of little insects gliding and fluttering through the blades of grass or sucking the calyx of the flowers. And what flowers! Great blue-bells gently inclining their

heads over magnificent pinks; exquisite lilies, blossoming under a dome of long, thin leaves; and an endless variety of shades, and colours, and plants unknown in other hemispheres. Everything smiles in this country—the vegetation as well as human beings. Look at the poor fellows who are carrying you! They never cease chattering and laughing, though the perspiration streams down their bronzed backs. Every two or three minutes they change shoulders. It is the work of a second. We have each four coolies as relays. In climbing the hills those who are off duty help the others by pressing their hands against their backs. From one ten minutes to another they relieve each other, and never without a preamble of civility like the following: "Your highnesses must be tired." "Not at all." "Your highness makes a mistake." And so on with renewed laughter and protestations!

August 7.—It is from hence, *i.e.* the village of Subashiri, or by a little path more to the west of Hakoné, that Europeans, duly authorized, escorted and watched, make the ascent of Fujiyama. At this season, native pilgrims likewise throng there from every side; but their usual point of departure is from Yoshida. Beyond Subashiri is the mysterious land so little known to the whites. It is there, to the north-east of the volcano, that the town of Yoshida is situated, so celebrated for its temple, for the holiness of its site, and for the incredible number of pilgrims who, in July and August, come to pray there after having made the ascent of the holy mount. This place is the object of my journey. As for Fujiyama itself, I am quite

willing to rest satisfied with the descriptions of my companions. I know very well that the pleasure will not equal the fatigue. A tolerably well-kept path, divided into eight stations or halting-places, where you may pass the night in a hut, leads to the mouth of the extinct crater. If, by an exceptional chance, the sky should be clear, you enjoy an extensive though rather uninteresting view. The great charm of Alpine scenery, seen from a great height, consists less in the extent than in the variety of the panorama. Half terrified, you gaze at the deep gorges of the giant mountains around you, measure the height of their peaks and the depths of the chasms into which a false step might plunge you; and then, to rest your eye, you cast a glance on the plain below, which, by an optical delusion, seems to raise the horizon to the very spot you occupy. Now this surrounding of mountainous peaks is entirely wanting at Fujiyama. Those that encircle it are not above 3,000 feet high. Seen from the crater, therefore, the country below bears the aspect of a large sheet of crumpled paper, generally green, but here and there marked with black and white lines: these are Yedo, Yokohama, and the innumerable towns, hamlets, and villages of Kuanto.[1]

The preparations for the ascent have filled up the whole morning. At two o'clock my friends start off. At the same time (accompanied by the incomparable M. Kempermann, the only one among us who has the gift of native tongues), I mount my horse and plunge into an unknown country. The sun is cruel,

[1] A group of eight provinces. The literal translation is "The east of the frontier."

the scenery monotonous. We follow the course of a ravine, or rather a deep fent in the soil. On emerging from this, we find ourselves in front of a little lake; on the horizon is a chain of mountains; to our left, the volcano. Our route lies north-north-east. On arriving at the banks of the lake, we accept for a few minutes the hospitality of the Mayor of Yamanonaka, a little village coquettishly buried between the slopes of the wooded hill and the lake. Our arrival disturbs the whole population. On all sides they run to look at us, with astonishment but in silence; then they begin to laugh—but a frank, gay, amiable laugh; we are evidently welcome. The last part of this short day's journey was delicious. The Fujiyama threw its deep shade across our path. At half-past five, after having passed before the entrance of the Great Temple, we arrived at the first houses of Yoshida. The Mayor received us and led us to a little temple with a great hotel in front, where he had retained the best rooms for us. The distance from Subashiri is six *ris*, or fifteen miles.

August 7 *to* 10.—The town of Yoshida occupies the slope of one of the spurs of the Fujiyama. The great street descends in a straight line. A stream, forming little cascades here and there, follows its whole length. The houses, with flattened roofs, protected by big stones, remind one of our Alpine châlets. Seen from a sufficient distance so as not to take in the details, the illusion is complete. One could fancy oneself in Switzerland or the Tyrol. Looking back in the direction of the street, the colossal cone of the

volcano rises above the sacred woods which cover the neighbouring heights. Towards the east, in the far distance, is a mass of rugged rocky mountains, some bare, some covered with the most luxuriant vegetation.

The temple hotel, where we are lodged, is an immense building, containing a multitude of rooms, each divided, as usual, into movable partitions. In front is a great courtyard. A garden runs round one side, above the wall of which one again sees Fujiyama. From my lodging, which abuts on the temple, I can, through the half-open sashes, perceive all that goes on in this vast caravansera. I see a multitude of pilgrims, some great nobles and their suite, and, in the rooms adjoining the outer court, a legion of servants and armed men, all wearing on their tunics the heraldic devices of their masters. Beyond the court, troops of pilgrims, dressed in white, and incessantly ringing a small bell, never cease defiling up the long street. They are just come from Fujiyama. The master of the hotel, who is also the priest of the temple, puts his stamp on their clothes, and thus verifies that they have made the ascent of the Holy Mount. These vestments are handed down from father to son, and are considered precious relics.

My room, which is very vast, looks into a little court, and from thence into the sanctuary. There is an altar with candelabras, and in the middle the sacred mirror—no monsters or statues of false gods. A noble simplicity and a solemn silence reign in this spot, which is consecrated to an abstract idea and free from all the exterior attributes of Buddhist worship. The confused

sounds from the street, the kitchens, and the pilgrims' rooms, reach this solitude tempered by distance. Magic and inexplicable lights wander in the vast space, creep along the panels, pierce through the paper frames, are reflected on the lacquered borders of the parquet floor, and lose themselves in the depths of the apartment. As in the Italian inns in the days of Montaigne, men of rank hang their shields up on leaving, either painted on wood or on canvas. There is also a multitude of votive pictures which represent the givers, surrounded by their companions, Fuji-yama covered with snow, sick persons miraculously restored to health, successful fights, or people miraculously escaped from thieves. Some of these pictures seem to go back to the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. The rise and fall of art and the difference of taste are distinguishable in these ex-votos, which are mostly coarsely executed, but which, nevertheless, betray some of the deepest feelings of human nature.

The innkeeper, as I have before said, is priest, or rather guardian, of the temple, for, as I am assured, the Sintoo religion has not got any priests in the ordinary sense. The members of the present government are systematically opposed to the Buddhist faith, which is that of the great majority of the people. The dogmas of Sintooïsm are well-nigh forgotten; only a few of their learned men are acquainted with them. The politicians of the day have no knowledge of them, and willingly confound them with the doctrines of Confucius, which, in reality, are only a compilation of highly moral maxims. One knows

that the great Chinese philosopher, when questioned by one of his disciples on the existence of another world, replied: "I have never been there, so I know nothing about it." Such is the faith of the present privy council of the Mikado: and it is thus that they understand Sintooïsm, which is patronised by them, and indirectly imposed on the people as the religion of the state. But this interpretation must be received with caution. Sintooïsm was certainly the old religion of the country, but it gave place to Buddhism, which, officially introduced into China at the beginning of the first century, towards the sixth invaded and, we may say, conquered Japan. The ancient faith professed by the Mikados was overrun by Buddhist forms and practices. As to the Sioguns, they were all Buddhists. This explains the rapid growth of this religion, imported from India *vid* China: and one understands, too, how the dogmas and worship of the old religion fell into disuse and finally were forgotten. The official Sintooïsm of the day is simply the negation of all religion and the abolition of all forms of worship: it involves the destruction of the Buddhist temples, which has been already inaugurated by the demolition of a great part of the celebrated sanctuary of Kamakura, and by the confiscation with which they threaten the property of the priests; but it is not evidently the old religion of the empire. In a great many temples the two forms of worship have been practised simultaneously. In others, as at Yoshida and its environs, several Buddhist ceremonies, pleasing to the masses, have been introduced, with a certain reservation. Nowhere are the dogmas,

doctrines, and ceremonies of the ancient religion really preserved in their original purity.

Here and all round the base of Fujiyama, Sintooïsm is professed, but Buddhism is more or less practised. Our innkeeper priest is of a noble family: he has given up wearing arms out of respect to the functions of his ministry. Every afternoon he sports his official costume and appears in the great temple. His wife, a matron of great beauty, but wanting in dignity—alas! I see her every evening the worse for *saki*—his two daughters, who act as servants in the hotel, and his son, a charming boy of fifteen, compose the whole family. This young samurai, armed with his two swords, is very proud of himself, and likes to show himself off before us in his knightly costume. His good manners are an index of his high-bred feelings. A little scene which took place on the return of my companions gave evidence of this. One of them wanted to carry away an ex-voto picture as a souvenir. The scruples of the hotelkeeper having vanished before a splendid offer for the picture, it was taken down from its nail and presented to the purchaser. But they had reckoned without the young samurai, who began to sob. "You have no right to sell that picture," he exclaimed to his father. "It is the property of the temple; it was a gift to our sanctuary, which belonged to our ancestors, and now to you, but which will some day be mine; and to let it be carried off by strangers! What a shame! What a sin!" And then his voice was broken by emotion. It is not necessary to add that the picture was put back in its original place.

The great temple is situated at a few steps from the entrance of the upper town, in the midst of a sacred wood of cedars and cryptomerias more than six centuries old. A long avenue formed of these venerable trees and a double row of stone lanterns leads from the high road to the "Fork," that is, to the entrance-gate, which is isolated, and to which the ascent is by two beams slightly inclined, resting on two other beams, horizontally placed one at the top of the other. This portal, of which the design is certainly simple, and, one must own, not over-graceful, as it reminds one of a gallows, is repeated in all the Sintoo temples, and gives access to an oblong, paved court. In the middle and facing the temple, properly speaking, is a platform, raised five or six feet above the ground, and covered with a heavy roof resembling a wide felt hat, with the edges turned up. A stage made of trestle-work, put up for the occasion and reserved for the priests, joins the platform to the temple. A flight of steps leads up to it: a gallery runs all along the façade. Behind the gallery a hall leads to the sanctuary, which is perfectly accessible to the eyes of the profane, and which contains the altar and candelabra, the incense-burner, and the sacred mirror in which the divinity is said to be reflected. A heavy roof seems to squash the sacred edifice. The frieze is richly sculptured, and retains some traces of gilding. In the court we admired some *itchos* (Salisburia adimantifolia) of a rare size and beauty, and a stone basin, roofed, with a bronze water-pipe, well moulded, representing a dragon-serpent. Every day in the afternoon we paid a visit to the temple.

The evening before our departure there was a great ceremony. The court was filled with people; on the wooden stage a little altar had been set up and decorated with flowers, which supported the mystic mirror; and a priest, robed in ample silk folds, with a helmet on his head, executed a sword dance with two swords. It was a fierce struggle with an invisible enemy. From being on the defensive he passed to the attack: then he drew back, turned on his heels, rushed forward again in pursuit of the demon, and finally is supposed to have vanquished him. The scene of action, which was the platform before mentioned, was not above twenty feet square. The priestly warrior was, therefore, often obliged to retrace his steps. His movements, which were full of dignity, were regulated by the plaintive sounds of a flute, together with the hoarse and lugubrious beating of a big drum. The musicians were an old man and a child, squatted on their heels in a corner of the platform. At last, the priest retreated into the interior of the temple. At this moment, half-a-dozen other priests appeared at the top of the steps and threw little pieces of copper money among the women and children.

The second ceremony.

A bonze appears on the threshold of the temple, and then, passing across the trestle-work stage, advances majestically on to the platform. His gait is that of a tragedian. He drags one leg after the other and stops between each step. He wears a kind of chasuble richly embroidered. His whole costume reminds one of our pontifical vestments. His head,

which is not completely shaved—for he is a Sintoo, and not a Buddhist—is bound with a rose-coloured ribbon, of which the end, tightly tied, stands upright, oscillating above the forehead. He carries a bow in his hand, and on his back, fastened by a cross-belt, a quiver full of arrows. A profound silence reigns in the blue and flesh-coloured crowd—which all crowds are in Japan. One hears nothing but the monotonous song of the grasshoppers and the gentle rustling of the cedar branches waving in the evening breeze. Thousands of eyes are fixed upon the priest: but no emotion, no feeling of devotion, of recollection, or even of curiosity can be traced on any of these upturned faces. Those who are near us seem to think that we are more worthy objects of attention. They stare at us with a half-scared look. Two white men in the temple of Yoshida! The moment the priest's foot touches the platform the music recommences. The flute begins playing a recitative evidently of great antiquity. From time to time the great drum imitates the low growl of distant thunder. The bonze, after having marched round and round the platform several times, always as if he walked in buckskins, turns his eyes upwards, then rapidly bends forward, places an arrow in his bow, aims at the evil spirit he pretends to have discovered in the sky, lets fly the arrow and kills him. Directly, the flute sounds a hymn of triumph and of victory. The priest begins his walk again, discovers a fresh spirit, and exterminates him in the like manner, while the music goes on expressing the different phases of the fight. At last, after having delivered Yoshida from

all these malevolent beings, the bonze intones a canticle as a thanksgiving, throws some beans into the air, prostrates himself before the mirror, and disappears.

I have not words to paint the expression or play of his face, the classical beauty of his attitudes, the startling effect of the music, or the grand and mysterious simplicity of the place. The poses of the performer were, as I have said, classic : but they were not so only in the ordinary sense ; they reminded me unmistakeably of those well-known types of Greek statuary in the best times of art. The transitions from one pose to another were, on the contrary, in Japanese taste—that is, they were abrupt, jerky, rather exaggerated, and bordering on the ridiculous. That these ceremonies date from an era far anterior to our own, there is no doubt. That certain rhythmical movements should be found in wood sculptures and other pious statues of the Japanese, nothing can be more simple : but how explain the classical purity of their attitudes or their incomparable analogy with Greek art ? whilst in the manufactures of the country, no trace of this character can be found. Could it be simply chance ? I do not admit this commonplace way of explaining things which one can't understand. Can Greek art, in its golden age, have ever penetrated to the extreme East ? On this point we have no historical data whatever.

After having thus routed the evil spirits, the bonzes appeared anew on the threshold of the temple to throw money among the people. Encouraged by the benevolence of the spectators, we, in our turn, boldly

mount the steps and exchange the usual compliments with the priests. These receive us with exquisite politeness, accept our humble offering, and giving us some rolls of little copper money, invite us to share in the distribution. Behold us then, transformed into bonzes, and throwing money among some hundreds of the faithful, who run, draw back, tumble down, and roll over one another in the most ludicrous fashion. I cannot say that this bit of burlesque was much in harmony with the sacred nature of the place! Every one, including the priests, roared with laughter. Amongst these I recognized the warrior hero of the sword-dance, and the hunter of evil spirits. Stripped of their fine clothes and without their arms, they only seemed quiet, inoffensive, middle-class citizens.

After this somewhat profane *entr'acte*, they went on with the concluding part of the ceremonies. The priests assembled in the sanctuary. Seated in a circle on their heels before the altar, they pass a sacred vase from one to the other. The liquid it contains is poured into a saucer, and each one drinks in turn. They sing in parts; then rise simultaneously, cross the outer hall, where they resume their sandals, and then retire. They wear white, blue, or red tunics according to their rank; the white are for those of the highest grade. On their head is the coloured ribbon or the black lacquered paper cap worn by men of rank when they go to Court. The sun is setting behind Fujiyama, lighting up with its Bengal fire the triple and quadruple ranges of mountains which rise to the east, which few Europeans have seen, and which we hope to cross to-morrow or the day after. The sky

is bright pink, and azure blue clouds float in the air. It is only at Yokohama, and even there rarely, that I have seen similar effects of light. I feel as if I were in an ideal world, amidst enchanted regions, and I go to sleep to dream of the strange, mysterious, and poetic scenes in the great temple of Yoshida.

August 10. — My companions arrived yesterday from Fujiyama. They suffered terribly from the heat. On the other hand, they were able to pass the night at the very mouth of the crater, at 14,000 feet above the ocean. Their descriptions confirm those of other travellers. They distinguished Yokohama and Yedo; but the rest was only like a great carpet sprinkled with white spots; and a vast horizon of sea-clouds obscured the view towards the north. We are only going a short stage to-day, and are to start at half-past two in the direction of the north-east. Turning our backs on Fujiyama, we enter a large, wide valley. The mountains are all green: single rows of trees mark their outlines. In Japanese scenery, the same elements are repeated *ad infinitum*. All these heights end in sharp sides, as steep as the blade of a knife. Between the two slopes there is only room for a single row of trees. We pass by a number of little villages, all clean, tidy, and evidently prosperous. Everywhere there is the richest and most careful cultivation. In the narrow plains, which here and there wind between the mountains, are patches of rice, and quantities of mulberry trees. The road is but a path, well kept, and full of people. At every turn, we meet fresh pilgrims. They walk in

great and small bands, all dressed in the same white dresses, and all ringing a bell. When rain threatens, they put on their straw cloaks. Some are followed by their servants. Female pilgrims are rare, but are not altogether wanting. All along the road, charming details abound. For instance, at the second *ri*, near a little tea-house, a stone staircase leads to some beautiful tombs shaded by a fine group of cryptomerias. Further on, near the village of Tôkaichiba, we stop to see a foaming cascade. The wonderful vegetation which surrounds it forms its principal charm.

At half-past five we arrive at Yamura, a little town situated in the centre of one of the great silk districts. There are mulberry trees everywhere. The river rushes violently across the flowery meadows and flows swiftly along the edge of the rocks, covered with moss, grass and trees of different kinds. Behind us, between the green peaks, the crater of Fujiyama is still visible. Our arrival is an event; all the population rush out of their houses, but keep at a respectful distance. It is everywhere the same scene. The babies cry, the children hide themselves behind their mothers, the young girls fly. The men even seem inclined to hold back; the matrons only are courageous. With them we open negotiations; then all the world becomes reassured; and after the first moments of surprise are over, we see kind and smiling faces, full of good-humour, and only anxious to be of use to us. They chatter and laugh, and group themselves round the travellers, whom they will not leave. They follow us everywhere, in fact: at our meals, and even

in our baths, unless we are cruel enough to shut the paper partitions. They specially delight to assist at our toilets. I am, of course, now speaking of the lower and middle classes, and not of the nobility.

At about a quarter of an hour from the town, near the river, my young companions have found a solitary spot where they gladly plunge into the fresh and limpid waters, when all of a sudden the whole population turns out, men, women, young girls and children. By chance, our yakunins, who like to amuse themselves, have escaped; it therefore rests with me to watch over the public morality. Arming myself with a long bamboo, I place myself across the narrow dyke which alone gives access to the bathing-place. I let the men pass; but am inexorable towards the fair sex. Vain hope! At the risk of rolling into the torrent below, these ladies turn my position, and clamber up the slope of the pier, many of them with babies on their backs: a certain number attack me in front. There were some very pretty girls among them, and all were beautifully clean and neat. Their little feet, shod in tiny wooden pattens, their knees slightly bent, their arms stretched out and their hands folded backwards (as this race alone knows how to do), their heads bare, and a little thrown back, they overwhelm me with a torrent of words, mixed with merry little laughs, and fix their great, brown, almond-shaped eyes upon me with an imploring expression of sweet and gentle intreaty. The grace of their movements is a little spoiled by the twist of their limbs; but in this country, grotesqueness is a characteristic both of men and things. Here again

I could not help admiring the talent for imitation and the conscientious exactness of the Japanese artists. I have seen the same scene represented a thousand times in sculpture, lacquer-work, and painting, and even in the coarse pictures which you buy for a few pence. At last, weary of the struggle, I yield the passage, and the whole crowd of curious ladies rush forward and approach as near as possible the confused bathers, enjoying, at last, with ineffable delight, the unheard-of, extraordinary, and fantastic appearance of five men completely white.

The distance from Yoshida to Yamura is four and a half *ris*, or about twelve miles.

August 11.—Departure at five o'clock. Direction, east. The valley winds between mountains 3,000 or 4,000 feet high. At two *ris* from Yamura we halted for a few minutes close to a temple surrounded by a fine wood. At half-past eight we arrived at the great and important market town of Saru-Haschi. Here we crossed a deep river embedded in the rocks. The bridge, which is hung at a great height, is of a peculiar construction ; the beams are placed horizontally one above the other, so that each end is a little longer than the other, and meet in the same way in the middle of the water. This is the celebrated *Monkey Bridge*. We had seen it represented in many of the votive pictures in the temple of Yoshida.

The country is always smiling, but still keeps its resemblance to the Upper Alps. Except for the vegetation, one might fancy oneself in the canton of Unterwalden. Everyone is struck with the analogy.

We meet a number of pilgrim bands, all singing and ringing their little bells; but nothing in their faces betokens devotion. According to M. Kempermann, no religious sentiment leads these thousands of men to the Holy Mount. "It is a tradition—a physical exercise: the prayers, if any, are said mechanically. Neither head nor heart are concerned." This is possible, and to look at the men themselves, you would say it is more than probable, but it is not certain. After all, what do we know about it? Japan has only been accessible during the last few years, and only now at five or six points in its whole circumference. Its language is still a study. How can we read into the hearts of the people? how explain the origin and the keeping up of the innumerable temples scattered over the whole empire? Who built them? Who endowed them more or less liberally? Evidently not the people. Religious sentiments must then have prevaded the upper classes at some time or other. How and why, by what revolution, have these feelings been lost? Here are many problems to be solved.

Fine and flourishing villages succeed one another at short intervals. This makes one of the principal charms of the country. We are here among the highest mountains of Kuanto: nevertheless, everywhere there is careful culture, neat houses, traces of human activity, and of a very ancient civilization. The villages themselves are all alike. A limpid stream runs through the length of the principal street, at an equal distance from the houses. In many places it is edged with flower-beds full of enormous balsams. The houses are mostly new: which proves that, quite

recently, a typhoon, a fire, or an earthquake—those three scourges which, like certain epidemics, are periodically reproduced—have here exercised their terrible ravages.

Fortunately, if Nature in her fits of anger destroys buildings in a few moments, men know how to build them up again in a few days. Warned of our passage, the mayor and his attendants meet us at the entrance of each village, make their prostrations, put themselves at the head of the column, and arriving at the other end of the place, take leave of us with the like ceremonial. Everywhere the people smile on us without saluting—but they prostrate themselves before the chief of the yakunins, who, during the exercise of his functions, represents to them the sovereign authority of the emperor. Ask a peasant in Europe what is meant by a functionary representing imperial power! But in this country, the lowest coolie understands it. He knows the code of etiquette by heart, practises it scrupulously himself, and expects that the same will be done to him.

At Saru-Haschi, we leave the great valley we have followed ever since we left Yoshida. It serves as a bed to a river, which, taking its rise from the little lake of Yamanonaka, at the foot of Fujiyama, flows first towards the north, then from Yoshida towards the east, and from Saru-Haschi towards the south. If my great Japanese map is right, this river falls into the sea near the Oiso village (between Fujisawa and Odawara).

Arrival at Torisawa at half-past nine. Departure at one o'clock.

'Here we came into a labyrinth of mountains—one of the most beautiful landscapes I ever saw. The path, which winds up abrupt heights and follows the crest of the mountains, is so narrow, that there is scarcely room for one man to pass. In some places, if I had been on foot, I should have gone on hands and knees; but in a cango I have no fear. One must, however, have a good deal of faith in the legs of one's bearers. As they change shoulders every two or three minutes, the traveller finds himself hanging now over an abyss to the left, now over a precipice to the right. From that to Blondin's father-in-law there is but a step! But how can one feel fear, when, in the most difficult and dangerous places, you see your coolies laughing and talking, and exchanging civilities with one another? On both sides of the pass are precipices which the least false step on the part of your bearers would turn into your grave. But have the courage, if you do not get giddy, to look down into the abyss below, clothed as it is with flowering shrubs, and exquisite plants, which Nature (that great gardener) has arranged with such wonderful taste—and then turn your eyes upwards to the varied peaks which stand out against the sky above your head. It is an ever-varying panorama. In all directions are ranges of mountains; I counted more than a dozen. It was like the ocean, lashed by a tempest, suddenly petrified, and carpeted with the most luxuriant vegetation. Nature has nothing small or petty about her. She is grand and graceful at the same time—and produces effects which both charm the eye and

pique the curiosity. The villages are still numerous, but appear less prosperous than those we saw yesterday. In several of them, we came upon a fair, or religious *fête*—that is to say, a mass of poles ornamented with flowers, papers, ribbons, and images. Everywhere, crowds of pilgrims. At half-past six we arrive at Uyenohara. The distance from Yamurais nine and a half *ris*, or twenty-five miles.

August 12.—Some rain fell and refreshed the air. At five o'clock we started in the same easterly direction. After we had crossed a large river in a ferry-boat (a branch of the one we had followed the two preceding days), we clambered up by a very steep defile the highest mountain—perfectly visible from Yedo on a clear day—of the chain which forms, as it were, the band of Fujiyama. The country maintains its Alpine character. From eleven o'clock to four we halted at the village of Komakino. On leaving the tea-house there, which was the prettiest I had seen, our coolies, to the great detriment of our members, amuse themselves by improvising a race. In less than an hour they have borne us to Hachôji. At five o'clock in the evening, in the midst of an immense crowd of people, we made our solemn entry into the town. The importance of Hachôji is due to its great silk trade. The inhabitants seem happy and prosperous; and the great street is remarkable for the beauty and elegance of its houses. The hotel where we are lodged, is large, spacious, and clean. Unfortunately, having exhausted our stock of wax candles, we were obliged to dine by

the uncertain light of the Japanese substitutes for such articles, which are made of vegetable wax and give more smoke than light. But look at that young girl, the *nesan*, snuffing them with the pin which confines her silky, abundant, black hair—what grace, what distinction, and what real modesty in her manners! My young companions rave about her.

During this journey, which is drawing to a close, we have all been struck with the paucity of animals. We have scarcely seen a single bird, very few dogs, still fewer horses, no cattle; here and there some pigs and chickens, and that is all.

The distance from Uyenohara to Hachôji is seven and a half *ris*—that is, about twenty miles.

August 13.—Departure at a quarter past six o'clock. The great street is still deserted: but yesterday the inhabitants had stretched out in it their great yellow oiled-paper umbrellas, ornamented with black inscriptions, to dry. We have the sun in our faces. It is still low, and changes the umbrellas into luminous transparencies. The morning breeze makes them turn on their handles. No painter could render the effect produced by the simultaneous action of the direct and transmitted rays of the sun: the tints of bright and dead gold which flicker on the earth, light up the bronzed legs of our porters and illuminate the door-steps of the houses, of which the inhabitants are still buried in sleep.

Ever since we left Yoshida we have been constantly marching towards the east: now we turn to the south.

We entered upon a vast plain, but a plain full of little dells and breaks, shaded by magnificent trees, and here and there fine thickets of bamboo. A labyrinth of little palms led to a quantity of smiling hamlets, literally buried in foliage. Thinking that our main column was following close behind us, I had left Hachôji with only one of my travelling companions and gone on ahead. After some hours' march, however, we found out that we were quite alone, and that M. Van der Hoeven had taken another route. We went on, therefore, as best we could, *tête-à-tête,* reduced to conversing with the natives by looks and signs, and resigned to put up with the cooking of the country. On arriving, however, at an isolated tea-house, we perceived two great swords, lying, according to etiquette, on the consol in the entrance-hall. Here then were some samurais, those two-bladed gentlemen who perpetuate so effectually in their country the chivalry of the Middle Ages, but who have the unfortunate habit of hacking Christians in pieces whenever an occasion presents itself. Evidently there could not be a better one than now. We had seated ourselves before the house, and my young friend improved the occasion, as usual, by taking some Japanese lessons from our lovely *nesans,* when the three knights made their appearance. They were three tall, strapping fellows, with caps of light-blue silk, rayed with white, and wearing on their tunics the arms of the prince they served, or the "daimio," as the young girls exclaimed, who hastened to bring the lesson to a close, and to escape; not without having

been subjected to some rough embraces from our three cavaliers on the way. These men, holding one another's arms, stared at us insolently from head to foot (for they had evidently been imbibing copious libations of *saki*), came nearer and nearer to the place where we were sitting, and evidently determined to enter into conversation first and quarrel with us after. I saw my companion quietly putting his hand into his trousers pocket. I knew what that pocket contained: it was the terrible revolver which had already made me feel goose-skinny on leaving Yokohama. If he should show it to these three bravos, a scuffle was inevitable, and the issue would not be doubtful. Happily, at this stage of the proceedings, the master of the house intervened, and approaching the samurais with every demonstration of respect, and overwhelming them with civilities, persuaded them to go back into the house. At this moment our coolies, warned by the prudent innkeeper, made their appearance with the cangos. We got into them with joy, and off we went at a rattling pace. At ten o'clock we arrived at Tana, situated close to a fine river which, according to my Japanese map, is the same whose course we have followed from its rise in the little lake of Yamanonaka to Saru-Haschi. We crossed it in a ferry-boat, and found on the opposite bank a little barque and some boatmen, who offered to take us to Atsugi, the town where we were to pass the night. It was a beautiful and exciting little voyage. The river here forms a succession of rapids between two hedges of flowering shrubs. A multitude of aquatic birds,

perched on the banks, looked at us without moving, and as if stupefied. Now is the moment to make use of the famous revolver. My companion thrusts his hands into his trousers pocket, which does duty as an arsenal, pulls out his pistol, aims at a group of great white birds, fires, and misses! The revolver won't go off! Certainly, this time it is clearly proved that this terrible engine of war is absolutely inoffensive and not likely to do harm to anything on earth. Why did I not make this happy discovery a little sooner? Each morning, on leaving our halting-place, amidst the crowd of servants, people belonging to the inn, and curious natives, I used to see this revolver being carelessly handled by our young traveller, and never, I own, without a sinister presentiment. It was enough to embitter the days of any peaceable citizen. Now I am reassured, and to-morrow at this time we shall, I hope, have returned to Yokohama without having shed any innocent blood.

Towards six o'clock we saw, intermingled with fine trees, the grey roofs of a large town: this was Atsugi. We had the double satisfaction of regaining our caravan and our dinner, which was only waiting to be served.

The distance from Hachôji to Atsugi is seven *ris*, or eighteen miles.

August 14.—Departure from Atsugi at half-past seven. Arrival at Fujisawa at twelve o'clock. The country was like the one we passed through yesterday.

A carriage conveyed us to Yokohama, where we

returned at seven o'clock in the evening, delighted with our excursion. The distance was twelve *ris*, or thirty miles.[1]

[1] As the route we followed from Subashiri has been rarely taken, and, as far as I know, has never before been described, I thought it might be useful to mark exactly the hours of arrival and departure, although it is certainly an imperfect manner of calculating distances. These are marked in *ris* on the "Guides," which you can buy in every Japanese town of any size: only the *ris* are not always the same. Everywhere, however, our coolies marched at the quick pace of about five kilometres an hour.

CHAPTER III.

HAKONÉ.—FROM THE 22ND AUGUST TO THE 1ST SEPTEMBER.

The celebrated Tea-house of Hata.—A bad Night.—The Lake of Hakoné.—The love of nature and the taste for art spread among the People.—Spirits travelling.—The Hot Springs of Atami.—The Holy Island of Enoshima.—Daibutsu.—The old Residence of the Sioguns.—Buddha in Disgrace.—A great Japanese Lady.—Kanazawa.

August 22.—YESTERDAY we left Yedo. My travelling companions are Mr. Adams, the English minister, and M. Satow, interpreter and secretary to the legation. By the same route which I had taken in going to the foot of Fujiyama, we arrived this afternoon at Yomoto, where the road branches off towards the north-east, on the road to Miyanôshita. We continue to follow the Tokaido, which, skirting the torrent, leads us to the village of Hata, celebrated for the beauty of its site, and for its famous tea-house and gardens. There are always the same elements in the picture; but the use made of them by nature and men vary indefinitely. Where find words to describe them? How escape repetitions? How paint the

scarcely perceptible shades of difference which yet make their principal charm? In the photography of Beato I do not find the least trace of resemblance. How can I describe to you the beautiful wood carvings of the Hata tea-house; the lovely little cascades; the garden paths which scale the abrupt sides of the mountain; the goldfish and carp, worthy of the gardens of Fontainebleau; and last, not least, the pretty *nesans*, who, every evening, by clapping their hands, bring back the fish into a hollow of the rock to preserve them from the nocturnal visitors to these enchanted regions, the foxes and the jackals? All this has been told a hundred times; but when one arrives, one is both surprised and charmed, and one finds that the most glowing descriptions and the most successful photographs and sketches give but a poor idea of the exquisite beauty of these rural scenes, which are so strange and so poetical at the same time. From Fujisawa to Hata eleven *ris*, or twenty-eight miles.

August 24.—Can you conceive greater bliss than to lie on a scrupulously clean matting, in a lovely little room completely open to the garden, while a fine close rain falls from morning till night, giving a delicious freshness to the whole earth, and making you conscious of a renewal of health and strength? In addition to these agreeable sensations, I have the good luck to share them with men in every way distinguished and congenial, and who are better acquainted than almost any other Europeans with this strange country, which is still such an enigma. Always ready to answer my thousand and one questions, they sometimes take their

turn of interrogation, and bring back my thoughts to our mutual friends in that dear and far distant land which we each call "home." Thus we pass the day. The servants we have brought with us and the masters and people of the inn only approach us with bows and prostrations, more or less profound according to the rank they hold. They advance on all fours, then pause, with their heads stretched forward, their arms leaning on the ground, and their hands turned inwards, after which they squat down familiarly on their heels. As their masters are likewise lying on their mats on the floor, they are on the same level. However, these are forms of civility, and regulated by etiquette from time immemorial. In Europe, in the sixteenth century, and even later, similar demonstrations were looked upon as *de rigueur*. Persons of the same rank bowed to the earth before embracing one another. Children went on their knees before their parents to wish them good-night. A page, although a nobleman's son, was compelled to kneel when serving his master. The kissing of the hand in great ceremonies is still preserved in many European Courts. But the Yokohama merchants consider these demonstrations absurd and unworthy of humanity, and have forbidden them to their Japanese servants, who, in consequence, freed from the rules and usages of their country, have become rude, insolent and insupportable. It is easy to destroy the forms of an ancient civilization, but it is not so easy to replace them by others.

August 25.—Yesterday evening, hardly had we gone to bed than we were awoke by the roaring of

the storm and the sinister creaking of all the beams and woodwork of the house. At the same time we felt some severe shocks of earthquake. It was a combination of one of the most terrible typhoons which had ever ravaged the provinces of Kuanto, and one of those earthquakes which so frequently disturb the bowels of this volcanic country. To-day the anger of the elements is appeased. Hata has not suffered much, being nestled in the hollow of the mountain: but the idea of being squashed by the weight of the roof, and the impossibility of escaping—for during the night the Japanese houses are shut up like a box—caused us some moments of anxiety.

The weather has cleared. At eight o'clock we continue our journey on foot. The departure from an inn is always an animated scene. We pass through one room after the other between a double row of inquisitive faces. The master and mistress have received from our *comprador* the amount of their bill, and overwhelm us with compliments and blessings. The *nesans* run after you laughing, gesticulating, and wishing you a happy journey and a speedy return. On the threshold of the house you have to hunt for your shoes, which you have left on your arrival. There you find, waiting for you, the municipal authorities, the mayor and his attendants, and other functionaries, who, bowing to the ground, precede and escort you to the end of the village, where they take leave of you with similar formalities.

We still follow the Tokaido, which is here abominably paved, and in some places scarcely practicable for horses. The scenery is always the same. Trees

of great variety and beauty shaded the ground, which was carpeted with flowers and long grass. After having clambered up to the top of a hill we descended on the Hakoné Lake. A colossal statue of Buddha rises over the edge of the water. Behind the god is an avenue of magnificent and very old cryptomerias. Wooded promontories and hills covered with grass of two shades, white and green, are reflected in the still lake. This avenue leads to the little town of Hakoné, which is the object of our journey.

The distance from Hata is two *ris*, or five miles.

August 26.—On the eastern bank of the lake is the celebrated and very ancient Sintoo sanctuary known under the name of Hakoné-no-jinja. Like many other native temples, it has just been "purified;" that is, to the great but passive discontent of the people, it has been given back to the exclusive worship of Sintoo. The statues have been destroyed or carried off, as well as the vases and ornaments of the Buddhist gods. Hakoné-no-jinja is situated on the slope of the mountain. The ascent to it is by a succession of stone steps. We saw some magnificent trees and some very curious and ancient pictures painted on wood and hung from the cornice; the whole, however, was neglected, solitary, and abandoned; for a people deprived of its gods are little disposed to bow before the official divinities of the moment. I am not going to allow myself to pass any judgment upon the matter. I have not any greater partiality for the one than for the other, but there are some things which are everywhere alike. A wise government will think twice before

meddling with people's consciences. It may succeed in destroying the religion of the people, which is a dismal political victory after all; but it will be a more difficult task to make them adopt the belief which it chooses to patronize. It is, therefore, a work of destruction and nothing else.

August 27.—We made the tour of the lake in a boat. The resemblance with the north of Scotland is striking. Certainly, the sky and vegetation are very different, and one would seek in vain for the cottages, castles, and parks which brighten the shores of Loch Lomond or Loch Katrine. The Lake of Hakoné stretches its grey waters under the shadow of rounded mountains, only inhabited by wild beasts. With the exception of the little town itself and the temple that bears its name, I did not see a single human habitation along its solitary banks. Sometimes a strong gust of wind drives away the clouds which settle on the crater; and then our old friend Fujiyama rises above the mountains like a celestial vision which disappears as soon as seen. Words cannot paint the beautiful details of the picture, nor the grand and severe aspect of the whole scene.

August 28.—An American missionary, Dr. B., has been to call upon me. For a year he has been living at the port of Niigata, on the northern coast of Niphon. The climate there is totally different. The cold north-west winds of Manchouria blow over the place the greater part of the year and chill the whole air. In winter, the town is buried in snow, and the inhabitants

are compelled to dig passages in order to get from one house to another. In spite, however, of the abundance and duration of the snow, the thermometer rarely falls below zero. It is also to zero that the European and American residents have been reduced. The only white man left there is an English petty officer, the orderly of the consul, who is at this moment absent.

I admire M. Satow. He talks with everyone, and never fails to mark down in his note-book any new expressions or phrases which strike him. By carefully comparing these memoranda, he has learned to define and fix the sense of each word. It is a mental labour of every moment. There are scarcely any grammars or dictionaries in the Japanese language; or else they are very incomplete attempts to teach the rudiments of this strange tongue. To penetrate its spirit and seize all the delicate allusions in the sentences, is the great difficulty. The system followed by M. Satow seems to me the only one practicable or possible to discover the language of the people.

August 29.—The heavy rains of the last few days have destroyed the bridges, and made the royal road to Yedo impracticable. As to fording the Odawara river, it is not to be thought of. We shall get over the difficulty by going round by Atami, from whence it will be easy to get to the island of Enoshima by sea, and from thence back to Yokohama. There is a path which leads straight to the south-west. It is the road open to those Europeans who have received the permission to visit Hakoné, and the hot springs of Atami. We chose another road more to the west: it

is a little out of the way; but the mayor of Hakoné and our innkeeper recommend it to us on account of the beauty of the scenery: and in these matters the Japanese, even of the lowest class, are competent judges. At twelve o'clock we started in our cangos, and climbed up one of the mountains which surround the lake, the path leading through two rows of grand old cryptomerias. After half an hour's march, we reached the top, and enjoyed a fairy-like view over the bay of Suruga. A great tea-house which is placed on the culminating point of the mountain, was full of travellers and people from Kiyôto, belonging to every class of society. Politics, pecuniary interests, and commerce, call them to Yedo, which is become, alas! the residence of the emperor, to the great detriment of their ancient and once rich and flourishing capital. Everyone seemed enchanted with the view.

The Japanese are wonderful lovers of nature. In Europe a feeling for beauty has to be developed by education. Our peasants will talk to you of the fertility of the soil, of the abundance of water, so useful for their mills, of the value of their woods, but not of the picturesque charms of the country. They are not perhaps entirely insensible to it: but if they do feel it, it is in a vague, undefined sort of way, for which they would be puzzled to account. It is not so with the Japanese labourer. With him, the sense of beauty is innate. Perhaps, also, he has more time to cultivate it. He is not so overworked as our English or German labourers. The fertility of the soil, the soft rains, the warm sun, do half the business. There

are many hours when he can rest, lying on his mat at his cabin door, smoking his pipe, and listening to the songs of his daughters, while his eyes are feasting on the beautiful scenery around him, which he thoroughly enjoys. If he can, he builds his house on the banks of a stream : with a few big stones, placed in the necessary spot, he makes a little waterfall, for he loves the sound of rushing water. At the side of his hut grows a little cedar. He separates some of the branches, and makes them bend over the roof, both for shade and beauty. This is a subject you see thousands of times depicted in illuminated Japanese drawings. On the other side, he plants an apricot tree —when it is in flower, the man and his family are in an ecstasy. This extraordinary love and feeling for nature is reflected in all Japanese productions. A taste for the fine arts is common among the very lowest classes, and to a degree which is not found in any country inn Europe. In the humblest cottage you will find traces of this—an artificial flower, an ingenious child's toy, an incense-burner, an idol, heaps of little ornamental things, the only use of which is to give pleasure to the eye. With us, except in the service of religion, this kind of art is the privilege of the rich and of people in easy circumstances. In Japan it is every-one's property : and if a man be too poor to ornament his hut with a picture representing the snowy cone of Fujiyama, with a fine pear-tree in full flower in the foreground ; or with a statue of a singer sitting on a death's head ; or with a drawing of a bird mounting up to the sky ; or of a butterfly settling on a rainbow ; or of a beetle casting amorous glances on a turtle, who

turns away his head in disdain—if, as I say, he is too poor to indulge in one or other of these favourite subjects, well, he will console himself by looking, with an artistic eye, at the mountains near his house, at his apricot tree in flower, or at his little cedar ; and he will listen with delight to the music of his cascade, and expect you to be delighted too.

It is really with difficulty that we tore ourselves away from the contemplation of this delicious panorama : a perfect maze of green valleys and hills sinking into a plain : then the gulf with its scattered rocks : beyond, low promontories stretching towards the sea from north to south : above them, a chain of higher mountains extending from south to north, then another tier of rocks, and then another, all wooded below and streaked above, as is the fashion of the country—and beyond the whole, the long, low waves of the great Pacific Ocean.

Soon after leaving the Tokaido, we turned our steps towards the south-west. The path was lost in the long grass, which is of an extraordinary height and thickness, and tickles the shoulders and cheeks of our coolies. At last, separating from one another, we lose our way altogether. In vain the bearers send forth loud cries—the echoes alone answer. I find myself with my men at the edge of a precipice, or rather of a perpendicular declivity entirely covered with thick grass. The coolies keep on bravely. Sometimes, however, they miss their footing and fall. My cango escapes from their hands, capsizes, and, turned into a sledge, descends with fearful rapidity. Thanks to the thickness of the grass, it always ends by stopping of

its own accord: it is a kind of *montagne russe*. Fortunately, nature itself provides safeguards; and there is nothing to fear except from serpents. But if our naked coolies do not mind risking themselves in the tangle, the danger cannot be very great. The descent is accomplished in a few moments. Here we are in a deep ravine. The question is how we are to scramble up the opposite side. To walk on this slippery grass up a steep perpendicular incline, is, to me, simply impossible. To attempt it even, one needs the vocation of a coolie. At the very first trial, I roll ignominiously down into a ditch: and the good fellows laugh till they have to hold their sides. They hoist me up on their shoulders, drag me up to the top, recover the lost cango, and all the while laugh and chatter and never for a moment lose their good-humour. At last we get out of this sea of waving grass, and to my great satisfaction I perceive in the distance my friend Mr. Adams, hung midway over a similar incline, and half rolling, half dragged, striving painfully to reach the lost track which is to lead us to our destination. At last we meet—but now for a fresh adventure! The fatigue of carrying men across such mountains does not satisfy our coolies; they have enough energy left to go a hunting. Suddenly, giving a kind of war-cry, they drop their cangos and rush down the incline as hard as they can go. A few minutes after, they reappear with a little bear, which they had caught and killed with blows of their bamboos.

At half-past four we arrived at Karinzawa, having made about four *ris* or twelve miles. There we find Satow, who, being a good walker, has arrived an hour

before us. The mayor tells us that we are the first Europeans that he and his officials have ever had the honour of seeing. To judge by the effect we produced, I should say this was highly probable. We had a similar scene to the one I before described: the babies crying, the young girls hiding, the men keeping themselves in the background, and the older women alone coming forward to welcome and smile at us. By degrees the crowd became tamer, but we had only to advance a few steps for them to retire in all directions. To have an idea of it, one must have swum in a pond full of fishes. The village is small, but coquettishly placed between two wooded mountains; a limpid stream runs through it, and its banks are lined with beautiful flowers. We alighted at the mayor's own house. It was a perfect gem, and with an equally lovely garden. In the court, a scaffolding was erected, ornamented with flowers and little flags in coloured paper. It bore a cage in the shape of a temple, and of which the door was open. This *tempietto* was destined to receive the spirits of the dead, whom they expect to-morrow, and who are coming back from I know not what distant region of eternity.

We left Karinzawa a little before five o'clock. Direction, south. We crossed a mountain by a road which seemed like a tunnel, so tightly were the branches of the old trees interlaced over our heads. We reached the summit after half an hour's march, and came down on the opposite side in fifteen minutes. These mountains are the continuation of a chain known by the name of Hakoné. They coast the Pacific, running from east to west, forming an

almost horizontal line above, and then go sheer down into the sea. From the point where we now are, these long, steep promontories seem to spread themselves, one behind the other, like the side scenes in a theatre; but I do not think that the imagination of the scene-painters, even of the great Paris opera, ever conceived such a magic decoration. At the bottom of a little bay formed by two capes, exactly at our feet, we perceive a long, white line: that is Atami. We arrived there at half-past seven o'clock. It was pitch dark when our good coolies, who never ceased laughing and chattering, deposited us at the door of an elegant and spacious hotel.

The distance from Hakoné is six and a half *ris*, or rather more than sixteen miles.

August 30.—Atami is agreeably situated on the shores of a little bay, in front of an island, and on the slope of the mountain. The streets descend rapidly to the shore, and here and there are transformed into staircases. A sulphurous spring attracts in the season a great number of native bathers, and sometimes a few of the European Yokohama residents. Every three or four hours the water bursts out anew from a spring which is buried among some great blocks of rock.

In the inclosure close by, there is a carefully-kept tomb or rather monument, erected by an English traveller over the remains of his dog. The natives take great care not to injure it: many of them prostrate themselves before it; for they say it is always prudent to keep on good terms with the spirits

of the departed, even if it be but of a dog. As at Hata and Hakoné the inhabitants make the most beautiful little boxes and other objects in camphor wood, which they offer at ridiculously low prices.

We started at nine o'clock in two boats of six oars each, one of which is occupied by ourselves, and one by our suite. Direction, east-north-east. On sea and sky, a perfect calm. The two boats, joined by a rope, keep together. The boatmen, standing on the cross benches, display all the athletic beauty of their bronzed bodies, leaning now forward, now backwards, and regulating their strokes by a measured cry which seems to harmonise admirably with their supple movements. Some of these men are the very types of masculine strength and beauty. Others would be so if their legs were not so slender. All are remarkable for the smallness and fineness of their hands and feet. They have only two poses, which they continually repeat, but both are classic in the highest degree. One must have travelled in Japan during the summer to understand the Greek statuary of the golden age. The great masters of Attica and Corinth, surrounded by men with little or no clothes, had always before their eyes the play of the muscles of the human body. Our sculptors form themselves on models of which the attitudes, being almost always forced, lack both truth and animation.

Sometimes the cord is slackened, our boats are separated, and the boatmen determine on having a race. Then the men behave as if they were possessed. They no longer sing, they howl. From antique statues they have been transformed into savages. The waves, just

before so calm, are changed into masses of foam. At last, exhausted by their efforts, our athletes stop, look at one another, and burst out laughing. All of a sudden there is a dead silence. The course is changed, and noiselessly and rapidly the boats are propelled close to a long black line which we see floating above the water. It is a huge whale, asleep, rocked by the surf. One of the boatmen rushes on the prow. There, standing up to his full height, his body slightly thrown backwards, his left hand pressed to his heart as if he would still its beatings, he gently raises his right arm above his head, and balancing the harpoon in his slender fingers, prepares to lance it. Before us, at a few fathoms' distance, the monster sleeps on. It is really a sublime sight! all it wants is a Phidias capable of rendering its indefinable beauty. Unfortunately, at the very last decisive moment, the giant woke, and disappeared beneath the water.

In spite of these episodes, we have made some way. We have been coasting along the shore, the vegetation of which belongs to the tropics. Orange-trees are mingled with cryptomerias. High stone walls protect the gardens from the visits of the wild beasts, especially of the bears, which abound in this country. Then we pass successively by Idzusan, suspended midway in the bay between orange and bamboo woods; by Yoshihama, another considerable market-town; round the Cape of Madzu-no-hama, and by the mouth of the Odawara river. At five o'clock in the evening, we are in front of Oiso. Here the mountains stretch further back, and the wooded shores become flatter. Our men have been rowing for eight hours without a

moment's intermission. Some handfuls of barley (for rice is reserved for the rich), with a drink of pure water, is the only meal of these poor fellows. But how they seem to enjoy it! Poor? yes, they are that, certainly; but knowing neither misery nor care, they are not unhappy.

The sun was setting when the island of Enoshima came in sight, its dark shadow standing out against the crimson clouds. At eight o'clock we landed. As the tide was low our boats could not get near the pier, so our boatmen carried us on their shoulders. It was a ten minutes' walk, and to judge by the way they laughed, they found it charming. At last we set foot in the Japanese Paradise. The night was very dark, but the coloured lanterns hung on the doors of the houses, lighted our way. Built on the side of a rock, and wide open, the shops are as full and gay as possible; men selling fruit and vegetables, women preparing great dishes of rice and fish, and bands of pilgrims hunting for lodgings, cross and recross the narrow street. Everywhere there are festoons of flowers and flags of different colours, for Enoshima, the holy isle, is always in *fête*. We were conducted to the best hotel; it was full to overflowing. Music, singing, and drinking were going on in every direction. Hardly was the dinner announced when the innkeeper made his appearance. After having accomplished the usual duties of politeness prescribed in the ceremonial, he gave us a little paper, carefully folded, containing toothpicks. On the envelope was a long inscription, as follows: "Imperial toothpicks. Shiraki, hotel-keeper in the principal street, fifth house to the left.

Imperial lodging. Abundant repasts promptly served." On the other side the distances were marked from Enoshima to Kamakura, Yedo and Kiyôto. The word "imperial" means first-rate, or super-excellent. From Atami to Enoshima is sixteen *ris* or forty miles.

August 31.—Certainly the lodging was the reverse of "imperial." Hardly could we close our eyes. The pilgrims, when not saying their rosaries or ringing their bells, chatter frightfully. But the delicious freshness of the morning makes us forget the miseries of our sleepless night. We explore the little streets of the town. The crowd of pilgrims is already thronging round the stalls where they sell rosaries, votive pictures, and shells of every kind. This little island has been often and admirably described. It is a delicious place. From one sanctuary to the other, we arrive at last to the top of the rock. Some old trees growing almost miraculously out of the clefts, stretch their branches over the summit like a baldachino. In the temples themselves, which are small and not much ornamented, I found nothing particular; but there are, nevertheless, some pretty details. Among others, we admired the classic design of a well, which reminded one of a cistern in a Venetian palace. It is an artificial circular rock, full of tortoises, who hid themselves as we drew near. Circular stones, kept together by a hooped band, formed the stand of the fountain. The upper part was carefully polished and ornamented with bas-reliefs and circular subjects carved in the Byzantine style, with here and there some inscriptions. Towards the west and south the rock slopes straight

down into the sea. It is like "Tiberius' Leap," in the Island of Capri, only in smaller proportions. You go down by a staircase cut in the rock, and if you are a real pilgrim you must visit the Black Grotto, which is only accessible to those who can jump on some blocks of stone, which are half under water.

A natural dyke, passable at low water, unites the island of Enoshima with the mainland. At this very moment, long files of pilgrims are crossing over it. Preferring our boat, we pass this narrow arm of the sea, double a little promontory, and disembark, an hour later, not far from the village of Sakanôshita. Here we are within the limits of the treaty. This district, one of the most picturesque of the province of Niphon, is well known to the residents of Yokohama. We are to visit three celebrated spots to-day: the Daibutsu, Kamakura the ancient capital of the Sioguns, and Kanazawa, renowned for the beauty of its site and gardens.

The colossal bronze statue of Buddha, the Daibutsu, rises near a little village surrounded by trees. The conception belonged to the great Siogun, Yoritomo; but it was only fifty years after his death, towards the middle of the thirteenth century, that this splendid monument was placed in the spot where it is still seen. The face of the god breathes perfect quiet, and an ineffable sweetness. One asks oneself how it is possible to produce so much effect by such simple means. This great work is an irresistible proof of the perfection to which the founders' art had attained at so distant a period. The pedestal is four feet high, the statue fifty; the circumference of the head is thirty-two feet, the nose alone four feet.

The air being deliciously fresh and the path shady, we continued on foot across rice-fields and meadows, passing by the isolated tea-house, where two Englishmen, Major Baldwin and Lieutenant Bird, were massacred by a bonze and a samurai with two swords. The yakunins who escorted the travellers either had not the time or the inclination to rush to their rescue. Here we came into the long and beautiful avenue which leads to Kamakura, now only a small village, but formerly the flourishing residence of the Sioguns. This magnificent avenue is the sole indication that this spot, now covered with fields and woods, was once the second capital of the empire. Incendiary fires seem to have utterly destroyed it. Its ruin, however, made the fortune of Yedo. The principal interest attached to this deserted place is due to the great temple of Hachiman, founded by the Siogun, Yoritomo, towards the end of the twelfth century.

Yoritomo, and four centuries after him, Taiko Sama, are the two prominent figures in Japanese annals. Their praise is in every history, and popular legends have transmitted their remembrance from generation to generation. But if Yoritomo founded the temple of Kamakura, it does not follow that the magnificent constructions which were still standing three months ago were of so ancient a date. Is it possible for wooden buildings to resist the inclemency of the seasons for seven centuries? This is, at least, doubtful. But besides, the most beautiful sanctuaries, those that were dedicated to Buddha, are now lying on the ground. The government of the day ordered their

démolition. Only those buildings consecrated to the state religion have been spared. We saw heaps of broken columns lying pell-mell, with pillars richly sculptured, lacquered, and gilt, Buddhist idols mutilated, candelabras in pieces;—one may fancy the despair of the population! The historian and the lover of art deplore the destruction of such precious antiquities; the Christian wishes to see the images of the false gods superseded not by the mirror but by the Cross; politicians shrug their shoulders; while philosophers smile and say there is nothing new under the sun.

We continue our journey by a hollow road, shaded by magnificent firs. After having crossed a gorge, the path widens down to the shores of an inland bay, full of scattered islets, and surrounded by low hills. In front of us is the town of Kanazawa. There a specimen of true Japanese civility awaited us. A young lady belonging to one of the great families of Yedo, the chief of whom is an intimate friend of my fellow-traveller's, is taking sea-baths here. Hardly had she been informed of our arrival than she announced her intention of paying him a visit, and very soon after appeared, escorted by her old doctor. She was a very beautiful woman of about eighteen, a native of Kiyôto, as fair as any European, though rather pale, for she is not well, and dressed with that simple elegance which distinguishes ladies of high rank all over the world. Her manners are graceful, modest, and gracious. She makes her prostration and the great *kow-tow*, that is, she touches the mat with her beautiful forehead. After having remained on

her knees for a few moments, her arms leaning on the ground and her hands turned inwards, she gets up, bending her knees and leaning her hands upon them; at last she squats down on her heels, and, the above necessary compliments being ended, she begins to talk. My friend, as a gentleman who knows what good manners are, passes in his turn through all the phases of this ceremonial. I admire his courage and his unconstrained action: only, how to keep one's countenance! But let him laugh best who laughs last. All of a sudden, the young Japanese lady rose, looked at me with the sweetest smile, and directly made me a great prostration and all the rest. To respond to these civilities, I am compelled to follow the example of my companion, and perform, in my turn, all these evolutions. The lady and her doctor, who are far too civil to laugh at my awkwardness, resume the conversation—a somewhat commonplace one, it is true, but mingled with kind words, and amiable speeches and merry little laughs. No sooner had she gone back to her own apartments than she sent us some baskets filled with beautiful fruits and every kind of sweet thing.

The distance from Enoshima to Kanazawa is five *ris*, or twelve and a half miles.

September 1.—At six o'clock we were off. At the very moment we were getting into our cangos we perceived our charming neighbour, who, followed by her doctor, came to wish us good-bye. She only wore a thin silk tunic: her little bare feet were shod with wooden sandals, and she had not had the time to

have her hair done; but this *négligé* suited her to perfection.

We are nearly at the end of our expedition. After five hours spent in exclamations of enthusiasm at the extreme beauty of the scenery and in groans at the torture which we endured from the speed of our cango-bearers, we were landed safely at the door of the great "International Hotel" of Yokohama just as the clock struck twelve.

The distance from Kanazawa is five *ris*, or twelve and a half miles.

CHAPTER IV.

YEDO.—FROM THE 26TH TO THE 28TH JULY; FROM THE 18TH TO THE 22ND AUGUST; AND FROM THE 3RD TO THE 13TH SEPTEMBER.

General Aspect. — The Neighbourhoood. — Visit to Sawa, the Foreign Minister.—German School.—The Shiba and its Art Treasures.—Evident but inexplicable influence of Italian Taste. —Conversation with Iwakura, the new Minister.—His plans of Reform.—Shops.—Silks and Curiosities.—The Temple of Meguro.—Saigo.—The Sanctuaries of Ikegami.—The Forty-seven *Ronins*.—Feast at Sawa's.—The Palace of Hamagotén. —Dinner at Iwakura's.—The Prime Minister Sanjo.—At the Temple of Asakusa.—Dramatic Art.—A Japanese Vaudeville. —Lay Figures.—Yedo at Night.

July 26 *to* 28.—My first visit was consecrated to a general study of the great and mysterious capital of Japan. Open to strangers only during the last two or three years, it had been previously visited by the two ambassadors, Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, and more recently by travellers and residents at Yokohama. The foreign legations have made it their temporary residence. Of the different descriptions which have been written and published (and to which I do not wish to add another), the one addressed by M. Richard Lindau,

in December, 1864, to the Asiatic Society of London, *North China Branch*, is the most known, the most celebrated, and the best I have read. Necessarily, there are some things wanting; as at that time a good many of the temples, and among the rest, the tombs of the Sioguns, the pearl and triumph of Japanese art, were still inaccessible. The merit of the German author is not less real; and all the more because it was far more difficult then than now to go about in the streets of Yedo.

These are the notes which I have taken on the spot.[1] Imagine an undulating plain, bathed to the south by the waters of a great gulf, bounded to the north and east by a fine large river, and crossed towards the south, parallel to the sea, by a chain of low hills. In the centre of this plain, but perhaps a little nearer to the sea, rises a circular eminence three or four miles in circumference. To the north-east another row of hills rises from the great river and stretches away towards the west. This is the lay of the ground occupied by the Japanese capital. The river is the Sumidagawa. On the eminence rises the ancient castle of the Sioguns, which has become of late years the residence of the Mikado. That wooded hill to the north-east of the castle is Ueno, which contains the temple and ancient monuments of the former masters of Yedo. The other hill, towards the south, is the celebrated Shiba, with its magnificent tombs of other Sioguns. Between the heights and round the low cone on which stands the

[1] I give them to my reader to refresh his recollections; but, I repeat, I have no intention or pretension to write a full description of this town.

imperial castle, lies the town. Its limits are: to the north, the Sumidagawa, which, after making a deep bend, throws itself into the sea; to the east, uneven but cultivated ground; to the south, the gulf; and to the west, little valleys covered with pines, bamboos, and rice-fields, which come up to the gates of the city. To the east of the river is the great suburb of Hondjo. At the south-western extremity of the town is the large village of Shinagawa, which is only a continuation of the suburb of Tanagawa. Yedo is divided into four parts: Jiro, Soto-Jiro, Midzi, and Hondjo.

Jiro is the imperial castle; only the walls are visible. Trees, three centuries old, planted by the great Taiko-Sama (in 1598), hide from profane eyes a spot now inhabited by the son of the gods. Green turf, which always looks fresh and bright, covers the sides of the mount; a large wide ditch, at this moment full of gigantic lotus-flowers, runs all round it. No mortal man, save the people about the court and the great dignitaries of the state, may penetrate into those sacred precincts. Foreign ministers are only admitted on the rare occasions when they seek an audience of the emperor.

Around Jiro lies Soto-Jiro. It contains the *yashkis;* that is, the palaces of the great personages about the court, the ministers of state, and the daimios, who, in the days of the Sioguns, were compelled to reside at Yedo for six months in the year. Since the fall of their master they live mostly in retirement on their estates. A large canal, forming an irregular circle, is the limit of this part of the town. It is only towards the east that it extends to the banks of the Sumida-

gawa. This part of Soto-Jiro is crossed by wide streets and by a number of smaller ones running out of the larger arteries. This is the commercial quarter, rightly called by the English the "City." From the beauty and elegance of its shops, and from the gay and busy crowd which fills its streets from morning till night, it forms a marked contrast with the rectangular blocks of the palaces, the greater portion of which are now shut up, and with the silence and solitude of the aristocratic quarter. To the north, west and south of Soto-Jiro extends the Midzi, or the town, properly so called. Several high-arched bridges connect this quarter with Soto-Jiro. The most celebrated is the *Niphon-bashi*, the Bridge of Japan, so called because it leads to the great imperial road which traverses the island of Niphon from its southern extremity in front of the island of Kiuchiu, to the northern point opposite Hakodaté, in the island of Yesso. In the interior of the town this road bears the name of *O-dori* (great street); outside, that is from Yedo to Nagasaki, it is called *Tokaido* (road to the west); while the northern branch of it, from the capital to Hakodaté, is known by the appellation of *Oshiu-kaido* (northern road). The Tokaido, be it said in passing, is generally well kept, and from Yedo to the banks of the river Odawara it is even practicable for carriages; but in the mountains it comes to be nothing but a path, and across the rocks, to steps cut in the stone, which make it almost impracticable for horses.

Niphon-bashi is the geographical centre of the empire. In the official itineraries it is from thence that the distances are counted to all the Japanese towns.

To this spot the melancholy recollections are attached of the murder of M. Heusken, the secretary of the United States legation. The Midzi is a mixture of frequented and deserted streets, of gardens and rice-fields, parks and temples, of which the finest are Asakusa to the north-east, and Shiba to the south-west. O-dori, and the other streets parallel to the sea, the quarter which one crosses behind the Shiba to arrive from the suburb of Takanawa to the castle, and the approaches to Asakusa, are the most lively parts of the Midzi. In other portions you might fancy yourself in the country. On the side of Meguro, to the north of Takanawa, the town loses itself in thickets and rice-fields. To the south, on the sea-shore, at a short distance from the mouth of the great river, a new quarter has been built within the last two years, called Tsukiji (or the place of strangers), surrounded by canals, and without trees or gardens. It is a most melancholy site. There, however, the "Great Hotel" has been built, in imitation of an American caravansera; the houses of the consuls, and of a few other foreigners; and last, not least, a French *restaurant*, which has dignified its paltry shed with the grand-sounding title of "Hôtel de France." As yet there are no women there. At a short distance to the south-west of Tsukiji is the imperial country palace, with a beautiful park, bathed by the waters of the Lake of Hamagotén. To the north of the Midzi is the famous Yoshiwara, the quarter of the courtesans. Everyone has read lying and exaggerated descriptions of this establishment, which is partly founded and overlooked by the government. It is asserted that, according to

the ideas of this country, this horrible trade is not looked upon as disgraceful; that daughters of good families are placed there by their parents, and that honourable men do not hesitate to choose their wives among them. Persons living at Yedo, and whose witness cannot for a moment be called in question, have assured me that all this is absolutely false. It may happen in Japan, as in other countries, that a man, yielding to his passion, will marry one of those poor creatures; but there, as elsewhere, these unhappy girls are considered lost and dishonoured; and these places of prostitution are hot-beds of vice, misery, disease, and often of suicide. An official man who should be known publicly to frequent them, would be dismissed the service and degraded without mercy.

On the left bank of the Sumidagawa stretches the great suburb of Hondjo. In this neighbourhood there are a great quantity of tea-houses and what are called *hatagoya*, literally "houses of rest;" but in reality, bad houses, frequented mainly by students. Further on are the great government storehouses, and several palaces belonging to the daimios. A fine quay runs along the river's edge. To the north live the *etas* (or cursed race), the pariahs of Japan.

Such is the general look of Yedo. As to the principal features of which this strange picture is composed, which unrols itself as a new world before every fresh visitor, I have reckoned four which repeat themselves *ad infinitum;* the temples; the yashkis, or residences of the daimios: the houses of the middle classes; and the incombustible warehouses or safety-places.

In the temples, the Buddhist character is the most often met with. Yedo is essentially a Siogun town. It is they who transformed it into a capital, and the Sioguns have all along practised and protected Buddhism.

The yashkis are only palaces in name. They are simply groups of houses of one story each, without any pretensions to architecture, whitewashed, and their windows fitted with black wood gratings. These buildings serve as an outer wall and living-rooms for the servants and suite of the master. Always low and rectangular, they look like warehouses or barracks. The roof is covered with black tiles bordered with white. Black and white are the two colours of Soto-Jiro.[1]

The houses of the middle class have, like all similar buildings in Japan, enormously heavy roofs resting on pillars. They are completely open towards the street and the court. During the night they are closed with panels which move on slides like the scenes of a theatre. If there be any partitions, they are simply frames on which are stretched little squares of white paper. In walking along the streets, the eye takes in all the details of the interior of these houses. Domestic life is entirely open to the inquisitive passers-by. There is nothing to hide; two or three women, naked, at this season, down to the waist, are busy with housework, cooking, &c.; the men, entirely naked, saving the *fundoshi* or strip of linen round the loins, are lying on the floor, smoking their pipes;

[1] I shall speak of the interior of these yashkis when describing my visits to certain great personages.

children are playing in the half light. A fire is burning in one corner; in the other, are the *penates* of the house on a little altar, with a lamp, some flowers, and little bits of paper fastened to small sticks. On a square tray are some little cups for tea, which is ready to be served at all hours of the day and night. No other furniture, only a beautiful matting. Everything is of the most extreme cleanliness. If it be a shop, the upper story has a wooden grating and a balcony, which ordinarily serves as a store-room.

Last, not least, are the incombustible warehouses, which are a kind of wooden tower covered with a coat of cement-like stucco and painted black. The windows are very small, and are closed with massive iron shutters. They are houses of refuge in case of fire or typhoons. Everything of value is hastily placed here, and then the owners make their escape, leaving the winds and the flames to do their worst. These are the four great features of the town of Yedo. Fancy temples rising in all directions: yashkis clustered round the royal castle, scattered here and there in the Hondjo, but very rarely seen in other parts of the town; little houses all alike and in the mercantile quarter of Soto-Jiro, flanked by those round black towers—imagine all this, as I said before, and to complete the picture, fancy the streets, which, from the houses being so low, look wider than they are, and which are filled with men and women of the middle and lower classes (for ladies of rank rarely show), a multitude of children, a fearful number of blind people, and streams of *norimons, cangos*, and

jinrikishas, and you will have a good idea of Yedo. The norimons and cangos replace the palanquins. The first are closed baskets; the second open ones, hung on great bamboos resting on the shoulders of the coolies. The *jinrikisha* only came into existence a year or two ago; but there are already more than 20,000 in Yedo. It is a kind of carriage on two wheels, prettily lacquered, covered with a white hood, and drawn by a man. Its inventor has made his fortune. The word means, "a carriage moved by human strength."[1] A coolie goes at a little trot, and makes three or four miles an hour. If you wish to make use of one of these carriages, and you want to avoid coming into contact with this useful being, who combines the functions of coachman and horse, keep tight on your seat and draw your legs and feet well under you. Prepare yourself also for various little incidents which happen very frequently: a wheel which comes off; the seat which sinks down; the head, which remains hanging on the front of a shop. Now imagine a file of these droll conveyances full of women, bonzes, singers, dancers (these last always recognizable from the exaggeration of their head-dress), in a word, Japanese exactly like the pictures you have seen a thousand times painted on vases, screens, or rice-paper, and you will be able, without any great effort of imagination, to form a just idea of this great "capital of the East." In the richer quarters, where the thieves are attracted by the hope of gain, there are, besides, a number of little

[1] *Jin*, man; *riki*, strength; *sha*, a corruption of the English word, *car*.

sentry-boxes and sentries, with wicket gates, which, being shut at nightfall, prevent honest men from going about freely, but do not hinder the sharpers. As a shade to this brilliant picture, we must not forget the manure-bearers. Turn your head and walk quickly, but you will not altogether escape the horrible odours which are emitted by these filthy streams. But, saving this, there is no great town in Asia, and very few even in Europe, which, on the score of cleanliness, can be compared to Yedo.

It has also a look of prosperity and gaiety which is pleasant to see. There are always some quarters where they are celebrating the feast of some god. Bamboos ornamented with artificial flowers and greasy poles are raised before the temples; bonzes crowd round them; honest shopkeepers stand at their doors to see the processions pass. It is an excellent pretext for idleness that day; but rice is plentiful; people are satisfied with little; and in Japan, there is neither riches nor poverty. They keep a middle line. It is the happiest lot, and, unless appearances deceive me, it is the condition of most of the people in this town. I have seen very few beggars. There are a few on the Tokaido and here and there in Yedo. But those I saw seemed more to be plying a trade than to be very miserable; and they do not bother one as in some countries. In the tea-houses, children are sometimes trained to beg, and taught to roll their big, shaved heads, and do clever tricks with their little hands while they sing the praises of the passers-by; but these were irresistibly comic. Poverty takes the shape of caricature. In Europe the professional

beggar tries to move you to compassion; here he makes you laugh. Their lamentations fall on a deaf ear, for you know they are put on. But the buffoonery of the poor Japanese first moves your spleen, and then by a natural reaction, your heart. The idea is not a bad one; it is, at any rate, a practical, and I would almost add, a profound one.

I have vainly hunted for some culminating spot from whence one could look down on this immense town as a whole. The lay of the ground and the absence of high towers prevent your seeing anything but a small portion of it at one time. From the roof of the great hotel at the Tsukiji, one sees a huge triangle crowned by the castle. To the north and south-east, the horizon is limited by the Ueno and the Shiba. Further to the south, you see the forts, run up in haste (in 1854) to resist the approach of the American fleet; beyond, the promontory of Kanagawa and the waters of the Gulf. Further on, the outlines are almost imperceptible, earth, sea, and sky being mingled together. In the Soto-Jiro quarter, near the castle, there is another little hill, on which is a poorish kind of tea-house. From thence you see the same part of the town in a contrary sense. Look now; from north to south, to the right, the view is limited by one of the palace gates and by a clump of large trees; to the left, by the heights of Ueno; but before you, that is, at your feet, a wonderful panorama is unrolled, which is striking, not for its beauty so much as for its strangeness and size.

I should be puzzled to describe the impression this view made upon me; but here is an analysis: an

immense green carpet, with white and grey lines scattered here and there and following the laws of perspective, accumulating towards the edge. There is neither beginning nor end. You know without seeing it that behind Ueno to your left, and behind the castle to your right, there is a mass of houses, trees, gardens, and fields. Before you, there is the same thing; nothing that fixes the eye. If, here and there, you see a heavier roof, a little higher than the rest, why, you know it is a temple. Then you perhaps discover the poles on which the government decrees are posted up, especially those which punish all those who dare to profess the Christian religion. The little black towers of the warehouses are not high enough to be distinguishable. The solitary buildings which rise above the ordinary level of the scene, are the hotel, and the custom-house, built for the government by an English engineer. Saving these two heterogeneous objects, the disagreeable effect of which is mitigated by distance, nothing impairs the character of this strange panorama. Add to this, the profound silence which reigns above the town. The cries of the bearers and *bettos* do not reach so far. The sound of the temple gongs is equally dulled. As to birds, there are none, I think. Sometimes a feeble confused murmur reaches one's ear; but so unlike what one generally hears from a great city, that it only deepens the strange, mysterious, indefinable impression of the whole scene.

To the north-east of the castle is another spot, noted for its beauty and for the view it affords of a different side of Yedo. These are the heights of

Atangoyama. Two stone staircases lead up to them. Magnificent cryptomerias crown the summit, and shade a picturesque tea-house. Go there towards sunset. The western portion of the Midzi quarter stretches towards the south. Look then on the opposite side, and you will see a mass of little hills intermingled with valleys, covered with grass, fine trees, and rice fields, the whole of the most brilliant green. It is a charming contrast, which must strike the eye and the imagination of the beholder. Here, a huge capital—there, a scene of Alpine beauty; but both one and the other are Yedo.[1]

One must not come here without visiting Oji. It is a place for pleasure-parties, just outside the town. We do like everyone else, and, like everyone else, we are quite delighted. Here you find beautiful green hills, old cryptomerias, limpid streams, shade, water, freshness. Charmingly pretty and graceful young girls, who smile on you and bring you tea, tobacco, and *tay* cut in pieces, cluster round you, give you a lesson in the way of managing your chopsticks; and having waited till you have finished your meal, bring you a little stool, prettily sculptured and lacquered, after having carefully covered its cushion with a fresh sheet

[1] I omit statistics, because those that I have seen in different books do not inspire me with much confidence. I would only say that the ground on which Yedo stands is (supposed to be) thirty-six square miles, of which sixteen miles only are covered with houses, and the rest with parks, gardens, and rice-fields. As to the population, there is the same doubt. Some say two millions; others a million and a half. Since the fall of the Sioguns, and the departure of the daimios and their servants, people say that the population has fallen to eight hundred thousand.

of paper. This is your pillow. You stretch yourself on your mat; and the *nesan* having discreetly retired, and pushed together the paper partition of your apartment, you take your "siesta," softly fanned by the breeze which flows from a little gorge, plays with the tiny cascade, skims over the big lotus-leaves, and finally comes to caress and cool your burning cheeks. All this is delicious; but it has been very often described. As for the *nesans*, they are only female waiters in an inn, it is true, but they are dressed like ladies, and have acquired their habits and language. People will say that this is too favourable an opinion. But contrary ones are only founded on suppositions and perhaps calumnies, which have no interest but for those who like to dive into disagreeable mysteries.

At twenty minutes' distance from Oji are the tea-fields. I have forgotten to mark down the exact name of the spot near them. A powerful stream falls from a high rock. Above its foaming waters some old pines form a kind of dome. There, both men and women come to take *douches*. Alongside, Japanese genius, which is essentially turned towards making playthings, has invented one which has been lately introduced into Europe. A water-melon, in the shape of a hollow ball, lacquered with red, is placed on a vertical jet of water, which comes out of a round osier basin. This ball turns on itself, and, driven by the force of the water at its base, rises and falls with the regularity of a machine.

On returning home we passed a row of dwarf cedars, artificially bent and twisted. A young and pretty peasant woman met us, with one child on her

back, and leading another by the hand. All of a sudden, she uttered a cry of fear and distress; her beautiful features became deadly pale. We ran forward, and saw a large serpent hanging to one of these trees. Its head and the upper part of its body, which was shiny and speckled with black, were stretched out towards the poor mother, who, trembling and fascinated, was incapable of taking flight. Our guards bowed respectfully towards the reptile, who did not seem to me the least scared by the advent of so many men. They took care, in fact, not to molest it, for the serpent is sacred. Dragons sometimes assume this shape; and the gods, as everyone knows, like to disguise themselves under the form of dragons. To kill a serpent, therefore, would be to expose oneself to commit a fearful act of sacrilege.

August 18.—I have accepted the kind hospitality of Mr. Adams, and it is with joy that, on returning from my different excursions, I come back to the British legation at Yedo. On my arrival this morning I found the judge of the English community of Japan, Mr. Hannen, with his charming wife, several other members of the mission, and Dr. Wheeler. What a contrast between this comfortable and well-ordered home, with its well-educated and agreeable society, and the crowd of unknown foreigners whom I had left at the hotel of Yokohama!

August 19.—To-day I took a long walk in the neighbourhood. It was just like an English park, saving for the peculiar vegetation of Japan. There is another speciality: you go out of the hotel of the legation which is situated in a very gay street; you

descend a little alley which by degrees takes the look of a village. A few steps further on and you find yourselves in the midst of a complete solitude. Go on a little further, and there you are come back into a town. But even in the most frequented streets you hear very little noise; there is no pavement, no carriages, hardly any horses. The straw sandals of the foot passengers deaden the sound of their steps. There is rarely a crowd, but even if there be one, each glides on softly. The people are not taciturn—far from it, they chatter all day long; but you hear more laughs than words.

August 20.—It is Sunday. In the little European quarter at Tsukiji there is neither Catholic priest nor Protestant minister; neither church nor chapel. On the other hand, in every part of the town where public edicts are posted up, one may read the decrees forbidding to the Japanese the exercise of the Christian religion. The members of the present government, in spite of their reforming and civilizing tendencies, have, they tell me, retained their hatred of Christianity, and especially of the Catholic faith. The free exercise of their religion is guaranteed to foreign residents in *treaty-ports;* but is it the same in Yedo and Osaka? Pending this question, Mgr. Petitjean, the Vicar Apostolic of Japan, has done wisely, I think, not to provoke hostilities by opening a chapel at Tsukiji, and to reserve its solution for the time of the revision of the treaties, which cannot be far distant.

I passed this afternoon with Sawa Nabuyoshi, the first Foreign Minister. Although not above fifty, he looks like an old man; in Japan one lives fast. His

face is a pleasant one, frank, and open, somewhat sarcastic when he is joking, but full of that good-humour which wins you at first sight. He and his son, a fine young fellow, are simply dressed in a silk tunic. Both are distinguished by high-bred manners and exquisite politeness. The room in which we are sitting, with the exception of a table and some chairs placed for the use of foreign diplomats, is entirely without furniture. In a niche is a fine Bohemian glass vase, a *souvenir* of the visit of our mission. By the order of his father, the young man brings and puts on the gala dresses of his mother, laughing heartily all the time ; he also shows us some beautiful embroidered stuffs in silk and gold. Sawa is a man of letters, and told us many interesting things on the manners, history, and antiquities of his country. Trusting to the scientific turn of his mind, I pleaded for permission to visit Kiyôto (Miako). "What do you want to do at Kiyôto?" he asked me with an embarrassed air. "It is an old town which has been very much neglected since the Mikado took up his residence here, and it has been partly destroyed by recent fires. If you go there, other Europeans will wish to do the same. The people at Kiyôto are bad; some accident might happen to you. Don't go. Besides, recollect that the fire has destroyed almost all the fine new buildings."

"I am surprised," I replied, "to hear you speak thus. It is not to see the new buildings that I want to go there ; it is to see and admire the most ancient and beautiful temples in the empire. You who are so great a connoisseur in architecture, can you deny that

Kiyôto is the most interesting and the oldest town in Japan?"

This observation struck home. The minister replied, smiling, "You are right. Let me have a little time to think. I will try and find some arguments which will influence the council to give their consent."

Sawa is a man of intelligence, and very clear-sighted: he wishes for reforms and likes progress; though he is too wise to approve of the race which is now the order of the day among the higher powers. Still the idea of a European penetrating into the holy city does not please him; and to obtain the consent of his colleagues will require all his oratorical persuation. So strongly is the idea of the exclusion of strangers engrained in men's minds! This does not prevent the government from favouring European journeys, the adoption of our costumes and habits, and the study of foreign languages. They have just established a German school.

I went to visit it one day. There were about a dozen young men and boys repeating in chorus the following sentence:—"The poor man wants to become like the rich man." "The rich man does not want to become poor." They were continually making mistakes and saying, "The rich man wants to become poor." The teacher, the type of a German schoolmaster, cried out in severe tones: "Amarisen, amarisen" ("not that, not that!") And then the scholars, after a moment's hesitation, began again in chorus:—"The-poor-man-does-not-want-to-become-like-the-rich-man." A fresh explosion of wrath from the master. The word rich ("reech") was the stone of stumbling to them

all. Nothing was more comical than to see the efforts of these little throats to overcome this difficulty! These boys will perhaps forget their German—probably they will never learn it; but the moral maxim inculcated, which is certainly *not* that of the gospel, that riches are worth more than poverty, will remain engraven on their minds.

August 21.—I have passed the greater part of the day at Shiba. It is my third visit.

Shiba contains the tombs of a great number of Sioguns, besides several temples and richly endowed convents. Now, the guardians of these sanctuaries, the bonzes, are in part expropriated. They have been given a little money and the advice to marry, which is contrary to their vows. The sequestered convents have been turned into barracks. This is the most recent change, but will probably not be the last. There are voices in the ministerial council which demand the formal abolition of Buddhism, the suppression of all the *Llamaseries*, and the demolition of the Shiba and Kiyôto temples, which are the most beautiful specimens of Japanese art.[1] At this moment they exist in all their magic splendour. In the midst of the court is the great temple, and at the side the roof-covered stage which seems to be an essential

[1] The fears on this head conceived by the Buddhists and by the Europeans of Yokohama who care for works of art, have been but too well justified. In June 1872 we hear from Japan that the government had decided to pull down all the Shiba temples. The Yokohama papers protest energetically against this act of civilized vandalism.

feature in every sanctuary which includes the two kinds of worship. A square and graceful tower of several stories rises out of a group of fine old trees. There is nothing in the construction of these buildings which differs from other Buddhist temples, save the wonderful perfection of the sculptures, the richness of the details, and the profusion of gilding. The undefinable harmony of the colours makes one forget the barbarism of the architecture and the grotesqueness of the statues. Certainly they are the divinities of the spot; but it breathes also a courtly atmosphere. Involuntarily one thinks of Louis XIV.'s chapel at Versailles.

The real treasures of Shiba, however, are the tombs. Separated from one another by a wall, they are built all along an avenue shaded by different species of pines. The age of these trees is not quite certain; but it is supposed to be towards the end of the sixteenth century that Taiko-Sama had them planted.

The oldest tombs go back to the first half of the seventeenth century. I have visited them all, and compared them with a great deal of care. From this examination I thought I could trace a gradual decay of the fine arts. But I abstain from forming a judgment until I have seen the great temples and the castle of Kiyôto, which are equally the work of Taiko-Sama.

The mausoleums of Shiba are composed of three distinct elements: the outer court, the sanctuary or temple, properly so called, and behind the temple, the tomb. The court is separated from the great avenue by a wall, which, inside, forms a covered gallery.

Beautiful open-worked sculptures in high relief serve as gratings to the windows of the inclosure. They represent peacocks, pheasants flying in the clouds, and aquatic birds swimming in the ponds. The sculptor brings out the action of the birds in the most wonderful manner. The brilliancy of the colouring and of the gilding adds to the marvellous effect of these *chefs-d'œuvre* of art, where the feeling of nature is controlled by the symbolic and ideal character of the subject.

In the court, there is a double row of lanterns sculptured in stone, as one sees in all the temples, and in a great many public and private gardens. At each step one is dazzled by the richness of the material, the prodigality of the ornaments, the exquisite finish of the details, and the solemn magnificence of the whole.

In front of the entrance is the actual temple. Here everything speaks of the greatness of the defunct potentate, of his power, his riches and his mystical faith. On both sides of the door stand the idols, the invariable ornaments of Buddhist temples. One, with angry features and a face painted bright red, is supposed to exhort you to behave properly. Another, whose face is green, bids you welcome. If this explanation, which was given me by a bonze, be not exact, the learned must correct me. A richly-carved door, ornamented with beautiful bronzes, led into the interior. When we entered, the light was waning, and darkness shrouded the space. But by and by the eye began to take in the details, and we saw the richly-gilded ornaments of the beams, the sculptured ledges and friezes, and behind an altar loaded with

flowers, vases, and lights, the great god, Buddha, the symbol of supreme insensibility, of absolute and eternal quiet.

"Grato m'è il sonno e l'esser di sasso."

Chandeliers, hung from the roof, surrounded the altar; mats of the finest and most marvellous quality covered the floor, which was lacquered with reddish-brown at the edges.

A taste for the grotesque, and a search after the beautiful, refinement and perfection in technical art, fecundity of imagination, and a delicate feeling for nature, each and all restrained by the exigencies of Indian theogony and the holiness of the spot:—these are the characteristics of the marvels scattered in profusion over the last abode of the Sioguns. One thing puzzled me very much: it was the unmistakable and evident stamp of Italian *baroque* taste which was shown in some of the sculptures. As long as they deal with sacred subjects they follow tradition; but as soon as they pass to birds, flowers, clouds, or waves, they leave the old tracks, take a freer range, and produce works which might have come out of the studios of Borromini or Bernini. Let any one who can, explain this strange fact! Behind the temple is the tomb. It is a variegated column, surrounded by a double circular balustrade in sculptured stone. You go up to it by steps. The effect of the whole is simple, grand, and barbaric. The venerable trees of Taiko-Sama form the framework. The monotonous notes of the grasshoppers do not cease for a moment: they add to the

wild, sad, strange, and solitary character of this essentially heroic spot.

September 3.—During our excursion to Hakoné, the Reform Government has not stood still. It has by a simple stroke of the pen abolished the *hans*. One knows that the Japanese towns are divided into three categories: the *fus*, of which there are only three, Kiyôto (Miako), till the year before last the residence of the Mikado; Yedo, until the fall of the Sioguns their capital and residence; and last, not least, Osaka, the pearl of Japanese towns, and the great emporium of the commerce of the interior. The other towns are either what is called *hans*, that is, feoffs of the daimios, who are the hereditary princes of the country; or else *kens*, that is, towns placed directly under the authority either of the Mikado or the Siogun. The edict by which the minister of the interior has suppressed the authority of the feudal lords is an act of most important bearing on the future of Japan, inasmuch as it destroys a system of which the origin is lost in the night of time. It inaugurates one of the most radical social and political revolutions possible. At present, it is true, it only exists on paper, and in Japan, more than anywhere else, there is a long way from a decree to its execution. Not to offend the daimios too seriously, they have left them, instead of their feudal rights, the administration of their ancient feoffs, with the title of governor, or delegate of the Mikado.[1] Among the Cabinet

[1] A few days later, this concession was revoked, and the government was withdrawn from the princes to be bestowed on functionaries named by the Government.

Ministers also, a change has been made. Among others, our old friend, Sawa, has been relieved from his functions as Minister of Foreign Affairs. This "grand seigneur" of the old school, a friend and protector of the fine arts, and himself a very good artist, renowned especially for being well versed in the history and antiquities of his country, bears his disgrace with and ease and dignity. He came to-day with his son to dine at the Legation. He was very gay, laughed heartily, and said, in speaking of his retirement, "Very well, I shall go back to my books."

September 4.—Iwakura Tomomi, who has just replaced Sawa at the head of the Department for Foreign Affairs, came to-day to be presented in his new capacity to the Legation. The visit, according to the custom of the country, lasted some hours. I could, therefore, on this occasion, make the acquaintance of a personage who exercises so great an influence over the destinies of Japan. Iwakura, although belonging to the class of *kugé*, that is, the highest and oldest nobility about the court, had lived at Kiyôto in voluntary obscurity. The revolution of 1868 brought him forward. Ever since that time he has played a great part, and to-day he passes for being the most important man in the empire. He told me he was forty-eight years old. In Japan, as in China, the question of age is the first which well-educated people address to one another. His face has nothing very remarkable about it, unless it be the vivacity of his eyes when he speaks, and a rather sarcastic expression

about the mouth. His speech is short and rather dry: his manners are those of a man of the great world, simple, easy, and natural.[1] A conversation which was anything but common-place, gave me the opportunity of drawing from the highest source, some curious information on the origin, nature, and bearing of the great reform which Iwakura and his friends have just inaugurated.[2]

I first talked to him about my great wish to see Kiyôto, the capital of the east, the holy town specially closed to strangers. When the English minister, Sir Rutherford Alcock, crossed Niphon from Osaka to Yedo, he was entreated not to enter Kiyôto—and he never saw it. Baron Richtofen, who has travelled so much in the interior, was not more fortunate; and when, three years ago, the ministers of England, France, the United States, and the Low Countries, went there by the special invitation of the Mikado, the presence of these diplomats was sadly signalized by the bloody assault on the person and suite of Sir Harry Parkes. The Legations returned to Osaka without having had either the time or opportunity of

[1] Since I was in Japan, Iwakura conceived the idea of an embassy to the United States and to the great Courts of Europe, of which he was to be the chief and Kido the second plenipotentiary. During his absence the direction of affairs was confided to Sango and Saigo.

[2] What Iwakura said to me has since become the avowed programme of his Government. He repeated it not only to the members of the diplomatic corps but to all strangers who approached him, as he evidently wished to give his words as much publicity as possible. I have therefore no scruple in giving here a *résumé* of our conversation.

visiting the principal monuments of the town. M. de Brants, Secretary of Legation to the North German Confederation, and some other members of the diplomatic corps, have recently made one or two short excursions there; but except these officials, and a schoolmaster and an engineer, who are both in the Japanese service, it seems that no European has been allowed to penetrate into the town, However that may be, no person has ever yet given a description of it *de visu.*[1] Only Doctor Kaempffer, who visited it in the seventeenth century, has, in his precious Japanese work, given us a few pages about it. He was the doctor of the Dutch factory at Detsima, and accompanied one of the embassies which this colony, once in every four years, was obliged to send to Yedo. During these voyages, the Dutch delegates were treated as prisoners of state; they travelled in closed norimons, and did not dare leave their hotels, where they were watched all through the night. Kiyôto has thus remained an unknown and mysterious land, which I have the greatest wish to explore. The old Sawa had almost given his consent; but he is no longer in power. I addressed myself, therefore, to his successor, who, already warned of my intention, hastened to promise that he would try what he could do to get the council to listen to my proposal. I had also a still more delicate matter to negotiate with the

[1] This summer (1872) there was an industrial exposition at Kiyôto. Certain foreigners were allowed by favour to go there, and the English papers contained a short description of this *Capital of the East.* But since then, Kiyôto has been anew hermetically sealed.

new minister; and that was my audience with the Mikado. As a rule, the son of the gods must be invisible to mortals. The only exception made is for his servants, and, since the whites have obtained the ports, the foreign ministers. He has also received the admirals commanding the naval stations in the eastern seas. Mr. Seward, the old United States foreign minister, is the only non-official personage who has ever been presented to the emperor. Nevertheless, thanks to the powerful, although indirect support of the English representative, I am to have my audience. We then passed on to the events of the day, and to the suppression of the feudal rights, which is the theme of every tongue at this moment.

"The daimios," said Iwakura, "were kept in order by the Sioguns. Many of them were directly under their dominion. When the Siogunate was suppressed, they all became entirely independent. That was intolerable. It was necessary to re-establish the power of the Mikado, and that is what we have undertaken to do. In three years our task will be accomplished. The *hans* have been abolished. The daimios will not even be left as governors in their old dominions. We shall oblige them to come and live at Yedo with their families. Able men, no matter of what caste, will be made governors. The daimios will be employed in the higher offices of the state, but only on condition that they are capable persons. The little clans will be absorbed in the larger ones, and an army will he formed of the soldiers who, until now, have been in the pay and under the orders of the daimios alone. Our adversaries affirm that we

are the enemies of the religion of the people. That is not true. We have no intention of destroying Buddhism. We only wish to purify the temples which were formerly dedicated to Sintooïsm. The Sioguns consecrated them irregularly to Buddha, and established his worship in them, sometimes simultaneously with, but often to the exclusion of, Sintooïsm, which has always been the official religion, that is, the religion of the Mikado. As to what regards the taxes, it is true that the peasants belonging to the daimios were exempt whenever the harvests were bad; and that the imperial Government cannot do the same, seeing that the expenses of administration are alike in good or bad years. But we will try to diminish the charges which weigh the most heavily on the rural population, by making the merchants and labourers share them, as these have hitherto been exempt from all taxation."

September 5.—I went this morning to visit the principal shops in Yedo. In the native quarter of Yokohama, goods are made expressly for the European market. Here, on the contrary, the manufacturers consult only the taste of their fellow-countrymen. Nothing can be more interesting than to examine minutely these thousand and one objects, the very use of which escapes your penetration unless enlightened by a resident in the country. The different members of the Legations have good-naturedly acted as my guides in turn. It is a real study. The great variety of utensils forms an inexplicable contrast to the extreme simplicity, or rather the extreme absence of

furniture in the houses of the rich as well as of the poor. Almost all their productions attest a lively imagination, which delights in droll conceptions ; a great sense of beauty, although sometimes spoilt by the tendency to caricature; an evident desire to produce great effects by small means ; the worship of inanimate nature purposely exaggerated, and a great latitude allowed to individual taste, alongside of a profound veneration for traditional types and routine. Comparing the objects of art, of which I will speak further on, with the industrial products, I should say that the artist in this country has a good deal of the artisan about him, but the artisan is essentially an artist. It was the same in Europe in the middle ages.

The shops where they sell toys excited my greatest admiration. One asks oneself how it is possible to expend so much wit, invention, and taste, to amuse children, who are incapable of appreciating these real *chefs-d'œuvre* of art? The answer is simple enough. It is, that in this country every one spends his leisure in playing like children. I have seen three generations—a grandfather, father, and son—absorbed in the operation of flying a kite. Ladies of high rank, who hardly ever go out of doors, spend, I am told, whole hours with toys.[1] At this moment the fashionable game is the *tô-sen-kio*, or the fan game.[2] A little box of light wood is placed on the mat, and on this

[1] Some are strange enough, and are seen equally in the hands of children and on the altars of their *penates*. One is the symbol of fecundity, which means the prosperity of families ; but there is no bad thought involved in it.

[2] *Tô* means to strike ; *sen* is a fan ; *kio* a game.

box a junk figure, covered with silk, representing a butterfly, *cho*. The players, who are generally ladies, squatted at a certain distance, aim and throw their fans in turn, the handle of which is to carry off the butterfly without upsetting the box. The losses and gains are regulated by a table setting forth the different methods by which the butterfly is to be attained. The ladies of the Mikado, I am told, have brought this game into fashion. I bought, for a very small sum, a quantity of curious things, some of which are really wonderful works of art. Among the rest, some bronzes, paper weights representing different animals, groups of tortoises, &c. In each there is a vein of the comic. I saw similar groups in other shops, and the same ideas, but never two alike. They will not copy. It is not the same model produced mechanically, but the same thought. The artisan, or rather the artist, although imitating nature, introduces his own idea as well.

I admired, also, the fine, delicate, beautifully clean hands of the women who packed up my purchases in soft, silky paper.

We went to see two of the largest silk warehouses. We went up stairs to the first story, and there found ourselves in a vast room full of customers, and among the rest several ladies of high rank. Everyone, men and women, were sitting on their heels behind a table a foot high, on which the goods were spread. There were the finest crapes and the heaviest stuffs, some woven in patterns, some quite plain. The colours were of an extraordinary brilliancy. Were it not for their great price, one would willingly employ some of

these stuffs for curtains and hangings; they would make, besides, most beautiful vestments for churches. Here they are converted into court dresses for both sexes on great occasions.

It must be owned, however, that their silk manufactures are in their decadence, and it is again Europe which is the cause of it. The two great centres for the production of silkworms' eggs are the provinces of Oshiu and Shidshiu, for which the towns of Yonesawa, Uyeda, Chosiu, and Shimamura, serve as depots. The climate is peculiarly favourable to the production of eggs, which need, above everything, a *dry* air, and that condition can only be obtained in Japan on the high levels. Formerly, the producers of silk in other parts of the empire always went to seek their eggs in these two provinces. But since the disease in the Lombardy silkworms brings every year Italian silk-growers seeking for eggs, these last have attained a fabulous price. It follows that in the south, and other places where silk manufactures are carried on, they have ceased to get their material from those provinces, and that, in spite of their very inferior quality, they content themselves with the eggs which can be produced on the spot.[1]

After our "tiffin" we took a long and most enjoyable walk on foot to Meguro, a little village to the north-

[1] The English Government has given great attention to this subject. Mr. Adams, with some experts, visited the principal districts where the silkworms are bred. His reports on this subject, communicated to Parliament, give every species of information, which is the more valuable as having been made on the spot. See the Blue-Books on Japan of 1870 and 1871.

west of Yedo, celebrated for its beautiful temple, surrounded by fine cryptomerias and by teahouses, and the habitual *rendezvous* of the smart world of Yedo. Mr. Mitford, in his "Tales of Old Japan" gives a charming account of it. This book has just appeared in London, and a copy was sent to the Legation. People are devouring it, and with reason. The history of the 48 ronins, and the terrible scene of *hari-kari*, at which the author assisted as a delegate from his chief, will be read with interest by the great European public. The other tales are perhaps too exclusively Japanese to please those who have not seen the country. But the little fairy tales in the second volume are written with a naive simplicity and a poetic charm which no one can fail to appreciate.

From Meguro we directed our steps towards an elevated spot called Shinfuji, from whence we enjoyed one of those idyllic views which give so peculiar a character to the neighbourhood of Yedo. The features are always the same—an oblong valley, surrounded by wooded hills, rice-fields, cryptomerias, the *masserica* and *retinispora* pines, on the heights and round the temples, which, placed half-way, are hidden by the foliage; with cherry and plum-trees in full flower, several species of laurels and maples, the *acer Japonica*, and the *Salisburia adimantifolia*, which the Japanese call *itchô*. These two species belong specially to the sacred woods, and are considered essentially sacerdotal. Add to this list, camellias and azaleas, and for a variety, the pale-green plumes of the bamboo. Certainly there are repetitions in this scenery; but it is the most charming, the most sweet, and the most poetic of monotonies.

To-day they will gossip finely in the teahouses of *Tôkei*. (This is a new name just invented for the capital of the east, *Tô* signifying east, and *kei* capital. The smart men of the period prefer it). The unheard-of event which has set every one talking is the fact that a lady of high rank is going to dine at the English Legation. Mr. Adams is the author of this innovation, thanks to the intimate relations he has formed with the notables of the country. His guests are Matsuné and his wife, the daughter of Uwajima, the present ambassador to China. The young lady is hardly fourteen. She is very little, has beautiful large almond-shaped eyes, and delicate hands and feet. If her head seems large, it is from the effect of her beautiful hair, which is divided into two bands, and fastened up by two great tortoise-shell pins. Over her fine white chemise she wears a narrow tunic of pale-grey silk. A large sash, the colour of a tea-rose, incircles her waist, which is very short, and ends with a huge bow, which reaches nearly to her shoulders. If it were not an anachronism, I should say she looked like an old Dresden figure dressed in the style of the first empire. I am seated next to her husband, and just opposite her. Nothing can be more amusing than to watch her, her bright, intelligent eyes take in everything on and around the table. She wants to do just as we do; and her Japanese instincts serve her so well, that by the time we have arrived at the roast she has already learnt how to use her knife and fork. By degrees her stiffness vanishes, and on getting up from dinner her manners are as natural and naive as those of a child. She walked round the drawing-room,

where everything was new and strange to her, and then, taking a little stool, went and sat down at her husband's feet, smoking a cheroot, and apparently forgetting our existence.

Matsuné, in spite of some irregularities of feature, is a good-looking fellow; but, like so many of his countrymen, he is undergoing a process of transformation. He is become European at the extremities. He wears fine Parisian boots, has cut off his pig-tail, no longer shaves his head, but lets his hair grow, which being thick and crisp takes away his look of distinction. I asked him "why he had given up the Japanese head-dress." He replied "that it always gave him cold." Desirous of being a liberal politician, or inclining towards progress, but not daring yet openly to avow his principles, he tries to swim between the two streams. He is no longer a *codino*, and not yet a *progresisto*. This is the case with many Japanese at this moment. But you may be sure that when a man begins to cut off his tail he has gone over to the cause of reform; and their number increases daily. Japan is on the move.

September 6.—This evening at dinner I made the acquaintance of Saigo, who, from being a simple samurai of the Prince of Satsuma, has become one of the most influential men in the island of Kiushiu. It was necessary to insure his support before attempting any reforms, and to obtain, through his intermediation, the support of the great clans of the south. Iwakura went to fetch him from the depths of his island home, won him over to approve of the new programme, and

then persuaded him to come and establish himself at Yedo. Saigo is of a herculean stature. His eyes are full of intelligence, and his features of energy. He has a military air, and his manners are those of a country gentleman. They say he is bored to death with the court, and dying to get back to his own property in the country.

September 7.—Religion is at a low ebb. None but women and old men go out of their houses morning and evening, at sunrise and sunset, to adore the beneficent luminary. As a general rule, no one prays, except to obtain a favour. Wives ask the gods to make their husbands faithful; the sick plead for health, young girls for a new gown, a jewel, a lover, or a husband. When any one is ill, they go to the temple and call the god by beating a gong or clapping their hands; they bow before the god, who appears invariably after the third summons, adore him for a few moments, put a little bit of copper money into a box, and all is done. At the temple of Asakusa there is a bronze god who goes to visit the sick. They rub that part of his body which corresponds with the part where they suffer. In fact, they have a whole heap of superstitious ceremonies; but among the upper classes and the intellectual circles there is an entire absence of faith or religion. That is what I hear all round me, and it confirms my previous impression at Yokohama. I have many times questioned the notables of the country on the subject of their belief. They all answered, laughing, that it was all folly. Only the old Sawa, though smiling sarcastically, expressed him-

self with a certain amount of reserve on the subject. The sanctuaries of Ikegami, to the west, and at a little distance from Yedo, are of great antiquity. We went there in the afternoon. I give up the attempt to describe the beauty of the place. Let those who can explain in what consists the wonderful charm of these Japanese temples. They are, after all, always the same —some beautiful old trees shading a few pillars, which support a heavy roof with a wide border; and yet you are in an ecstasy. It is not a question of architecture. You might say they were only colossal cottages, with a pigeon-house and a few perches. But what I admire so much is the way in which the architect has understood what one can and cannot do with wood; and that he has known so well how to make use of the very simplicity of the construction to introduce the most effective ornament. Look at that frieze. It binds together the pillars, serves as a console to the beams which support the ceiling, and makes the natural transition to the roof. The horizontal beams, of which there is a double layer, give solidity to the building, while their extremities, elegantly carved, agreeably break the line of the frieze.

In a round, solitary *tempietto* of graceful design, and of which the tender red, green, and grey shades harmonized wonderfully with the dark green of the cedars and ichôs around it, there was a colossal statue of I know not what god. When we arrived, an old bonze of venerable appearance was chanting some hymns, while the faithful prostrated themselves in adoration of the divinity. It was a true Japanese picture; but it would have been wanting in reality if

our yakunins, who, with their pipes in their mouths, had gone into the sanctuary laughing and chattering, had not openly mocked both at the priest and his god.

September 8.—There is no legend more popular than that of the "Forty-seven Ronins." It gives us an insight into a significant fact connected with feudal habits.[1] The ronin is generally a fallen man. Ordinarily they are military men who have been dismissed by their daimios. At other times they have become ronins in consequence of their masters' ruin. Well, one day there was a daimio, Takumi-no-kami, who, sent with a message from the Mikado to the court at Yedo, was there cruelly affronted by Kotsuké, one of the great functionaries of the Siogun. As no one is allowed to draw his sword within the precincts of the palace without running the risk of death and confiscation of all his goods, Takumi contained himself as long as he could; but one day, provoked beyond bearing, he drew his sword and rushed upon his enemy, who escaped; while he himself, arrested and dragged before the tribunal, was condemned to death. His goods were confiscated, his family reduced to misery, and his vassals and the gentlemen of his suite became ronins. Some became merchants, others took service with some daimios. But Kuranosuké, his principal counsellor, and forty-six other knights belonging to the unfortunate Takumi-no-kami, swore to revenge their master. Unfortunately, Kotsuké got wind of their project, and, to insure his own safety, surrounded

[1] This legend is supposed to date from 1727.

himself continually with so formidable a guard, that, unless his suspicions could be lulled, all hopes of revenge would have to be abandoned. The forty-seven ronins, therefore, knowing that at Kiyôto they were watched by the spies of Kotsuké, separated, each taking a different disguise, one as a carpenter, one as a merchant, and so on. Kuranosuké himself feigned to give himself up to the lowest vices. He was only seen in bad houses or drinking saki. One day he was found dead drunk in a stream of the street. A passer-by, a man of the Satsuma clan, exclaimed, "Is not that Kuranosuké, formerly the counsellor of the unhappy Takumi? Instead of avenging his master he gives himself up to women and wine. Oh, the wretch! unworthy of the name of samurai!" and, pushing him with his foot, he spat in his face. This little incident, instantly reported to Kotsuké by his spies, seemed to him to augur well for his future safety. But this was not all. The faithful counsellor pushed his dissimulation even to cruelty. Playing the part of a *débauché*, he overwhelmed his wife with imprecations, and drove her from his house with her children, except the eldest son, who was then sixteen, and whom he kept with him. At this intelligence, which was instantly forwarded to Yedo, Kotsuké, believing that all danger was passed, sent away the greater part of his guards. The day of justice was, therefore, at hand. The counsellor secretly left Kiyôto, and went to rejoin his companions, who were all gathered together at Yedo, and only waiting for the signal of their chief to set to work.

It was in the depth of winter that, on a cold, dark

night, and during a heavy snow-storm, the conspirators met, and separating into two bands, one led by the chief, the other by his son, stole silently, unperceived, to the yashki of the man whose death they had sworn to accomplish. They had agreed to enter the palace, to shed no innocent blood, to spare such of the servants as should make no resistance, and finally to kill Kotsuké, and place his head on the tomb of their master in the temple of Sengakuji, in the suburb of Takanawa. Having accomplished this, they would quietly present themselves before the judges and await their sentence, which they knew must be death. Such were the instructions of the head of the conspiracy, and each man swore to carry them out to the letter. The high wall which surrounded the palace was scaled, and the interior door forced open by blows from a hammer. To prevent the neighbours coming to the rescue, Kuranosuké had sent them this message, "We ronins, formerly in the service of Takumi-no-kami, intend this night to make our way into the palace of Kotsuké-no-Suké to avenge our master. We are neither thieves nor rogues, and no harm will be done to the houses in the neighbourhood. Therefore be reassured, and remain quiet."

The neighbours took very good care not to come to the rescue of a man who was so little popular in the quarter; they therefore remained quiet, and let the ronins have their way.

These soon penetrated into the interior of the palace. A terrible struggle ensued between them and the samurais of the master. Very soon all these were left dying or dead: not one of the ronins had

perished. The son of the chief conspirator, although only sixteen, had performed prodigies of valour. But where was Kotsuké? Vainly he was hunted for in every hole and corner. Already the ronins in despair were on the point of disembowelling themselves, when their chief, on examining Kotsuké's bed, found it still warm. It was evident that he could not be far off. At last they dragged from his hiding-place an old man of respectable appearance, clad in a simple tunic of white silk. He was easily recognised. This was Kotsuké. The chief of the ronins went on his knees before him, and after having performed the marks of respect due to his rank and age, said to him, "My lord, we are the followers of Takumi-no-kami. Last year your grace had a quarrel with him. He was forced to die, and his family was ruined. As good and faithful vassals we are come this night to avenge him. You must recognise the justice of our cause. And now, my lord, we conjure you to perform the *hari-kari*.[1] I will be your second;[2] and after having humbly taken up the head of your grace, I will deposit it as an offering on the tomb of our lord and master." But Kotsuké, pale and trembling, could not make up his mind to die like a gentleman. As time was precious, and help might arrive, Kuranosuké cut

[1] Hari-kari, or "hara-kiru," disembowelling—performed by the condemned himself when of too high rank to be touched by the executioner.

[2] That is, "To shorten your sufferings, at the moment you rip up your belly with your poniard, I will cut off your head with my sabre." It is generally a member of the family or his best friend who performs this last service to the prince or noble condemned to perform "hari-kari."

off his head with the sword which his master had made use of when compelled to disembowel himself. To avoid a conflagration, the ronins, before leaving the palace, took care to put out the lights and the fires. Then they put the head of their victim in a basket and retired. The day began to dawn. The news of the events of the night had already spread like wildfire through Yedo. The people crowded round them, and received with cheers and acclamations these forty-seven brave men who, covered with blood and wounds, formed in procession, and marched to the suburb of Takanawa. At every moment they expected to be attacked by the samurais of the father-in-law of their victim. But one of the eighteen great princes of Japan, who was the friend and relation of Takumi, had assembled his warriors in haste to defend the forty-seven. As these passed before the yashki of the Prince of Sandai, they were invited to enter, and were served with rice and wine. Arrived at the temple where the body of Takumi had been laid, they washed their bleeding trophy in a fountain which still exists, and then solemnly laid it on the tomb of their master. Then Kuranosuké gave all his money to the priest, told him that they were all going to perform *hari-kari*, and begged him to bury him and his faithful companions by the remains of their lord. The bonze shed tears of admiration and sorrow. The ronins then quietly waited for the magistrates' summons. After some deliberation, they were made to appear before the supreme council, when it was notified to them that, having been wanting in the respect due to the city and the government, they were all con-

demned to death. They were divided into four groups, and placed under the care of four daimios. It was in the houses of the latter that, in the presence of the officers of the Siogun, they all disembowelled themselves. Having freely made the sacrifice of their lives for one object, they finished their course with wonderful intrepidity. Their bodies were carried to Sengakuji, and buried near the remains of their master, Takumi; and ever since that day the people never cease to visit their tombs, to ornament them with branches and flowers, and to burn incense before them. Among the first who presented himself was that man of the Satsuma clan who had insulted Kuranosuké when he feigned to be drunk and asleep in the stream. He declared he had come to make an honourable amends to the holy martyr, and to expiate the fault he had committed by insulting him. Saying these words, he seized his poniard, opened his belly, and died. He was buried in the same inclosure.

Such is the tragedy of the "faithful ronins,"[1] known at Yedo under the title of the "Forty-seven." They tell me that in this part of Japan there is not a man or a woman but knows it. The details have been transmitted by oral tradition from generation to generation, and it was probably in their popular tales that Mr. Mitford found the elements of this simple and touching story. But the principal facts rest on documents of unquestionable authenticity. In the temple of Sengakuji they have preserved the clothes and arms of the

[1] Sir Rutherford Alcock spells the word *Lonins*, but in this, as in other native words, I have followed the etymology of M. de Hübner. (Translator's note.)

"Forty-seven" as relics. In hunting over these things, Mr. Mitford discovered some writings, which proved to be a short but complete summary of the facts, and the reasons which determined the ronins to avenge their master. A copy of this memorandum was found on the body of each of Takumi's faithful followers. This is, however, a custom in this country, when men are about to engage in any matter in which their lives may be sacrificed. Always jealous of their honour, they are very careful to put down in writing the motives of their actions; and this paper they carry about with them with the utmost care. Several authors who have written on Japan have mentioned this bloody episode; but the young English writer before mentioned has the merit of being the first to make the story really known. I did not like to pass it over in silence, and, contrary to my habit of only inscribing in my journal what I have seen or heard, I have given an extract from Mr. Mitford's account. It appears to me that the history of the "Forty-seven," and the veneration paid to them by the people, throw a curious light on the habits of thought in this country, such as they were not long ago, and such as they still are in the great majority of the nation. In the justification of their conduct found on their bodies and addressed to the manes of Takumi, we find the words,—"We have eaten of your bread."

This is the secret of their conduct. As faithful servants and loyal knights, they were bound to avenge the death of their master. Then follows the justification. They quote a precept from Confucius: "*Thou shalt not live under the same sky nor tread the same*

earth as the enemy of thy father or thy lord." "How," they add, "could we read this verse without blushing?" Public opinion unanimously approves of their act. Both people and daimios admire this fidelity to a master, although carried to an extreme. Only three years ago, a man, after having prayed before the tomb of young Chikara, the son of Kuranosuké, again disembowelled himself. The wound not being mortal, he cut his throat. Why? A paper found on his body declared that he was a ronin who had wished to enter the clan of the Prince de Chôshiu; that his petition had been refused; that he would not serve any other master; and that he had, in consequence, come to die and be buried by the graves of the brave. This was in 1868. How, after such facts as these, can one believe that the historic constitution of a country, which is the growth of centuries, can suddenly fall into ruins?—that all the feelings and ideas which form its groundwork and its moral basis have vanished, and that, with a few decrees on rice-paper, "*on changera tout cela,*" as Molière's Médecin exclaims?

To-day we went to see the spot. It is only a few steps from the Legation. On going up the hill, we passed by the fountain where Takumi's head was washed. An inscription records the fact. Further on is a small inclosure, beautifully kept. Fine trees are planted round it. One sees there forty-eight little tumular stones, placed vertically along the railing which forms the inclosure. Little cups full of water are placed before each, and it is in them that the incense is burnt. Near the entrance of the inclosure

rises the fine monument of the chief for whom their lives were given. Little branches of trees, brought by the faithful, whom the holiness of the place perpetually attracts, ornamented the last resting-place of the faithful "Forty-seven."

In the chapel are the wooden statues of these popular heroes and their master. They are painted or lacquered, armed, and represented in the midst of the fight. They are real *chefs-d'œuvre* of art, and remind one of some of the finest Spanish sculptures of the seventeenth century.

September 9.—This evening we dined with Sawa Nabuyoshi—relieved, as I have already said, from his official functions, but living quietly, like a philosopher, a wise man, and an artist, in his beautiful yashki, situated at about four miles from the Legation, and not very far from the European quarter.

The invitation was for five o'clock, and not very long after we arrived at the gate of honour of the palace. Like all noblemen's habitations, the court-yard is strewed with big pebbles, on which it is impossible to walk without making a noise, and thus calling the attention of the guards. A little path facilitates the approach to the main entrance; a second double door, which is open, leads to the interior, and, like the outer one, is strong and heavy—armed with nails and sheets of bronze or iron. Three or four servants are squatted motionless on their heels opposite a screen which prevents the eye from penetrating beyond. Two gentlemen with double swords receive us, and through narrow passages, like the approaches to a for-

tress, lead us to the room on the first story, where Sawa received me when I paid him my first visit. It was wide open towards the garden, in which was a pond surrounded with trees. In it are little bays and a promontory shaded by a magnificent cedar. The master of the house invited me to come up on the roof to see the view of Yedo. But what struck me far more was the yashki itself, thus seen in a bird's-eye view. It was a perfect labyrinth of detached buildings, united by long, covered corridors, with a mass of roofs of different heights and sizes, divided from each other by narrow passages. To the eye it appears but a confused mass of black, heavy roofs. This form of construction is, however, found in all the large houses and palaces. It is a pledge of safety; or, at least, it gives a last chance of escape in cases (which used to be frequent) where men, actuated by political rivalry or private revenge, seek the life of the master, and have already managed to get into the court-yard.

Sawa then led us into an adjoining room, which opened into the garden. On a low table were spread out, with the taste and refinement so universal among the Japanese, some large sheets of paper, mixed colours ready for use, paint-brushes, Indian ink, and a cup of water. A young lady, the wife of one of Sawa's samurais, instantly sets to work. She takes a sheet of paper and fixes it by means of a great block of rock-crystal. With a sure and skilful hand she begins to trace the buds, flowers, and leaves of a plant. Then she unites these scattered parts by the stem and the branches, leaning more or less heavily on her brush;

and thus, mixing the colours at the end with more or less water, which is ingeniously contained in the upper part, she manages, in one single touch, to put three or four shades on the paper. She draws and paints at one and the same time with wonderful accuracy and beauty. To this we must add her extraordinary rapidity of execution. In ten, five, no—three minutes, the sketch is done; and certainly it is worthy of a place in a screen in the most elegant boudoir. Doubtless, this proceeding is partly mechanical. The artist has learned a certain number of subjects by heart, which, by dint of practice, she reproduces with admirable correctness. But the application she makes of these elements is entirely her own. It is a sort of game, played with wonderful dexterity. It puzzles the spectator, leaving him as long as possible in doubt as to the subject, and then surprises him by the last touch which gives a form to the whole. Not to let him have time to guess what is coming, the artist must work quickly. So the extraordinary rapidity of the execution adds greatly to the merit.

After the young lady came the turn of the good old Sawa. Laughing, and handling with great skill a big brush (which, by the fineness of the point would certainly rival Cheriaut's), and plunging it alternately in the cup and in his mouth, he ended in a few minutes by producing a charming sketch of a group of horsemen. He began by the head of a horse; then went on to that of the man who rode him; then drew a horse's hoof, and so on. It was impossible to guess the subject of the drawing. At last, with a few touches of his brush, he reunited all these scattered

members, added the shadows, and so completed his little *chef-d'œuvre.*

The growing darkness put an end to this little amusement, and our host brought us back to the other room. We sat round a low table, and dinner was served. Lanterns fastened to the roof, and torches cleverly placed in the garden so as to reflect their light in the water, added to the charm of this strange scene. We are a party of six: Sawa himself; an officer of the minister of foreign affairs; a friend of the house; Mr. Adams, Mr. Satow, and I. Sawa's son is ill, and could not assist at the entertainment. The meal was composed of a number of dishes served to each guest in a little cup of porcelain as fine as a sheet of paper. Most delicious chicken-soup, then *entremets* of eggs, which rather excite our appetites than satisfy them; boiled fish, broiled fish, roast fish; then a quantity of other kinds of food of which we could not even guess the nature, all seasoned with fish sauces of a delicate and aromatic taste. They are too well bred to force us to eat; but our praises of such-and-such a dish are received with manifest pleasure, and repeated and commented upon by the three Japanese guests. The wine, or the saki—made, I think, with rice—is what I appreciate least. It is sent up in a little china bottle and poured into tiny cups. We have been two hours at dinner, when, according to the etiquette of the country, the guests ask for rice—that is the civil way of begging to rise from table. The rice is served on a square plateau of red lacquer, with the famous *Tay* (the most delicate fish in Japan), and some soup and other ingredients. This is the *bouquet* of the

feast; and our two Japanese guests loudly express their satisfaction.

During dinner, in an adjoining room, opened its whole length on the side of the dining-room, and mysteriously lit with little white-paper lanterns, five blind men, squatted on the matting, executed various pieces of music. Their instruments resembled our *zither*, which is so popular in the Styrian mountains, and a violin. Sometimes they accompanied themselves with the voice. Their songs were rather monotonous, but in no way disagreeable. The same phrases were often repeated, united by recitatives. One would say that they were seeking for melodies which they could not find. The best artist played the flute, and he had really a wonderful talent. All of a sudden we saw a young woman, who could only be a great lady, glide into the room and squat down on her heels, turning her back to us all the while. It was Sawa's daughter-in-law, whom he had persuaded, with great difficulty, to appear before the barbarians. She played on a similar instrument to that used by the blind men. We were all struck by the beauty and clearness of her touch. She kept time, and evidently directed the other musicians. The good old Sawa was in an ecstasy, and never ceased singing the praises of his daughter-in-law. Unfortunately, we could only admire her art and not her beauty; for the moment the piece of music was over she disappeared, without deigning to come into the dining-room or to turn her face once towards us. Still, it was a very charming sight to see this young lady gracefully seated in front of the four blind men, with her grey silk robe and bright

scarlet sash, her head gently inclined over her instrument, letting one see the outline of a prettily-rounded cheek and a beautiful little ear, whilst her taper-white fingers played with the strings of her lute, which vibrated under her touch.

The meal being over, paper, colours, and brushes were again brought, and the master of the house, with the wife of the samurai, completed some other sketches, which they were kind enough to add to our collection of drawings.

But it is half-past nine. In this country that hour is looked upon as midnight. We therefore took our leave; and after having passed through innumerable lobbies and ante-rooms, which were lit by great wax candles fixed in bronze chandeliers, we arrived at the courtyard, where Mr. Adams's pony-carriage was waiting for us, with his orderly on horseback, the Japanese guards, and the *bettos* (or grooms) of the Legation.

We have to cross a large portion of the town. It is the first time that I have seen Yedo by night. Generally one takes care to avoid nocturnal promenades. Unless for some urgent reason, it is forbidden to Europeans, in the interest of their own safety, to quit their own quarter after sunset. At the Legation, except in cases of absolute necessity, no one goes out at night. Even at the beginning of this year two Englishmen in the service of the Japanese government were badly wounded and lamed for life. It is not the thieves that one has to fear, but samurais heated by saki, who, at the sight of a European, feel a sudden and irresistible attraction to cut him in pieces. We

therefore set out with all possible precautions. The English orderly, mounted on a big horse, a giant himself in size, follows the carriage. Five Japanese horsemen form our rear-guard. One of them leads the way at the head of the procession. Every three or four minutes he is relieved by one of his comrades. These gentlemen are punctilious on the point of honour. Every one covets the dangerous post, which is in front, and not behind; for if we are attacked it will be in front. There is something of the middle ages—something fine and chivalrous—about the people of this country. On both sides of the carriage run the *bettos*, crying, "Hai! hai!" (Take care! take care!) *Bettos* and horsemen are all furnished with coloured lanterns, which are great globes of paper inclosing candles. The air is mild, the sky dark, with here and there a solitary but brilliant star. Almost all the houses are shut. Sometimes a ray of light from a coloured lantern flickers across the street. There is no other attempt at lighting. At the corners of the different quarters of the town we see groups of armed men sitting at the doors of their guard-houses. Everywhere else pitch-darkness. Mr. Adams, however, drives his ponies quickly on, and, without having run over a single belated man or woman, who, on foot or in jinrikishas, were seeking their homes, he landed us safe and sound at the threshold of the Legation.

September 10.—The weather is a little cooler. We profit by it to visit Hamagotén, which means the "palace on the shore." This Siogun castle rises on the sea-shore in the midst of a fine park surrounded by a

high wall. A fortified gate gives entrance to the vast building. In Japan, a castle has not yet become a palace. During the Duke of Edinburgh's visit, the interior of this summer habitation was fitted up in European fashion. At this time, although not so long ago, the wind did not blow quite so strongly in favour of reform and European manners. Men were still asking themselves if they were to tolerate or exterminate the whites. The revolution of 1868 was accomplished under the double cry of restoration of the Mikado and expulsion of strangers. Nevertheless, prudence required that civility should be shown to the son of the Queen of England, and it was consequently in his honour that a quantity of heavy, lumbering, mahogany furniture was imported from Hong Kong. Neither did they forget plate and glass, especially for the table. When the foreign minister receives the plenipotentiaries of England and other countries at dinner, he borrows the furniture of Hamagotén; and on these rare occasions the French cook of Tsukji is allowed the signal honour of cooking the dinner. Thanks to this artist, and to the visit of the English prince, those high in office have been initiated into the grave mysteries of European *cuisine*. They have also learned to use a knife and fork, and to be able to maintain their equilibrium on a chair. The Hôtel de France and Hamagotén will really deserve a place in the history of civilisation.

In the meantime I myself prefer to the inside of the castle, vulgarly Europeanised, the beautiful park outside, which has remained Japanese. Magnificent trees, terraces, artificial lakes, promontories, bridges

thrown over creeks, the ground artificially and naturally thrown about, and between the trees, the horizon of sea—all this is really beautiful. Everywhere, besides, there is solitude and silence.

September 11.—Dinner at Iwakura's. Arriving at seven o'clock at his palace of Soto-Jiro, we go through the great walled court, pass before a dozen servants squatted on their heels, and are introduced, as usual, by the two-sworded gentlemen, to the apartment of the foreign minister. With the exception of a round table and four chairs placed for the occasion, the room, like all those we had passed through, was completely bare of furniture, saving always the little *étagère* or rack to receive the swords of the visitors. Soon after, dinner was announced and served in European fashion. I could not help admiring the tact and skill of the servants. They changed the covers and plates without making the slightest noise, and with the grace and delicate care of a Sister of Charity who is giving you luncheon in her convent. Dinner and conversation were prolonged till midnight. But these five hours really passed like so many minutes. Iwakura, who was in a talking mood that night, expressed himself easily, briefly, and clearly.

Among other things he said :—

"My great aim is to establish friendly relations with foreign powers and to introduce domestic reforms. It is not true that Japan has always been closed to foreigners. Two causes led to this voluntary isolation of the empire : first, the usurpation of the Sioguns, who were afraid of compromising their power by put-

ting themselves in contact with the world outside: and next, the rebellion of the Christians.[1] The Mikado, now restored to his throne, and in the plenitude of his power, has nothing to fear, like the Sioguns, from the curiosity of strangers. They are welcome to examine into his rights, which are incontestable, and no one can call them in question.

"The success of the revolution of 1868, and the consent of the two great clans of Satsuma and Chiôshiu to sacrifice their privileges, can only be accounted for by the universal veneration which the Mikado enjoys. He reigns in every heart: and the successful usurpation of centuries has not been able to dispossess him." We then went on to speak of the journeys now undertaken by the young Japanese to Europe and America. I ventured to observe to the minister, that it would be wiser to send men of greater age and experience than so large a number of uneducated youths, who were incapable of understanding the bearing of things in Europe, and who besides were exposed to the dangerous seductions of our large towns. Iwakura replied, "Your words are those of a wise man. Nevertheless, these young men do bring back new and larger ideas, which they spread in their own country. On this head, such foreign travel does good." He added, laughing heartily, as most Japanese do, "We have the reputation of being great liars. These liars were the Sioguns, who all wished to pass themselves off as emperors."

[1] Allusion is here made to the revolt of the Christian inhabitants of Arima and Shimabara (to the east of Nagasaki), who were driven to desperation by the horrible cruelties of their governor in 1638.

It is not only to us that Iwakura speaks of his plans of reform. He talks just as freely with all those who come near him.

"You are afraid," he said, "or some of you fear that we are not yet fit for such a task, and that if we fail, the odium will fall on the foreigners. Be reassured: in Europe, it is the people who choose their kings. In Japan, they believe that the emperor came straight down from heaven, and that all men are his slaves. The princes and samurais have always looked upon the Mikado as their master, to whom they owe a blind obedience. This is the basis of our public rights. For a long time I and my colleagues have meditated the abolition of the daimios; but it was a bold and dangerous step to deprive with one blow 260 noblemen of their hereditary dignities. It was impossible, however, not to feel that these princes were a permanent obstacle to the reforms we wished to carry out in the interior, and to the developments we hope to give to our intercourse with foreigners. In consequence, as you know, I went to the Satsumas and Chiôshius, and induced these important personages to consent to the immediate and complete abolition of the clans. The Tosas, whom I invited to join us, have acceded likewise to our plans. Now we are busy organizing a guard of 10,000 men, and an imperial army. These three clans have already sent us all their soldiers. The others will be compelled to follow their example. We shall then have the means of crushing any attempt at resistance. The Imperial Government has now established itself at Yedo: and it is here that we mean to concentrate all the branches

of the public service. The rates and taxes of the country will all come into this department. The revenue amounts now to 12,000,000 of *rios*. The duties received at the ports are insignificant. Our task is difficult, but not impossible. We shall succeed. The Sioguns lied: but we will tell the truth to all the world."

Iwakura's two sons are in New York: that is now the fashion. All men of rank send their sons either to Europe or the United States. They come back wearing the European dress, and, begging their pardon, like the poor soldiers, they look just like monkeys. We should be quite as ridiculous if we were to adopt vertical tails, or if, when walking in our gardens in summer, we were to content ourselves with a fan and a bit of linen round our waists. In the streets of Yedo, one meets people wearing gibous hats; others, boots with elastic sides; or paletots, which have the advantage of showing the legs naked up to the waist. Some of them who are dressed entirely in European fashion have kept their wooden patten-sandals, and their caps of lacquered paper. What disfigures them all, however, is the way they try to do their hair, which, being naturally coarse and hard, will not divide or brush like ours, so that they resort to oiling it and tying it with a ribbon. These innovators still form a small minority, and excite the indignation rather than the imitation of the people. But they enjoy the protection of the Government, hold the highest places, and think themselves, and to a certain degree are, important people. Certainly, nothing is more praiseworthy than an ardent desire

for progress—a wish to better oneself, and to adopt the inventions of nations more civilized than our own. But I am afraid these good impulses are often badly directed; and that they may produce great disturbance in men's minds, and perhaps some day a strong and bloody reaction.

September 12.—I paid a visit to-day to the Prime Minister, Sanjo. His yashki resembled those of Sawa and Iwakura. In going through the apartments I saw the most beautiful specimens of old lacquered screens placed before the doors, or rather before the openings left between the frames of the partitions. We were introduced by two little pages. The great nobles, the kugés, and the daimios are served in this way by children. These, at the slightest signal from their master, glide softly to his feet, receive his orders, and fly to accomplish them. Respect, fidelity, ardour and devotion, are all symbolised in the manners of these pages.

Sanjo received us in full court-dress—a magnificent silk tunic, richly embroidered, with wide, stiff sleeves sticking out like wings. He wore the black official cap of lacquered paper, which covers only the shaved part of the head, and is turned up behind. The minister is about thirty-one years old. He belongs to one of the most ancient families of Kiyôto, and owes his position to the very active part he took in the commencement of the revolution in 1868, when he was one of the first to proclaim against the Siogun. As Saigo, by his presence in Yedo, powerfully contributes to maintain the Kinshiu clans

in favourable dispositions, so Sanjo, as prime minister, exercises an analogous influence on a large portion of the ancient nobility. His importance arises less from his personal qualities, than from his social position and the name he bears. Our conversation, which was interrupted by the refreshments which the pages continually brought and carried away again—scarcely touching the mats with the points of their feet in so doing—was resumed after the collation: but did not turn on any subjects of great interest. However, Sanjo said to me: "I wish you would give me some advice as to the art of governing; for I fill an important post; and as yet I have little or no experience." This was only a polite phrase, no doubt: but it really expressed the actual dispositions of men's minds. The same thought ran through the speech of the Mikado at my audience, and was communicated to me before, in writing. They really wish to learn from Europeans, and they have the good sense to own it.

September 13.—We are once more going to visit the great temple of Asakusa, one of the marvels of Yedo. We went down to the shore and embarked in one of those pleasure-boats which are the fashion for nocturnal excursions, and greatly patronised by young men and singers. Nothing can be cleaner or prettier than these little boats: only the very low roof of the cabins obliges you to go in on hands and knees, and when there, to squat on your heels or lie flat on the mats, which fortunately are always of an irreproachable cleanliness. When night falls, these

cabins are lit by lanterns hung from the ceiling. Seen from the shore or from the canals of the town these boats look like glow-worms fluttering on the water.

The wind was fresh, and the gulf slightly rippled. To our left we saw nothing but low promontories, interspersed with little creeks covered with green cedars, pines, gardens, parks, of which the most wooded was that of the imperial palace of Hamagotén, but not a trace of any houses. To our right, towards the south, stretched the vast gulf. Behind us, disappearing towards the west, are the wooded banks of the suburb of Takanawa, surmounted by the British flag flying from the English Legation. Further south are the forts, detached and bathed in the sea, and the grey hills of Kanagawa. The cone of Fujiyama, as usual, is draped in clouds. Sometimes they are good-natured enough to displace themselves, exposing now the mouth of the crater, now the sides of the colossal pyramid. At last, after a steady run to the east, shaving the basement story of the American hotel, we turned suddenly round to the north, and entered the mouth of the great Yedo river. People compare the Sumidagawa with the Thames in London; but it seems wider from the low elevation of the houses on its banks. It is at the same time a gay and beautiful sight. Along its banks stretch long rows of houses, interspersed with magnificent trees. At anchor are a triple and sometimes a quadruple row of boats, of the most fantastic and varied shapes. Great junks, loaded with merchandize and provisions, their heavy sails filled with the south-westerly breeze, are slowly going up the river. Others are coming down rowing. This anima-

tion, which, in fact, reminds one rather of the Thames, is lost as we advance higher up the river. There we see only a motionless sheet of water, and on both sides the parks and palaces of the daimios, and here and there a few tea-houses. The solitude and silence are complete. One might fancy oneself in the country, or anywhere but in the heart of a great capital. We next pass under four great wooden bridges, which join the city to the Hondjo suburb, one of which has been partly destroyed by the late typhoon.

After a rapid navigation of an hour and a quarter, during which we made more than ten miles, we disembarked on the right bank of the river, and at the southern part of the Midzi, but not yet at the extreme end of this enormous town. We clambered up some steep steps, and then found ourselves in a long, narrow street with tea-houses and shops on both sides, which leads straight to the great entrance of the temple. We have great difficulty in making our way through the dense crowd. Here a busy sale is going on of votive pictures, blessed paper, and holy images, mingled with some profane objects likewise, and a heap of photographic views and portraits. The Japanese are perfect masters of this art, which was only introduced a few years ago, but which may be found now in the most out-of-the-way localities, where no European foot has ever trod.

We follow the lead of the crowd, and enter the great doorway, called the "doorway of the princes." These princes are certain gods called *Niô*. Their horrible faces, besmeared with red, make one shudder. In front of the portal is a temple dedicated to the goddess

Kwanon. Mr. Beato, of Yokohama, has photographed it, and heaps of travellers have published descriptions of it; but neither photographs nor descriptions give the faintest idea of the mystical charm of this place. The sanctuary is in a half light. Gold covers the altar and the back-ground of the goddess, and is lost in the depths of the chapel. Flowers, strange ornaments, and grotesque statues, inspire a secret terror. On the walls are hung a multitude of votive pictures, some of which were nearly covered with little bits of white paper, which the faithful have spit upon the image. If the paper sticks to the picture, it is a sign that the prayer is granted. Two tints prevail in the colouring of this temple—red and dark brown, brightened with gold. A crowd of devotees pressed round the altar of Kwanon. Their knees slightly bent, their heads stretched forwards, their eyes eagerly attentive and fixed on the altar, they clap their hands three times. They are calling the great Buddha. At the third blow the god appears. At this moment they bend, or rather prostrate themselves on the floor. The expression of expectation has given place to one of profound recollection. They then say their prayers, which is an affair of a moment, throw some pieces of coin into a great chest divided into several compartments, and retire. Others instantly replace them. Stay for half-an-hour near these poor people, watch the expression of their faces, the play of their countenances, the fervour of their prayers, and then tell me if you don't think they really are believers. Doubtless their belief is the lowest superstition; but they *do* believe and pray; and in praying and calling

upon God they draw near to Him whom they ignorantly worship. That they may ask, one for the success of a commercial transaction, another for the fidelity of a husband, or a new dress,—what does it signify? *they believe.* In this people—and it is only the people whom you see here—a feeling of religion does exist. As to persons of the upper class, they are very rarely seen, and then only a few men. Women of rank never appear in the temples.

After prayer comes relaxation. Their hearts have been raised to God: to false gods, it is true—but still it has raised their thoughts for a moment. Now they seem in haste to descend again into the ruts of common life. From the sanctuary of the goddess they pass to the tea-houses, to the drinking-houses where they sell saki, to pleasure-places of all kinds, to the theatres, or to the celebrated lay-figures. Establishments for all these different diversions surround the temple, and are shaded by fine trees. On my first visit I assisted at one of these theatrical representations. The story was as follows:—An old, bald man keeps a mistress; a younger one enjoys at the same time the favour of the wife and of the mistress. This last is jealous of the lady; the lady of her husband; the young man of the old one; the old man of the young one. The subject, as my readers will allow, is somewhat loose, and the execution very free; but the intrigue is well carried on, and the actors are perfect. I have seen in the Palais Royal many *vaudevilles* acted with far less spirit, and with quite as equivocal a tendency; with this difference, however, that with us everything is *said*, and here in Japan everything is

done on the stage. The audience was composed almost entirely of women and young girls, who laughed heartily. I was assured, however, that they were almost all respectable women; but all belonged to the lower classes.

We next went into the house which contained the lay figures. Miraculous scenes are represented, apparitions of gods, fights, and legendary tales. The figures, which are the size of life, are made of bamboo and *papier-mâché*, and dressed in silk stuffs. Each group is placed by itself in a niche representing the place where the event happened. The merit of these figures consists in their extraordinary resemblance to real life, the feeling of nature, the study and knowledge of the anatomy of the human body, and besides, a wonderful facility for expressing different emotions and passions, such as anger, fear, impatience, physical love, &c. Even here, however, the tendency to caricature is evident. The first intention is to impress the beholder and not to amuse him. But involuntarily, and as it would seem almost without his knowledge, the artist mingles humour with his tragic scenes, as if he would say to you: "Don't be too much touched. You are not obliged to believe all I am telling you."

On our return, to avoid the sea, which has become rough, and the wind, which is contrary, we thread the interior canals, of which the vast net-work facilitates in all weathers the communications between the different parts of the town. Our boatmen take to their oars, and stretched on our mats, we see the shores fly past us, at our ease.

The sun is already low. Floods of yellow light illumine the roofs, brighten up the streets, and glance on the surface of the canals, which are sometimes wide and sometimes narrow. We glide before interminable rows of houses, a few miserable huts (many of which were destroyed in the last typhoon),[1] and some enormous yashkis (palaces of the daimios), with their lower stories painted black, the upper ones white, and apparently weighed down by their heavy roofs. There, as we have already said, live the nobles, the chiefs of the clans, and their servants. Square, large, low openings, closed with black wood gratings, serve as windows. During the day you cannot see in, but in the evening, when the lanterns are lit, one discovers interior scenes worthy of a Hobbema or a Meissonier. The gateways of these strong castles are fixed in deep embrasures, and open with folding or double doors, which are of massive wood with great iron or bronze nails (as at Toledo). When open, they are sheltered in the interior by little penthouses which come out of the wall at right angles. If the outer inclosure reminds one of our barracks, the great doorway, with its coat of arms finely sculptured, gives at once an aristocratic look to the building. You recognise that it is the residence of a great feudal baron of olden times, transformed against his will into a courtier and taking his precautions accordingly.[2] Now we come to a less aristocratic, but more

[1] The typhoon of the 24th of August destroyed several quarters in Yedo and ruined entire streets.

[2] We have already said that the daimios were compelled to live in Yedo six months of the year.

gay and busy quarter. It is the commercial portion of Soto-Jiro. All the houses belong to the middle classes, and have their backs turned to the canals, and their fronts, with their well-filled shops, to the street. On the quays, which we glide past, and in the cross streets which open on the canals, there is a busy throng, but no actual crowd. Here we see jinrikishas, cangos borne by coolies to the cry of "Hai! Hai!" women, always slightly bent forward, and walking awkwardly on their pattens; bonzes with their heads completely shaved, and dressed in wide tunics of yellow and violet crape; a great many soldiers of the new imperial army, dressed more or less like Europeans; and last, not least, samurais, with their two sabres passed horizontally in their waistbands, and their arms resting fiercely on their haunches, like men who feel and know that every one will get out of their way to give them a free passage.

The air is soft, agitated, and feverish. Gently rocked in our luxurious boat, we glide on and on, and yet we have been on our way for more than two hours. The sun sets behind a bank of clouds lined with gold. Before us, the canal stretches like a broad ribbon of *moiré-antique*, the colour of mother-of-pearl. The black silhouettes of other boats, and their naked boatmen standing in the prow, fly past us like shadows. To the left and in front of us the houses seem covered with a transparent veil of Chinese ink, in which purple shadows tremble. To our right, the line of houses and trees, crimsoned by the magic after-glow, which in these latitudes follows the setting sun, and precedes the rapidly-advancing night, is, as it were,

melted into a luminous halo of indescribable beauty. Nevertheless, the life on the water has almost ceased. While shooting under the innumerable bridges, we only see two or three belated people walking quickly, and seeming anxious to reach their homes before the night fairly closes in. In the streets which lead to the canals the lanterns are being lighted at the doors of the houses. The pavement and quays are deserted. Around us the solitude makes itself felt. At last we row past the walls of the park of Hamagotén, and a few minutes after find ourselves in the open sea. The gulf, lashed by the south-wester, makes our little boat dance, but she bears on bravely; the men redouble their toil; from creek to creek, from promontory to promontory, we come at last to the landing-place, and a quarter of an hour after arrive safely at the Legation.

END OF VOL. I.

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